THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

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THE INCANDESCENT LILY—By Gouverneur Morris

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"Class A" men are often rated "Class B"—because their clothes misrepresent them; often enough, at least, to make it worth any man's while to consult a full length mirror.

Naturally you want to look your level best—to carry the impress of a man worth while. We do not say that Kuppenheimer Clothes make a man genuine in character and thought—but we do say that being genuine in character and thought makes a man prefer Kuppenheimer Clothes.

There is only one extreme about the clothes we make—their extreme good quality.

You can see them at the stores of the better clothiers throughout the United States and Canada.
Our book, Styles for Men, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

The Way to Better Light

Your hours of ease are easier hours when your lamps are National MAZDAS. Your bills for light are lighter bills. You don't waste current in heat.

The light you get is whiter than any carbon lamp will give. It costs less per candle power, heightens the hospitality of your home, and triples the value of every dollar you pay for electricity.

You pay no excess fare on the National MAZDA way to better light. With equal current a carbon lamp gives only one part light out of three possible parts; a National MAZDA Lamp gives all three parts in light—two-thirds absolutely free.

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE QUALITY LAMP

The way to better light opens everywhere—wherever you see the Blue Convenience Carton that contains five new, rugged National MAZDA Lamps ready for you to take home. Every lamp has the name "National MAZDA" etched on the bulb,—a guaranty of National Quality,—a guaranty of three-fold light for a one-fold bill,—a guaranty of the best lamp for homes, offices, stores, factories, automobiles, and for any use that requires the most light of the best kind at the least expense in the hardest service.

The way to better light is away from carbon lamps. They have not been materially improved in thirty-five years. They are wasteful, hot, murky and yellow. They are without exception the most expensive lamps you can use, even when you get them free.

We still make carbon lamps. We test them with the same instruments as are used in testing National MAZDA Lamps. Under identical conditions National MAZDA Lamps give three times as much light as carbon lamps. They burn in any position, fit any socket, are not fragile, stand shocks and vibrations as well as, and, in many cases, better than carbon lamps, and have been adopted by illuminating engineers everywhere as the most efficient lamps made today.

National MAZDA, the quality lamp, is unmistakably marked. For home use it is packed in the Blue Convenience Carton of five lamps. It has the name etched on the bulb; it has a strong, solid drawn wire filament hung over metal supports, and every lamp bears one of the labels shown below—each a guaranty of National Quality. Buy National MAZDA Lamps where you see this Blue Carton in the windows this week.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO
6 Nela Park, Cleveland

Any of these labels on a lamp opens the way to better light. Each is a guaranty of National Quality.

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Crisco foods taste as good as they look and, what is most important, they are digestible.

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Crisco makes fried foods more delicious and wholesome. It makes digestible pie crust. Crisco cake is as rich as the most expensive butter cake.

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New Cook Book Free This new book by Marion Harris Neil gives 250 original recipes, is attractively illustrated, and tells many interesting and valuable facts about cooking and food products. It also tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. It is free. There is also a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth and is sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. In writing for either, address Dept. K10, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

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Crisco in place of butter in cookies, cakes, scalloped dishes, etc., gives proper richness at much less expense. Salt should be added when used in place of butter.

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Crisco digests readily.

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THE INCANDESCENT LILY

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

FIND out who the girl is and tell her she mustn't."

"Maybe she's got money!"

"Maybe she isn't a girl!"

"Not a girl! There are only two reasons for going to Boston—one is to see a girl and the other is to see a football game; so when a man goes once a week it's to see a girl, because the football only happens once a year."

"Does he get off the train at the South Station?"

"At Back Bay. I know this, because I had my man slip a dollar to a porter on the one o'clock and tell him to find out."

"Then it's the right kind of a girl. So far, so good!"

"But, good Lord, Chud can't marry! He owes his shirt. I know, because I lent it to him."

"Oh, that shirt! But he has a really smart shirt that I lent him ——"

"Which, combined with the amethyst sleevelinks I didn't lend him, but which he borrowed from me ——"

"Are we playing poker or gossiping? Who dealt?"

Coles reached for a deck and shuffled it with a quiet, swift and miraculous precision.

"No man ought to lay a girl open to the suspicion that she is being married for her money," said Challis.

Legay Pelham lifted his fine head, which resembled that of a very young and beautiful Roman emperor.

"Chud," said he, "would never marry a girl he didn't love. You boys like to knock him because you are rich and idle and time hangs heavily on your hands; but—you may take it from me—Chud has precious qualities that we all lack. He has imagination, and he would lay down his life for what he thought was right."

"He laid down his last dollar for what he thought was right—and he was wrong." Having spoken, Stairs, with imperturbable gravity, looked on the faces of the five cards which had been dealt him. Pelham did likewise, but spoke the while.

"Believe me," he said, "there is something fine in laying down your last dollar. Yes, there is. And Chud's that kind of man. We're not. We're pikers. Dum Dum there, he goes to the races with a satchelful of money. And he drops twenty thousand dollars without changing a hair. And everybody says: 'My! What a nerve! Isn't he the thoroughbred!' Why should he change a hair? Twenty thousand dollars to Dum Dum is no more than a nickel is to a day-laborer. Does this one groan and beat his breast every time the conductor collects his fare? Let us have the spectacle of Dum Dum betting every dollar he's got in the world—and losing! I'll bet my last dollar that his charming and stoical countenance would undergo a sickening change. Yes, it would. You may take it from me."

"Shut up," said Dum Dum, "and play cards."

"How many?"

"Thanks," said Mr. Pelham, who sat on the dealer's left. "I'll play these."

Ten minutes later Cunningham came into the Rest House and interrupted the game.

"Seen Chud?" he asked.

"No. Is he back?"

"Yep. And he's got a job."

"In Boston?"

"Yes and no."

"Matrimonial?"

Cunningham seated himself; and because he had knowledge which the others had not, he affected a wise and superior look. "Shall I tell you what he's been doing all winter?"

"It's not a girl?"

"No! Guess."

"Well, he's gotten in with a crowd that don't play poker as well as we do."

"Wrong."

"He's ——"

"Shut up—here he is."

The advent of Chudder himself only produced a momentary hush. His fellow members of the Rest House feared no man—neither his feelings nor his tongue.

"Hope she'll always be all you think her," said Dum Dum. "Are the cards out?"

"Make it a country wedding."

"And Dum Dum, You're Not Going to Make a Row and Forbid the Banns, are You?"

"Yes. I thought you knew I had to eat my high hat after the Yale-Harvard ball game."

"Seems to me he looks gentler than he used to."

"Is it true, Chud, that you've gotten so that you eat out of the hand?"

"Say, Chud, it's not a guilty love, is it?"

Chudder, a slim, well-set-up young man, had turned his alert head from speaker to speaker, smiling in a superior and annoying way.

"If," said he at last, "you really thought there was a girl mixed up in my sudden passion for Boston and the Bostonians you wouldn't say the things you say—now would you?"

"Look here," said Dum Dum, "get down to facts. Why you go to Boston and what you do when you go there doesn't excite anybody's curiosity—you being a person of no importance; so you may as well tell us all about everything. If there's a bag with a cat in it let the cat out, and then we can turn our attention to more interesting things."

"I wish," said Chudder wistfully, "that you weren't all in such a flaying mood. Why I go to Boston—what I do when I get there—these things are very important to me. And the time has come for laying them before my friends—if I have any—and asking for help."

Dum Dum slapped his pocket checkbook upon the table and in a brutal voice said:

"How much?"

Chudder paled a little and looked Dum Dum steadily in the eyes until the latter's wavered, and not without shame fell to studying the checkbook.

"If you must know that detail first of all," said Chudder, "I want ten thousand dollars; but it isn't for me—exactly."

"It seems to me," said Legay Pelham gently, "that if we were to let Chud talk along a little, and tell his own secret, we should find out what we are all affectionately curious to know much quicker than if we do all the talking ourselves."

Chudder gave the speaker a grateful glance; and then, seeing that the rest were for a wonderful once all silent, he said gravely:

"There *is* a girl!" Dum Dum started to speak and Challis silenced him with a frown and a headshake. "But," continued Chudder, "she doesn't take me to Boston. She sends me. She's a New York girl. And she told me all about myself—all the things you fellows know. How I live from hand to mouth, and don't pay my bills until convenient—and am, in short, just as worthless and footless as the rest of you, but without the money that you have for an excuse. This girl would marry me if I was any good. And so I go to Boston whenever I can; and I'm trying to learn something, so that some day I may be somebody. Did any of you ever hear of the Arboretum?"

"Sort of a Boston Central Park?"

"No—just the opposite," said Chudder. "Central Park has a great deal to do with politics and nothing to do with botany. The Arboretum has a great deal to do with botany and nothing to do with politics."

"And it's in Boston, Massachusetts?"

"Brookline, to be exact. And it's chartered for a thousand years—nobody can sell an inch of it. The man who knows most about trees and flowers of any man in the world, and how to place them to the best advantage, has given an average lifetime to it; and even in winter, when there are no flowers or leaves, it's beautiful. There are four botanical gardens in this world. There's one in Chile; there's one in Java; there's Kew; and we've got one—the Arboretum. And we're such a dense, stupid people we don't even know we've got it!

"We think it's a sort of Boston Central Park! It's not that. It's national and it's international. And out of China and far places it brings new plants that may be useful to white men—to their eyes or to their pockets. These plants it distributes among individuals who are interested, among the states and among the nations. And it does all this for the two best reasons in the world—for the love of beauty and for the love of being useful. Central Park, indeed! Keep off the grass!

"Like everything else that's worth while, it's poor as Job. Harvard calls for a new dormitory and wealthy graduates are knocked down in the rush to present her with one. The fortunate man gets his name printed over the front door and his memory lives until the building—Brown Hall—becomes obsolete and is pulled down, when Smith Hall rises to take its place. But the man who will give the Arboretum a million dollars, his name will be remembered for a thousand years—and maybe for a million! They haven't any money.

"The head of it gives what he can to keep it going from day to day, and what he can't give he begs from his friends; and he's been doing that for years and years and years. And he's no college president reveling in begging, but a man who knows every plant in the world by its Christian name, what to do for it when it's sick, where to put it to make it look its best, and how to induce it to multiply and increase. And a jolly life he leads of it—begging—and wondering who will be able to do the begging when he's gone."

"Pardon, Chud, but where do you come in?"

"You might think they wanted money more than anything else; but they don't. They've got a new peach up there—as if one peach wasn't enough for a world of sin—a new peach, with only a little bit of a wee, smooth stone—Prunus Mira. This will cross with the old peach, and there will be a new and wonderful fruit. And if the Arboretum had to choose between the new peach and a million dollars it simply wouldn't consider the money at all."

"Get out!"

"I know what I'm talking about! I haven't spent three days a week there for—for the best part of my life for nothing."

"You spoke of ten thousand," said Dum Dum, "and now you've climbed to a million."

"The ten thousand," said Chudder quietly, "is for an expedition to Central China—they want to send one and they haven't got the price. China has only been scratched. There are thousands and thousands of new species—waiting for the lucky man to come along."

"But I thought you wanted the ten thousand."

"You see," said Chudder, "if I raise the money they will let me be the expedition."

"But suppose you discovered a new kind of plant, how would you know it was a new kind of plant?"

"They think I would. I've worked very hard—in their library—in their herbarium, walking about with them through the plantations and sitting at their feet to learn. I'm to go out by way of Kew, and I'm to work there as a sort of privileged undergardener and learn all I can. And then China ——"

"How do you know you won't be boiled in oil or have your head chopped off?"

"How long will you be gone?"

"Oh, ever so long—several years."

"Hem! Isn't that a little rough on the girl?"

"We couldn't be married now," said Chudder—"even if I was some account. She's only a kid. It will be all right when I come back. She says so."

"If she isn't able to wait for Chud," said Legay Pelham gravely, "she isn't worth having; and Chud is by way of making a distinguished man of himself. So he can't lose in any event."

Mr. Pelham took a narrow checkbook from his inside pocket.

"My dear Chud," he said, "I wish I had your chance. I wish I knew an aster from a chrysanthemum. I wish I had even the wish to count for something and was able to read scientific books and improve my mind. At least—it just happens—I've had a little windfall; it will give me real pleasure to let you have all or any part of the money you need."

"Me too," said Challis.

"Count me in," said Stairs.

And three minutes later the members of the Rest House had shared equally among themselves the cost of Chudder's prospective expedition.

"I wish you'd tell me one thing, Chud," said Pelham—he wished to break that awkward silence that always occurs when money is generously given and gratefully received—"How did you ever hit on this way of making good?"

"Oh," said Chud, "when it's a question of a girl I suppose a man's mind just naturally runs to flowers; and then I always did like gardens. Then I got really interested and then excited; and then it seems I've got a natural eye and memory for plants. And that's how it came about."

"Are we to know her name?"

Chudder shook his head.

"I might not make good," he said.

Later Chudder and Dum Dum left the Rest House at the same time, bound for a game of racquets.

"Look here," said Dum Dum, "if you get boiled in oil out yonder I'll find a million dollars for your old Arboretum and give it in your name."

"Shut Up—Here He Is"

They walked along in silence for a couple of blocks.

"Dum Dum," said Chudder, "I think I ought to tell you: the girl that's promised to wait until I'm a man is your kid sister."

"Get out!" said Dum Dum gruffly.

"I hope you won't mind too much—if I make good."

Dum Dum, utterly indifferent to other people, stopped short in the middle of the sidewalk, blocking traffic, took his slight friend by the shoulders, shook him with violence, and—so loud that a mournful dog on the other side of the avenue began to bark and yap—shouted:

"If you get boiled in oil I'll make it two million!"

Then he roared with laughter as if he had said something very funny indeed.

II

NOW Dum Dum was very fond of his kid sister and very proud of her. If she had really wanted to marry the bootblack round the corner he would in the end have given his consent; but he was her guardian and it seemed proper to him to take a severely critical interest in everything she did. Himself the most extravagant of men, he scolded her once a month for extravagance—and increased her allowance just as soon as he had succeeded in making the corners of her mouth droop.

Engaging herself to Chudder, however, was the most serious and extravagant thing she had ever done, and Dum Dum actually thought the matter over before speaking to her about it. His usual practice was severe language, followed by tender thoughts and deeds. When he thought before speaking, his language, though less severe, was more to be dreaded. He could be very stubborn.

Rich girls are not very accomplished, as a rule. They haven't time. Dum Dum found his kid sister seated at an immense grand piano of Circassian walnut. The lights were dim in the music room, and her face was pensive, almost sad; she was just finishing Sigmund's love song with intense feeling, and as Dum Dum entered she began: "I want you, my honey—yes, I do."

She played entirely with the forefinger of her right hand.

"Hello, kid," said Dum Dum; "I want to talk to you."

She swung round on the piano stool and gave him a military salute.

"What have I been and gone and done?" she said.

"I guess you know."

Her face, cut out of a rose, became sphinxlike.

"I bet I don't!"

"Now don't be defiant! You've been naughty and you ought to be punished. Don't you realize that your face isn't your fortune?"

She rose, crossed the room, studied herself in a pier glass and returned.

"With all due respect," she said, "it's part of my fortune."

"You're the most conceited little goat I ever saw!"

"I get it from you," she said. "I'm proud because I'm nice-looking; and you're proud because you're ugly and your ears stick out, and because you imagine yourself to be cold and calculating, when, as a matter of fact, you're just a great, quivering heart, shaped vaguely like a man."

Defeated, Dum Dum tried a new tack.

"A man," said he, "who makes love to an heiress while she's still in the nursery isn't my idea of a real man."

"I wasn't in the nursery," she said. "I was leaning over the stairs looking down into the hall."

"You know what I mean."

"And he didn't make love to me!"

"He didn't?"

"My comb fell out of my hair ——"

"Did it fall or was it pushed?"

"It fell—after it was pushed—at his feet. He picked it up and said: 'Catch!' I said: 'Don't throw it, please—I might not catch it, and the next time it would fall on the marble and break. Just leave it on the table and I'll come down and get it.' Of course he brought it up to me. I said: 'Do you think you are expected to dinner?' He said: 'Today's Friday, isn't it?' I said: 'Thursday!' He laughed and said that was just like him. I said: 'Of course you can be one man too many.' He said: 'God forbid!' I said: 'Have supper with me in the children's dining room.' He grinned and said: 'Really?' Only he didn't—he said: 'Weally?' And I said: 'Weally and twooly!' And so we had supper; and after supper—when you'd finished dining—he went downstairs and 'dropped in casually.'

"The next time I saw him I remembered what you always say about poor men making love to rich girls, and I was bound nothing like that should ever be said about him—and in addition it was leap year. And so I just told him that it was all right for the present, but I couldn't always be expected to live without him. And I don't think he was in love with me—until I kissed him. Anyway, he began to call himself names. And I told him to buck up and be something; and that when he was, then we could always have supper in the children's dining room. . . . I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you. But when you come round saying my man isn't a man it makes me mad. Now he's going to China, and when he comes back I'll be of age, and you won't have any authority over me whatsoever—and Dum Dum, you're not going to make a row and forbid the banns, are you?"

Her hands were on his shoulders and her appealing, anxious voice melted him.

"I'm going to forbid him to go to China!" choked Dum Dum. "Get his silly head boiled off ——"

"Dum Dum," she said, "it's awfully real. When I was a tiny—just able to walk—and you were only kids, you brought him home from school one day; and I've loved him ever since—and prayed for him every night—just the way I've always prayed for you."

Tears came into Dum Dum's eyes, which he imagined to be inscrutable and flintlike.

"Every night of my life!" she said. "Ever since I could 'listhp' I've prayed God to make you and Chudder better men." Dum Dum burst into a roar of laughter. "And there's no earthly use your worrying yourself about all this—no use saying that I just think I love him. Time for all that when he comes back from China. And you won't go out of your way to be unpleasant to him, will you? Just be an old dear and let things work out in their own way."

She turned a little toward the piano and played a few notes, always with the one finger; and she said demurely: "*He* says I have a lovely touch."

III

DUM DUM talked the matter over with Mrs. Dum Dum.

"You don't know Chud quite as well as I do," he said; "but what do you think? Can a man that's been knocked round as he has ever really come to time and put up a fight? Isn't this flower-show business just another fancy way of evading real work? Is it his idea to make sacrifices and labor while the kid is growing up; or is traveling in China the most agreeable way he can think of for passing the time? I wish I knew, because ——"

"You didn't read The Life of an Orchid Hunter, did you?"

"Of course not. Why should I? All a man needs to know about orchids is how much they cost and who he's sending 'em to."

"But you've read Treasure Island?"

"Every October for the last twenty years."

"Well, the orchid-hunter man had a much more exciting time. He got hold of an orchid—and he starved for it, and had yellow fever for it, and was half murdered for it and left for dead in the jungle. And he tracked down the man who had stolen it and half murdered him! And he was nursed by a beautiful girl; and it turned out that she was the wife of a rival botanist and was only trying to find out where he had hidden the orchid. And at last he got safely to London with it, and a rich man stole it from him; and

he went into partnership with a thug and they chloroformed the rich man and his wife in their Louis-Fifteenth bed and got the orchid back. And—oh, you'd better read it if you think Chud is choosing the easiest life possible. And—just think!—he may find something really new and wonderful!"

They were interrupted by Chud himself. He came in all on fire with energy and hurry.

"I'm sailing tomorrow!" he cried. "It's just been decided! And I've come to say goodby—'it may be for years and it may be forever!'"

"Don't hand out that line of talk to the kid," said Dum Dum, "because if you do she'll go with you!"

Mrs. Dum Dum smiled and spoke.

"I've got a scheme," she said.

Dum Dum groaned.

"When you get to China," continued his better half, "you go up country—don't you? Yes. And you stay there until you've found something worth while; then you come down to the sea; and then you cable us that you are sailing on such and such a date—and, behold, we jump into a car and meet you in San Francisco!"

"If the kid hasn't forgotten all about him!" shouted Dum Dum gleefully.

"Who's forgotten all about whom?"

The kid sailed into the room on her merry little feet and suddenly flung her arms round Chudder's neck.

"It isn't so much to please you," she said, "as to annoy Dum Dum. And I know you're going to make good; so what's the use of waiting? Take me along, please!"

"Even between lovers," said Chudder sadly, "a bargain is a bargain; but if you forget me I don't really know what I shall do!"

The kid turned to her sister-in-law.

"Isn't there more chance of his forgetting me?" she said.

"In a civilized country," said Dum Dum, "yes; but in China! Ever see pictures of female Chinese peasants? Look here, Chud, just what is it you expect to find?"

"Oh, new things under the sun."

"Nothing special?"

Chudder smiled.

"Oh," he said, "I shall always keep my eyes open for climbing apple trees, and blue roses, and incandescent lilies."

"Chud," said the kid, "I don't mind your keeping your eyes open; but please keep your heart shut, so that what's in it already can't spill out."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Dum Dum, "don't make love in public!"

"We were hoping that you would leave us," said the kid; "but as you don't and as time flies ——"

"I consider that most delicately put," said Mrs. Dum Dum, and she drew her husband's arm through hers. And they vanished.

"Is it really for tomorrow?"

"Yes, dear."

"And maybe for years and years?" He smiled, but said nothing. "It isn't funny."

"A man who's been footless has to pay."

"And I have to pay too! Oh, Chud, I'm weakening something awful. I don't want you to go! Can't you chuck it and make good here? Or—or just stay here and don't make good? I don't care. It's not active deeds and records I want—it's you! . . . With you 'way off there the sun won't shine here, the flowers won't open, the brooks won't flow and the music won't keep time, and it will always be too hot or too cold. And I'll be hungry or have eaten too much. And nothing will ever be just right again—until you come back."

"Honey heart," said Chudder, "I want you to promise me one thing."

"I've promised to love you always—isn't that enough?"

"That's the promise most often made in this world—and most often broken. Your mind can't promise for your heart."

"Mine can. And if I stopped loving you you'd never know—if you still loved me. I'm not an Indian giver."

"The promise I want you to make is one that you can keep by willing to. It's about the Arboretum."

"But you know I'm jealous of the Arboretum!"

"They've been good to me. And if anybody in this world stands for the ideal and the beautiful they do. And I want you to promise that if anything happens to me you'll see to it that they don't have to go on for the rest of time eating up their minds and hearts trying to raise money."

"Give money to the thing that I've already given you to?"

"Yes—please!"

"Oh, very well!"

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"You see," he said very gently, "if you and I are to be happy it will be because of trees and flowers. And, my own dear, if we are to be unhappy let me tell you this great secret—that the only peace and the only comfort in this world for broken hearts is trees and flowers. If anything happens to me you turn to them."

"If you say one word more about things happening to you ——"

"I won't. It had to be said—but not any more."

"I suppose I run no risks! I suppose if you heard I'd died of chicken-pox you'd comfort yourself by shinning up the nearest climbing apple tree!"

Then they both laughed.

"If," she said, "you discover anything particularly new will you name it after me?"

He looked her in the eyes for a long time. And then his whole face twinkled and he said:

"Prunus Kid-O."

"What's that?"

"That," he said, "is a new kind of peach."

"And that," she said, tears in her lovely eyes, "I suppose your old Arboretum would call Kissus Speciosum—just any old kind of a kiss."

"Yes," he said; and then he added:

"'You have kissed me back from the gates of hell;
You have kissed me back to the Eden tree;
You have kissed me up to the face of God,
And a world of men shall hear of me!'"

IV

CHUDDER'S progress in botany—from zero up to the command of the Chinese expedition—was, on the face of it, amazing; in fact it was not to be understood until you remembered that he was a man who never forgot anything, and that he had the eye which not only sees clearly but photographs and files for reference in one of the brain's great galleries what it has seen.

He could walk through a strange street for a number of blocks and repeat in their proper order the names of the shops he had passed. It was never necessary for him to read his favorite books over. Beginning with the Bible—for like many another lazy fellow Chudder was the product of a church school—he could repeat to himself a very good slice of the world's best and worst literature. People he saw in detail; he remembered, without trying to, imperfections in the varnishing of boots and the devices on sleevelinks.

And so when he got his mind to working on plants he remembered with ease precisely what they looked like and in just what minute ways one differed from another. Also their appalling but necessary Latin names stuck in his head. And, best of all, he had studied under men who keep what they think pretty much to themselves and speak only what they know.

At first the authorities of the Arnold Arboretum were inclined to make a joke of Chudder. Indeed the tipmost-top authority, who can distinguish anything that grows, in winter or summer, at a greater distance than it can be seen by the average human eye, and who has to give so much precious time to ways and means and worrying about the future, was too busy to be more than hastily polite—at first. But the man who has introduced more new species to occidental civilization than any other botanist that ever lived was always ready to answer questions. And the other authority, whose place of business is in an inadequate greenhouse, where he induces the shyest specimens to multiply and increase, was always ready to crack a joke at his expense. And they became firm friends.

Chudder hung about the inadequate greenhouse and the dilapidated coldframes where so much is being done for beauty and knowledge, and became gradually a privileged character.

One day they were sending to the great gardens at Kew a hundred and sixty species, brand-new to those gardens, and Chudder helped nail the cover on the case. And one day as he was standing idle the emperor of the greenhouse thrust a ball of dirt and roots into his immaculate hands and told him to look well and remember, for outside of China it was the only one of its kind in the whole world. And from these small beginnings he learned gradually the ways of greenhouses, and how plants are prepared to live long lives or to go long journeys, and are cured of ills that vegetables are heir to.

Friendship between Chudder and the emperor of the greenhouse came in this way.

"Of all the plants you've ever handled," said Chudder, "which is your favorite?"

"The early beet!" said the emperor.

And Chudder's mouth watered, for of all plants he had ever handled that was also his favorite. And he told the emperor. And they shook hands upon the matter.

"When two men," said the emperor, "love the same woman they hate each other. But when they love the same turnip they love each other. Why is that?"

And here was another bond between them, for neither of them could explain.

Next the man who was always willing to answer questions began to notice Chudder—to this extent: Chudder never asked a given question twice. Once assured as to the nature, name, habits and habitat of a given plant, the facts remained in his mind, near the surface, ready for use. And perceiving this the answerer of questions began to take pains with him and presently to speak of him to the highest top authority as "promising and in earnest."

As his knowledge of plants increased, love for them was born in Chudder. And the rest was easy. The man who wrote of an Attachment à la Plato for a Bashful Young Potato or a Not Too French French Bean knew what he was talking about. There was a certain little barberry that Chudder loved like a child; it had the sauciest little branches, and little wee thorns that it evidently imagined to be terribly dangerous and threatening. One very cold night he almost worried

(Continued on Page 57)

"My Comb Fell Out of My Hair ——"

The Ruined Eye

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Well, They Shall Hear From Me—and Soon!"

MONSIEUR JONCQUEL waited on the great terrace for the Viscount. Below were the endless wheat-fields, crimson dotted with poppies, the white road stretching away toward Paris and the ancient village nestling into the hill. The château was almost sheer above. One could toss a stone from its terrace into the narrow street.

The brilliant morning sun lay on the world, a vagrant wind wandering inland from the sea rippled the wheat-fields into waves, and on the horizon now and then a puff of gray dust would spring up, and a big French limousine would crawl out like a black beetle on the white ribbon of road.

"*Vraiment!* It is wonderful—this picture!" he said. "But what is God about, to hang it before the door of the meanest man in Europe?"

He was dressed for the road—a light English tweed, a gray cap and motor goggles, of which the big green lenses gave him the huge eyes of some poisonous insect. He removed the goggles, folded them together into a leather case and put them into his pocket; then he leaned over the balustrade and looked down a hundred feet to the door of the inn, where a boy in a blue blouse wiped the dust from his gray two-seated motor. "Ah, *ma beauté!*" he said. "It is a joy to travel with a lass like you!"

The words were a mere caress, however, as the eye passed on, for the prefect was searching the village carefully, door by door, until finally he came to a little shop, before which a gilded watch swung on an iron rod. He marked that the door under the sign stood open; then a big voice thundered behind him on the terrace.

"Who the devil are you?"

The prefect turned about to see a tall old Englishman standing in the door tearing his card into bits with little nervous jerks of his fingers. The man had a thin, crooked nose, a sort of pale reptilian eye, and the livid color of irascible old men.

"My card would have told you, Monsieur," replied the prefect.

"Curse your card!" cried the old man, tearing the pieces into still finer bits. "You can tell me yourself."

"With pleasure," returned the prefect, "I am Monsieur Joncquel."

The old man flung away the remaining fragments of the card with a derisive gesture.

"Monsieur Joncquel, eh?" he snapped. "Well, Monsieur Joncquel, who sent for you?"

"Alas!" replied the prefect with composure, "like death, I am hardly ever sent for." He looked about for a chair, carried it to the balustrade and sat down; then he lighted a cigarette. "Pardon, Monsieur," he added; "there must be quite three hundred steps in your path from the village."

The old man exploded with anger.

"Eh? What?" he spluttered. "Confound your insolence! I'll have you kicked down every one of those three hundred steps."

The prefect blew little rings of white smoke upward into the soft air.

"Would it be wise," he said, "in view of the exigencies of chance? Somewhere on the descent I might take an injury to my eye and claim damages in the sum of five hundred thousand francs."

"The devil!" cried the old man, a sudden calm descending on him. "What do you know about that?"

"Why, this, Monsieur," replied the prefect, leaning over the balustrade and pointing downward with his smoking cigarette: "Yonder, I believe, is the curve in the road where Mademoiselle Valzomova's car came suddenly upon Monsieur's horse; and yonder is the oak tree into which Monsieur's horse shied; and extending south at right angles to the road is the limb that struck Monsieur on the temple, resulting in a concussion, which Monsieur advises Mademoiselle Valzomova has caused the total loss of sight in his left eye, 'whereby and by reason whereof'"—the prefect consulted a letter from his pocket as though to refresh his memory—"Monsieur le Vicomte will sue Mademoiselle in the courts for five hundred thousand francs."

"And I'll do it!" interrupted the old man. "The devil take me if I don't!"

"Unless ——" continued the prefect.

"Unless!" snarled the old man. "There is no unless. I'll sue out the writ tomorrow in Paris."

"Unless this thing that the Vicomte himself has written," the prefect went on—"unless Mademoiselle chooses to settle with the Vicomte immediately for the damage. Well, that is what Mademoiselle chooses to do."

The Viscount was taken by surprise.

"Eh? What?" he cried. "And so the hussy is going to settle, is she?"

"Monsieur," replied the prefect—and there came a hard note into his voice—"is it not enough to take Mademoiselle Valzomova's money? Would you insult her also?"

"Damn!" returned the Viscount. "Do I have to hunt about for one of your pretty phrases when I name an opera singer? What's the creature anyway?"

Monsieur Joncquel looked up with a calm, inscrutable face.

"I will tell you what she is," he said: "She is one of the best women in Europe. But for her, a hundred little children would die every year in the heat of Paris. It is Mademoiselle Valzomova who sends them to the sea. And, therefore, it is Mademoiselle Valzomova who gives them life and Mademoiselle Valzomova who is the angel of a hundred mothers. Ah, Monsieur, I who know the wickedness of many know also the goodness of a few!

"And, moreover"—he paused and looked out across the incomparable valley below him—"it is Mademoiselle who offers to the weary and the wretched a blessed brimming cup of forgetfulness. Men listen to her and the bitterness of life ebbs away from them—she sings in the Place de l'Opéra and we hear the beating of wings above the iron din of the elements, and understand again honor and duty and undying love; we feel the truths of our mysterious religions and the loom of some immortal destiny.

"Ah, Monsieur, believe me, the prophets are dead; but there is sometimes born after them a greater than the prophets. *Eh bien!* Has the good God, then, only mad priests in His service?"

"Humph!" snorted the Viscount. "If the singer is such a wonder she will have plenty of money to pay for my eye!"

The prefect looked up suddenly into the man's face.

"Monsieur," he said, "is it really your intention to insist upon a money payment from a woman for this accident?"

The Viscount exploded.

"My word!" he cried. "Has a man anything more valuable than his eye?"

"Some men," replied the prefect, "believe themselves to possess a thing more valuable."

"Well," snapped the Viscount, "I am not one of them."

"No," replied the prefect; and he looked over the old man slowly from crown to toe, as though he were some new and peculiar creature. "You are not one of them!"

He put out his middle finger and struck the ashes from his cigarette.

"Ah, well," he said, "if you insist upon it what can Mademoiselle do but pay? She cannot deny the accident—the resulting injury as claimed by Monsieur she might, of course, deny; but how would she sustain that contention in any court? The brain centers of vision are deep-seated and mysterious; they cannot be examined by any known appliance. And if these remote areas have been injured by a concussion the fact that all visible organs are in order does not prove that Monsieur's sight in that eye remains to him." He paused. "It is then merely a question of the amount that Mademoiselle must pay. I hope," and he looked anxiously at the Viscount, "that Monsieur does not mean to ask five hundred thousand francs?"

"Not a sou less!"

The prefect looked down at the red tiles under his feet.

"It is impossible!" he said. "Consider, Monsieur, how great a sum is five hundred thousand francs—half a million—a fortune in France! Why, Monsieur, I can find you a thousand men in Paris who will pluck out an eye for a tenth of the money. Five hundred thousand francs! *Mon Dieu!* the half of Europe would sell their souls at that figure! It is impossible!"

Then it was that avarice dispossessed the Viscount's irascible mood.

"Bah!" he said. "I'll warrant the singer considers five hundred thousand francs no very great sum."

The prefect reflected.

"Well," he said, "you know how careless of money actresses are. To them it has no value. It is the need of it only that they measure. If they are down they will haggle for a franc. If they are in funds you may fill your pockets. It is so with all temperaments that create. Did not Dumas keep a bowl of gold coins on the mantelpiece from which any one could help himself? If Monsieur were in Paris today he might find Mademoiselle willing to consider a sum that a week later she would think out of the question."

The prefect flung away the fragment of his cigarette and rose.

"*Bonjour*, Monsieur!" he said. "I came out from Paris to see if the Vicomte Macdougal could not be induced to withdraw this demand upon Mademoiselle Valzomova; but it is clear, I think, that my mission is quite hopeless. Monsieur will adhere to his own ideas."

Then he stopped suddenly and turned about.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he said. "Can you tell me which turn of the highway yonder I must take in order to enter Paris on the road from Rouen? There is a sharp curve on that road about which the Department of Highways has been several times advised. It promised yesterday to put up a proper warning and I wish to see how that promise has been kept."

The old man had followed him for a step or two on the terrace.

"It is the second turn to the right," he answered. "But a moment, sir. Why do you tell me that if I were in Paris today I might find this woman more—er—reasonable than later?"

"Because, Monsieur," replied the prefect, "it is today that Mademoiselle receives the advance payment on her engagement at the opera. And so today she will have a very large sum of money in bulk, but she will not keep it. No one of them ever does. . . . Ah, *merci*, Monsieur. It is the second turn to the right then."

But the Viscount called after him:

"A word, if you please: Do you think I ought to go to Paris today?"

"The Vicomte will do about that as he likes," replied the prefect.

"Wait!" And the old man followed after him. There was the lust of money in his hard, irascible face. "Would you take me up in your automobile?"

Monsieur Joncquel suppressed a gesture of annoyance.

"I suppose I could come back," added the old man hurriedly, "on the evening train."

The prefect shrugged his shoulders—he was not entirely able to conceal how little the suggestion pleased him; but he replied with a show of courtesy:

"If Monsieur does not object to half an hour's delay by reason of the Rouen Road I shall be very glad to take him."

The old man snapped at the invitation. It was a chance to reach Paris at no cost and he shuffled into the château for his coat. The prefect looked after him, making a gesture of contempt.

"*Pardieu!*" he said. "When these creatures become intolerable in their own countries they buy an estate in France! Under what curse of God are we?"

The Viscount presently returned in an old weather-beaten coat and the two men went down the steep path to the village. The great roadster was standing as the prefect had left it, before the door of the inn; the boy in the blue blouse had wiped it clean as a jewel.

Monsieur Joncquel put on his goggles and gloves; then he went round the car to make sure that the petrol tank had been filled. To see clearly into the opening of the tank he removed the goggles and held them in his hand. He was impatient and in no gentle temper, and there was presently a tinkle of broken glass. He looked down with an exclamation of annoyance. One of the eyepieces of the goggles had been shattered against the fender of the car.

"*Diable!*" he said. "It is the only pair I have!" And he began to break the cracked glass out of the rim with his thumb.

The Viscount came forward with expressions of regret. Now that he was using Monsieur Joncquel for his own ends, he could afford to be good-humored. One would have said that the temperaments of the two men had changed about. The prefect was now irascible and the Viscount suave.

"Too bad!" the latter continued to say. "Perhaps you can get a pair from the innkeeper."

"No such luck," replied the prefect; "but if by chance there is a *horloger* in this village I might get a lens put in without delay."

"There is one at the end of the street," said the Viscount. "I will show you." And he began to walk toward the sign of the gilded watch that the prefect had marked from the terrace of the château.

The prefect followed. He walked rapidly, like one dominated by ill temper.

"Monsieur," said the little workman when the two men were come into the shop, "a lens like this is not to be had outside of Paris." And he turned the goggles about, shaking his head.

The Man Had the Livid Color of Irascible Old Men

"Well," snapped the prefect, "you can put in a piece of window glass then—it will keep the dust out of my eye."

"*Oui*, Monsieur," replied the workman; "I can do that."

He measured the eyepiece, cut out a disk of glass and fitted it quickly into the rim. He worked swiftly and with little nervous glances at the prefect. When he had finished Monsieur Joncquel threw a five-franc piece on the watch case and the two men returned to the inn.

The engine spun under the touch of the electric button and the great gray car glided out of the village, Monsieur Joncquel driving and the Viscount in the seat beside him. They had taken the second crossing into the Rouen Road when Monsieur Joncquel turned to his companion like one sharply seized with an important memory.

"*Diable!*" he said. "I think only of myself!" And putting up his free hand he unhooked his goggles and handed them to the Viscount. "Pardon, Monsieur," he said, "I had forgotten your injured eye. These will at least keep out the dust." The Viscount began to refuse, saying there was little dust and that he was in no discomfort; but the prefect would not hear him.

"I have always heard that when one eye is lost the other is more susceptible to strain," he continued as he helped the Viscount to adjust the goggles; "and it is this brilliant sun on the white road that plays the devil with one's sight. . . . *Voilà!* We have the green lens over monsieur's sound eye! That was a lucky accident to break the left glass. Monsieur le Vicomte will be protected in both eyes from the dust and in his good eye from the glare of the road. . . . And now, *ma beauté!*" And he pressed his foot on the throttle. The car shot out like a racer under a lash and the hedges along the roadside leaped backward.

The car traveled without any sound except a low hum as of a distant beehive. It gained speed like an arrow and the dust trailed behind in a long rolling cloud. They traveled swiftly on the white road in the brilliant sun.

It was at the beginning of a long descent toward Paris that Monsieur Joncquel began to have trouble with his brakes, and he ducked down among his levers to see what the trouble was. As he took a turning on the steep hill, with his head a moment among his nest of levers, he called suddenly to his companion: "Is there a signal before us?"

"Yes," replied the Viscount.

The prefect sat up, with a volley of Parisian oaths, turned the car into the hill and, braking with a twist of the front wheel, stopped against a signpost by the road a hundred meters from the curve.

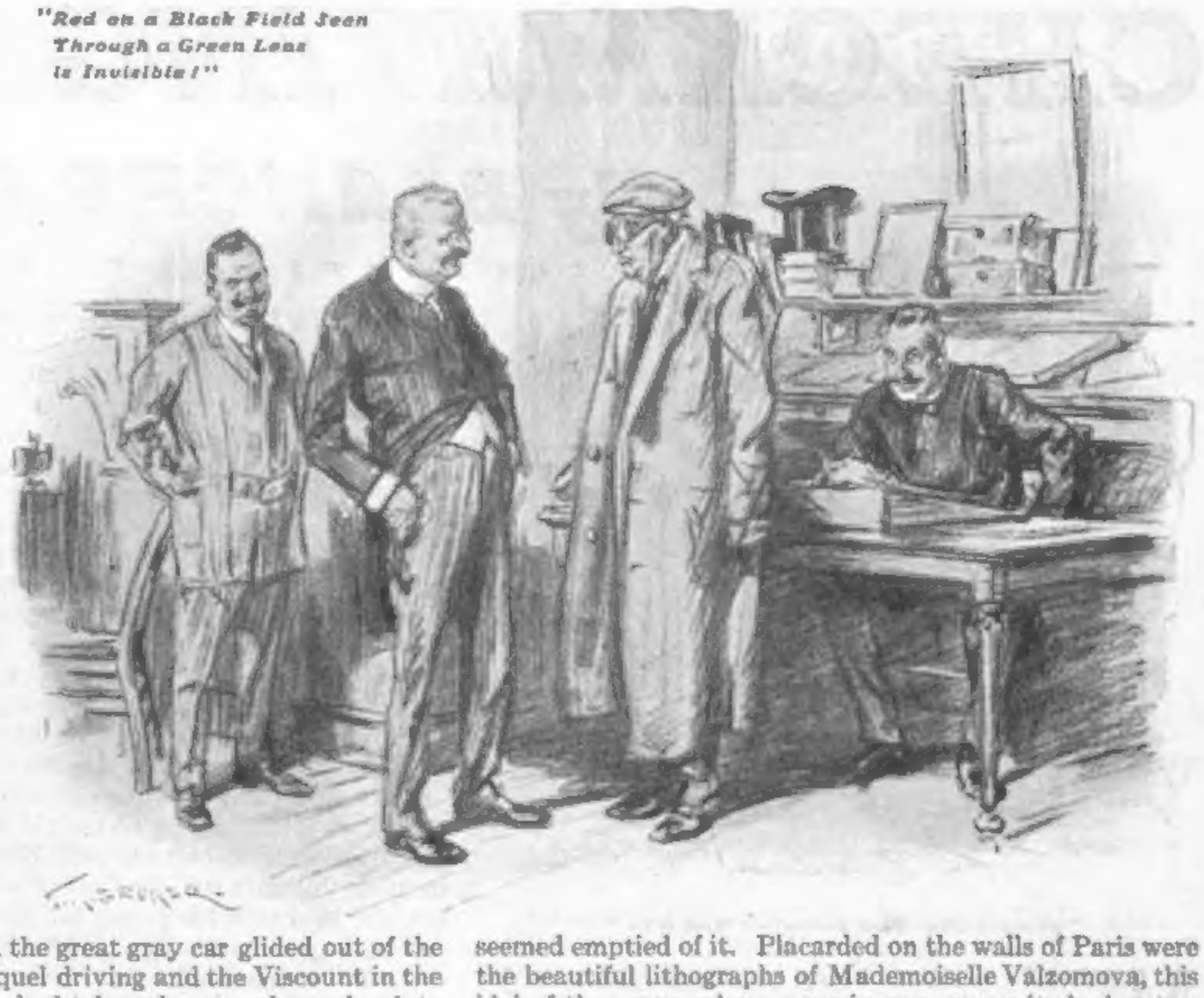
"*Nom d'un chien!*" he cried. "Does the Department of Highways believe itself to conduct a tram that it puts up a signal like that!"

"What's the matter with it?" said the Viscount. "The letter A stands for the word to stop in your language and red is a danger warning."

"Precisely," cried the prefect; "but what danger is there if one knows of the curve? And why stop when the road is open? Does one take on and discharge passengers at this point as he travels into Paris, like a bus to the Gare du Nord? There should be here the usual signal indicating a sharp descent on a curve—and they put up a thing like that! . . . Well, they shall hear from me—and soon!"

He got out and tightened the brake band of his car with a heavy wrench, and the two men continued their journey. The brakes held now and the car swept down the long descent, sped away on the great road and presently entered Paris. On his way to the Place de l'Opéra the prefect stopped before the Department of Highways.

It was strange how completely the trivial incident of a roadmark had dispossessed the great matter upon which the prefect had set out. His mind



"Red on a Black Field Seen Through a Green Lens Is Invisible!"

seemed emptied of it. Placarded on the walls of Paris were the beautiful lithographs of Mademoiselle Valzomova, this idol of the opera, whose conspicuous generosity had so tremendously impressed him, and he passed them with no sign.

Moreover, by a curious ironical chance he carried into Paris this mean old man, in his dirty coat, that he might prey upon her. And yet this bitter ending to his pretentious endeavor was hidden from before his eyes—screened off by the petty error of an official of highways. By such inconsequential incidents are the minds of mortals dominated!

"A moment, Monsieur," he said to the Viscount, bringing his car to the curb. "I wish to lay a complaint before the Department of Highways. Will you verify my statement?"

"With pleasure," replied the old man, glad to be a gadfly on any withers; and the two entered the building.

A grave man with a long lean face sat at a desk in the private office of the Department of Highways; and behind him, nosing in a ledger, stood a big German, with bristling, close-cropped hair like a convict's. The prefect began at once with his complaint. He had hardly got it explained when the man at the desk stopped him.

"Monsieur," he said, "do you make this charge from your own knowledge or at the information of another?"

"I saw it myself," replied the prefect.

"And I saw it too," said the Viscount, stepping up before the desk.

The official looked up.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"The Viscount Macdougal, my fine sir," snapped the old man.

"Ah!" said the official, taking up his pen. He turned abruptly from the prefect as though he were a person of no concern and addressed himself to the Englishman with grave courtesy.

"Monsieur," he said, "I shall be pleased to hear you."

He listened with the closest attention, as to a distinguished person whose every word was to be marked; and on a pad before him on the desk he wrote down precisely and with care the exact statement of the Viscount Macdougal.

The big German, who had been deep in his ledger, now rose and came round the official's desk. He stopped directly in front of the Viscount and slowly wagged his round, closely shingled head.

"So," he said, "you saw all this through your goggles!"

"I did!" snapped the Viscount. "What of it?"

The German did not reply; but abruptly in the quiet and gravity of the room he laughed. The Viscount turned on him in a fury.

"Why do you laugh, my fine fellow?" he snarled, his face turning livid.

"I laugh," replied the German, "because if the Viscount Macdougal saw a red letter on a black background through the goggles he now wears he saw it with his blind eye!"

"My blind eye!" cried the viscount.

"Exactly," replied the German—"your blind eye! You have a green lens over your good eye and it is a principle of optics that red on a black field seen through a green lens is invisible!"

The Viscount opened his mouth as though he would utter some awful invective, but for a moment he did not speak; then he said strangely, as though he addressed an invisible person:

"Will you tell me who these people are?"

And the prefect, Joncquel, replied to him:

"With pleasure, Monsieur le Vicomte—the one who writes is the Magistrate Lavelle and the one who laughs is the oculist Von Liebnitz."

CHECKMATING MISS FANNY

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Jumpin Jho' Was Eatin' on Huh Now"

MAWNIN'!" called Viney to Uncle Peter as he paused in the roadway before the cabin. "Whar is you boun'?"

"I gwine up to Majah Buffo'd's to he'p dig a foundation, an' Ise got to hurry." Uncle Peter approached the gate.

"Mought as well come on in an' set a minute an' res' yo'se'f," invited Viney, tossing the last bit of breadcrust to a pair of fowls that waited expectantly near her.

"I promise' Majah Buffo'd to be up at de house early." As he spoke the old man came slowly up the path to the cabin steps and laboriously deposited himself upon the one nearest the ground. "I nevah dis'points no one."

"Whut's Majah Buffo'd havin' a foundation dug fo'?" inquired Viney as she seated herself upon the step beside him.

"He's gwine to have a b'jection made to de front mirandy," answered Uncle Peter, his gaze wandering leisurely about the yard. "Dem two Dominickers you was jes' feedin' am new, ain't dey?"

Viney followed his glance to the fence corner, where the couple of fine-looking pullets were busy scratching gravel. A slow smile overspread her countenance.

"Dem young Dominickers is a peace gif'," she announced. "Cunnel Slocum p'sented me wid dem fowl."

"A peace gif'?" Uncle Peter's face expressed his interest and curiosity. "How come?"

"Fo' bringin' down peace on de Slocum househol'. Dat's whut de Cunnel say. An' hit's to be a secret fum Miss Fanny—on'y," continued Viney, with a puzzled look, "I cain't puzzackly mek out whut I done to bring peace 'bout."

Uncle Peter, settling himself more comfortably upon the steps, waited expectantly.

"Uncle Petah," began Viney, "has you evah noticed how dat, when chillen ain't no sooner'n got raised an' growed up, dey tu'ns roun' an' commences raisin' dey pa'unts de way dey thinks de job oughta been did?"

"Dat have come under my notice-ment," agreed Uncle Peter.

"Well, dat's whut happen' up at de Slocumses. Hadn't Miss May come ovah heah fum Nashville an' egged huh ma on into givin' dat suffidge tea she give—you 'members de time, Uncle Petah—dey nevah would 'a' been no trouble. Ez long as I has knowed de Cunnel an' Miss Fanny, de on'y diff'-ence dey evah haves am in de spring-time er de year, when Miss Fanny stahts in fo' to arrange de flower beds on de front lawn, an' de Cunnel tries to disrup' her intentions.

"Fum de time dat meetin' was helt dey was a change come ovah Miss Fanny. Hit look lak a new sperit got into huh; an' a bigger diff'ence in any one I nevah seed! Miss Fanny's whole conbersation wan't nothin' but suffidge an' votes fo' women; an' durin' Miss May's whole visit to huh ma dem two ladies ain't done a thing but traipse roun' all day gittin' up clubs an' mekkin' de yuther ladies sign de pledge dat dey'd go in fo' de 'Cause,' as Miss May called hit. Miss Fanny would 'a' no mo' thought of gittin' in such messes ef Miss May hadn't put it in huh haid dan she'd 'a' thought o' flyin'.

"At fus' Cunnel Slocum tuck hit as a joke, an' ev'y time Miss Fanny'd staht to argyfyin' wid him he'd set back an' laugh at huh same's if she was a child, an' not answer huh questions 'cep'n wid teasin'. But by-an'-by, whut wid hit goin' on at breakfus', dinner an' supper, an' Miss Fanny commencin' to stay 'way fum home so much, de Cunnel begin to see hit wan't such a joke as he thought hit was; an' he stahted in gittin' right-down cross 'bout hit. Miss Fanny wan't doin' a thing but sashayin' roun' fum one meetin' to another, stahtin' in early in de mawnin' an' not gittin' back twel evenin' some time.

"Hit seem right queer dat de time had evah come when she wan't settin' on de po'ch wid her sewin', waitin' fo' Cunnel Slocum to come home. Now hit was all switched roun' de yuther way. De Cunnel was de one on de waitin' list, an' he'd teck his papah an' p'ten' to read; but, fum de way he was knittin' his eyebrows an' scowlin' to hisse'f, dey wan't much readin' goin' on as I could see.

"One aft'noon I come on out to ask him how soon he 'spected Miss Fanny home, as she had promise' to give me a poorhouse plaster fo' Isom's back ef I'd come fo' hit.

"Cunnel didn't answer me at fus'. He jes' looked at me wid a far-away look in his eyes an' den say: 'Viney, how soon befo' you am gwine to staht out fo' to git de vote?'

"I wan't lookin' fo' dat kin' er answer to my question, an' hit kinder stumped me fo' a minute. An' den I says: 'As soon as Isom tells me I cain't do hit, suh!'—jes' lak dat!

"Fo' a minute de Cunnel set up straight an' look' at me square in de eye, lak as tho' he didn't catch whut I 'spon' to him; an' den all of a sudden he r'ared back an' let out a laugh dat could 'a' been heerd cl'ar to kingdom come. By-an'-by he slap' his knee an' give one mo' chuckle. Den he sot quiet a minute, jes' thinkin'. 'Dat's de cure!' he says, mo' to hisse'f dan ef he was speakin' to me. 'Dat's de cure! Viney, ef whut I has in my min' wuks out you's gwine to git a presen' fum me.'

"I says: 'Yes, suh—thanky, suh, Cunnel Slocum!'—tho' I didn't un'stan' de connection. But I ain't de kind to defuse a presen' dat am offered in a kin' sperit; so I thanked him agin an' lef' him settin' dere meditatin'.

"Hit was sev'al days, Uncle Petah, befo' I got up to Slocumses agin, because I was he'pin' out only now an' then; an' when I did git back I found de bigges' s'prise waitin' me dat you c'n 'magine. Hit didn't take me no time to see dat sumpin had happen' in de Slocum household dat was out o' de ord'nary; an' when de whole trufe come out I jes' sot down in my tracks!

"I Knows Miss Fanny Lak I Does Mys'f"

"I had walked in de house an' axed fo' to see Miss Fanny, when de housemaid says:

"'Dey's gone to a suffidge meetin'!'

"'Who you mean by dey?' says I.

"'Cunnel an' Miss Slocum,' she answer.

"'Cunnel Slocum gone to a suffidge meetin'!' says I, leanin' aginst de wall to p'vent myse'f fum fallin' ovah. 'Well, de Lawd bless us!'

"Uncle Petah, I don't know perzackly how hit come about, but hit sho' was de case. Endurin' de time I was away—hit wan't mo'n a week—Miss Fanny mus' a wucked de rabbit's foot on de Cunnel, and he had done gone an' j'ined de Cause! He hadn't jes' dabbled one foot in hit neither—he'd walked in plum' up to his neck; an' de suffidge question was takin' on him lak a case er measles.

"Miss Fanny was so pleased an' tuck up 'splainin' things to him dat she tu'ned de housecleanin' entirely ovah to me endurin' de time sot to do hit; an' when de two of 'em wan't 'tending some meetin' or othah dey was readin' outen de books whut Miss Fanny had on de subjec', er outen de newspapers 'bout some millet-hands acrost de sea whut had busted into de votin' ring—tho' whut farmhands wants to mix up in politics fo' is mo'n I can see!

"Cunnel Slocum had been in de habit of goin' down to ten' to his law business, rain er shine, ev'y day; but now he commence' gittin' sorter slack 'bout bein' early to de office, an' by-an'-by he commence' skippin' a day er so an' stayin' home so's he could put mo' time on suffidge wid Miss Fanny. As his nephew, Mistah Frank, was in de office, anyhow, I reckon de business was bein' 'tended to; an' maybe dat's why Cunnel Slocum tuck to stayin' home sev'al days at a time; an' pretty soon he plum' quit goin' down an' jes' phomed to Mistah Frank now an' den.

"Whenever dey'd talk on de phome de Cunnel'd laugh a monst'us lot, an' speak low to Mistah Frank in de phome deceiver, lak as do' de law business was pow'ful funny. Dey mos' usually talked wid each othah when Miss Fanny was out er hearin'; so I reckoned de Cunnel didn't want to distrack huh min' fum de Cause wid his business affairs.

"Wid all dis goin' on, hit looks lak Miss Fanny's face ought to 'a' stretched wider an' wider wid happiness ev'y day, fo' she had 'complished huh aim an' won de Cunnel, haht an' soul; but, Uncle Petah, hit wan't de case. I knows Miss Fanny lak I does mys'f, an' dey ain't nevah de littles' thing whut's eatin' on huh dat I cain't tell hit as quick as I sees huh. An' sumpin sho' was eatin' on huh now. She'd git a sort er res'less look in huh eye ev'y now an' den when she thought no one wan't lookin', an' mos' 'specially when de Cunnel'd settle hisse'f in de mawnin's aftah breakfus' an' staht in to read out loud 'bout de advancement of de Cause an' de p'o-gress hit twuz makin'.

"Miss Fanny begin to look lak huh mind wan't near as much on de

(Continued on Page 61)

"Miss Fanny Wan't Doin' a Thing But Sashayin' Roun' Fum One Meetin' to Another"

DEADBEATS AND BAD DEBTS

"I'll Have to Take the Conceit Out of You By Giving You an Account Against Sandy McDougall"

The Exciting Pursuit of the Desperate Account—Adventures in Bad Lands of Credit

By
Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE skeleton that lurks in the commercial closet and leers from the pages of every ledger answers to the name of Bad Debt. If the annual losses to the merchants of America from this source were focused into a single line of figures the result would look like an astronomical calculation.

According to the specialists in bad debts and deadbeats, the average retail merchant knows as little about the pathology of these ever-present and inscrutable pests as he knows about his own digestive apparatus. He is never without them and often feels their presence most painfully—but they remain a sealed mystery to him.

"From boyhood," declares one of these experts, "my life has been devoted to the pursuit of the desperate account and the deadbeat; and I'm obliged to admit that the ordinary merchant looks to me like a babe in the woods when it comes to dealing with difficult collections. Certainly this is true of the typical country merchant, who dispenses his credit with one hand and wraps packages with the other. And in many cases the professional credit man of the city wholesale house is not much better equipped to protect his concern from the depredations of the experienced deadbeat than is the country storekeeper. Let me put it this way:

"The city credit man who sits at his desk and decides credits for customers hundreds of miles away is the victim of the incomplete system under which he works. As a rule he does remarkably well under his handicaps, but he is too far from the target. The average country merchant has not passed the kindergarten stage of credit knowledge. Both retailer and wholesaler, as a rule, are almost miraculously ignorant of the art of making really hard collections.

"The only real training school in which the science of reducing the desperate account to cash in hand can be learned is the collection agency. It is weak on ethics and ideals perhaps, but strong on results; and its only motto is: Fight the devil with fire! The average adjuster who gets results gives as little thought to the ethics of the means he employs in extracting the money from a deadbeat as a hound or a hawk gives to the morals of the chase. It's a rough, hard, sordid pursuit—like that of the detective but no man can be in it long without learning certain fundamentals of the chase that would be beyond price to the merchant and the credit man. To hear a group of able adjusters swap experiences would be better than a college education to most merchants—and more entertaining than the Arabian Nights shown on a movie screen."

Tim's First Collection

THERE is hardly a step or an incident in the career of the artist in difficult collections that is not well worth the careful scrutiny of the average merchant, that will not throw light upon his most perplexing problem, and prove fruitful in practical suggestions that will apply directly to his own bad-debt troubles.

One of the keenest and most successful specialists in bad-debt collections now operating in the United States started on his career through the reading of an alluring want ad in a Chicago newspaper. He was a country boy who had come to the city to make his fortune. When he was taken on by the agency he did not know that it was a lively competitor of the deadbeat in seeking to fatten itself from the overconfidence of trusting merchants. At that time many collection organizations had not learned that there is more money in giving the merchant actual and expert service, consistently maintained, than in merely mulcting him for a single retaining fee secured under promises impossible of performance.

After a short preliminary training this specialist was sent to a big Western mining town and told to sign up the merchants there.

"Get the biggest one first," he was instructed, "and the others will follow like sheep. If the leading house refuses to listen to reason, then apply the bluff of the test case. Tell them to give you the toughest account on their books; if you collect it they are to give you a year's contract for our service. Then it's up to you. You've got to get the money somehow! That's your part of the game."

The only weapon with which this amateur hunter of deadbeats armed himself was a new form of assignment contract. Outwardly this instrument bore a blood resemblance to the promissory note, but its pearl type internals were loaded with the deadly provision that any rightful holder of the assignment was empowered to insert the name of any person, firm or corporation which might be indebted to the signer of the document, and to date the instrument. There were other well-feathered hooks concealed in this contract, but these were the vital clauses that gave it a pulling power beyond any assignment form ever before devised. It was plain to the shrewd young collector of seventeen that no man who read the contract would sign it—but once signed it would become a block-and-tackle that would separate the signer from any asset except his wife and children.

In Bonanza, Tim found the merchants decidedly hard-headed and unbelieving. The owner of the leading store sneeringly remarked:

"Old story! You can't collect an account that we can't get ourselves. You're just a kid and I've been in that merchandising game right here since this town started. I know every slow customer on the mine payroll and all about him. You're a stranger. Nothing doing! It ain't common sense to think you can collect where I've failed."

"You haven't got an account on your books that I can't collect," stoutly asserted Tim. "All I ask is just a chance to show you."

Later Tim met the merchant at a Sunday-school picnic, and as they sat on a log at their luncheon the collector renewed his attack.

"I think," finally remarked the merchant, "that I'll have to take the conceit out of you by giving you an account against Sandy McDougall. But I give you fair warning that you'll fail. Why, Sandy's the Prince of Deadbeats, and takes a huge pride in it. At the start he dodged paying his debts simply because he wanted to spend the money some other way, but he passed that stage long ago. Now it's a sport with him in which he holds the championship. There isn't a merchant in town that he hasn't got into for a heavy bill—and the only one who can get a cent from him is Shearman, the grocer, who holds a perpetual assignment from Sandy and divides up the proceeds of his paycheck with him. That shuts the others out."

Sandy was a mine foreman who worked nights and slept during the day. The next afternoon Tim was admitted to the home of the champion deadbeat. When he assured Mrs. McDougall that his errand was very pressing she finally consented to waken her husband. He came out of the bedroom rubbing his eyes and grumbling at being robbed of his rest.

"What d'ye want, lad?" growled Sandy McDougall.

"I've come to collect an account for Mr. Vilas," answered Tim.

The towering foreman took a long look at the boyish figure in the rocking-chair—and Tim made quick calculations upon his chances of reaching the door before the big Scotchman could overtake him. But suddenly a change came over the countenance of Sandy and he broke into a jeering laugh.

"Why didna Vilas send his baby—the wee one? Oh, but this is guid! An' you're sic a nice lad too! How you goin' t' do it?"

Tim took his cue quickly.

"I thought," he answered with childlike innocence, "that mebby you'd sign this note."

"Sign a note, eh?" And Sandy roared with laughter. "That'll be just as guid as the money to ye—won't it noo? You'll have th' coin the minute it fa's due, of course! Sure, I'll sign it. There's naething like bein' obligin' t' children."

Sandy's scorn of the pulling power of a note was so complete that he affixed his name without troubling to read the instrument. As Tim passed out the gate he could hear Sandy still laughing at the huge joke.

Getting Sandy on the Run

UNTIL the next payday Tim was busy gathering from the other merchants a choice assortment of accounts against the Prince of Deadbeats. The only merchant he did not solicit was Shearman, the chum and side partner of Sandy. On payday he followed the grocer to the pay-window of the mining office and saw him draw the foreman's wages—about sixty dollars. Tim was waiting at Shearman's desk when he returned to the store.

The merchant laughed when Tim presented the order.

"'That's no good," he declared. "I'm in ahead of you."

"It's good enough so that I can close up your store and attach everything in it," answered the young collector; "and that's just what I'll do inside of ten minutes if you don't pay the fifty-three dollars and eighty cents this assignment calls for. If you don't believe it just put on your glasses and read that small type."

The storekeeper followed the suggestion and then counted out the money.

When Tim took the returns of his first collection to Mr. Vilas the service contract was signed without question. Then the story of how big Sandy had been caught by a mere boy passed through the town and the mines, and the champion deadbeat was badgered and baited until he was furious.

One day on the street he saw the "nice lad" who had wrecked his reputation as an unassailable deadbeat and brought shame and derision upon him. His anger flamed up and he gave chase, catching up a small club as he ran. Tim realized that the man was in a dangerous passion and he took the street on high speed, dodged into the nearest saloon and made for the back door; but big Sandy was lean and agile, and the boy had little the advantage. Just as Tim was passing through the doorway Sandy overtook him and made a vicious stroke with the club. It landed a glancing blow on the boy's head, tore open his scalp and dropped him in a senseless heap in the alley.

That knock was a boost. When the amateur hunter of deadbeats came to his senses and heard the particulars of the incident that had escaped his attention during his inadvertent unconsciousness, his first thought was that he now had Big Sandy where he could put the screws to him—and he smiled feebly as he checked over the contracts that

would be signed up when he had collected all the accounts that he held against this fallen Prince of Deadbeats.

"Assault with intent to kill" is a serious offense, and Sandy had no appetite for a trial under that charge. Again, he was deeply interested in retaining his hold on the company's payroll. Being a deadbeat with a good job back of him had been fine sport, but to play the game on an empty stomach involved too heavy a handicap. So he surrendered to the nice lad, settled every account in hard money and considered himself lucky to escape prosecution; and Tim left the mining town with a roll of commission money that made him feel like a capitalist.

Best of all, he had beaten the most celebrated deadbeat in that part of the country and had learned that there are few accounts so desperate, few deadbeats so unassailable, that persistence and resourcefulness will not get the better of them. It was a good start and he liked the game. He could not understand why young men went into football and polo for sport when they could work for a collection company that specialized in bad debts.

His education was continued in Missoula, Montana. He pressed the manager of a wholesale grocery house for just one chance to make good on the most desperate account in the credit files.

"Collect this account," replied the manager, "against the Chink that runs the laundry at the top of the hill and I'll sign. And if you don't bring the money back you're not to return—I've wasted all the time on you, young man, that I can afford."

Tim marched up the steep hill with bright expectations. Entering the laundry, he found it fairly packed with industrious Orientals. When he asked for Sing Lo there was a momentary hush in the queer, droning talk behind the counter. The largest and most stolid-looking Chinaman solemnly shook his head and answered:

"No sabe!"

Judged from his inscrutably stolid countenance, he spoke the truth. Tim then spread the seventy-dollar soap bill upon the counter and pointed first to the figures and then to the cashdrawer. Instantly the guttural singsong conversation started and gradually became a crescendo in which every occupant of the place was taking violent part.

That Heathen Chinee

TIM'S notion that the Oriental was an impassive being, unmoved by emotion, was suddenly shattered. Finally, as the Chinamen began to crowd closer together and make more frequent gestures in his direction, Tim decided he would rather take his chances with a heathen mob in the open. Anyhow he would go outside and think it over. To be beaten out of a good contract by a bunch of Chinks made him boil with rage and anger.

If he failed to make this collection he might as well move on to another town, for his test case had been given him by the leading mercantile establishment in Missoula and the other houses were sure to follow the leader.

Was there not some way in which he could outwit these heathen? It was a desperate account and he was ready for desperate methods.

At the moment when his courage was keenest he chanced to notice that a Chinaman was leading a horse out of the shafts of a laundry wagon which had been backed against the curb. A glance showed Tim that the wagon was packed to its canvas top with laundry that had just been collected. The instant the Chinaman with the horse had disappeared into the little barn in the rear of the laundry Tim leaped between the shafts, seized them and lunged forward, giving the wagon a sharp turn in the downhill direction.

They were off! Once under way all that the nervy young collector had to do was to keep in the middle of the street and run as fast as the wagon dropped down the grade. It was a sprint that would have made a modern Marathon candidate wild with envy.

The instant the rattle of the moving wagon was heard inside, the laundry belched Chinamen. They fell into pursuit and raced down the hill with their weird flapping garments and queues streaming out behind. No such spectacle of heathen activity had ever before enlivened Missoula—or perhaps America. But Tim had the advantage of a good start and the impetus of a loaded wagon shooting downhill. He lifted his feet and the wagon did the rest.

When the impetus was spent he found himself within about half a block of the wholesale house and in the American part of the town. His wind and his strength were gone and he dropped back upon the whiffletree and awaited developments—in the form of sixteen angry, winded Chinamen. He was astonished when the big boss of the group began to curse him in English that was entirely understandable. The gift of "Melican" speech had come to him in the course of the downhill Marathon.

"This wagon is mine!" stoutly asserted the collector. "Unless you go back and bring the money to pay this bill I'm going to keep the wagon and all the clothes in it. You're up against the law this time!"

Another animated Oriental consistory was held on the sidewalk, with the result that one Chinaman was sent back to the laundry for the money.

Tim secured not only the money but the promised contract, and then he made a cleanup in the town that put Missoula on his map in large red letters. After that it was difficult to convince this young collector there was an account so desperate that it could not be turned into spot cash, or a deadbeat so dead that he could not be resurrected into a paying proposition.

The man who had this kind of initiation at seventeen and has followed his strange calling for a quarter of a century is entitled to give expert testimony on all branches of the subject of the deadbeat and the bad debt.

When He Asked for Sing Lo There Was a Momentary Hush in the Queer, Droning Talk

"The typical deadbeat," declares this authority, "is the post-graduate of the school of extravagance; and that is the busiest and best-attended educational institution in America. Its enrollment would look like the complete polling list of the United States. It's the easiest college to enter and the hardest to win a discharge from in all the civilized world. I have been forced to the conclusion that at least seventy-five per cent of the deadbeats have been put into that class by women. The percentage of deadbeats is much higher among married men than among bachelors. Bachelor deadbeats are comparatively rare.

"A young man getting a small salary marries. Perhaps he does so on the old lovers' theory that two can live on as little as one. There may have been a time when that was quite generally true—and there are many cases where it is true that a young man who has settled down to sober living as a husband spends no more than he did as a free-and-easy bachelor; but today marriage generally means increased expense for the man.

"In this lively age the game of 'keeping up with Lizzie' is the most popular of all pastimes. The young husband wants to see the girl he has married have as much and live as well as her old associates. So he goes the limit and a little beyond. He gets into debt—but somehow he cannot apply the brakes and catch up again. Then he is in the first stages. He staves off the men who trust him and becomes slow. Then he becomes talked about and hears of it. The first sting of this reflection upon his credit hurts his pride, but he finally discovers that he is not crushed by it.

"At length he becomes accustomed to the duns and the legal processes of tradesmen, and learns that if he is sharp enough and not too thin-skinned he can tire them out. Incidentally he learns, too, that the possibilities of misplaced credit are almost unlimited, and that he can find fresh victims and keep going without altering the scale of living—except, perhaps, to increase the cost of it. That, in an elementary way and with a thousand variations, is the progress of the deadbeat.

"Most retail merchants understand all this in a vague way, but what they fail to grasp is the fact that they can by proper methods stop the development of the deadbeat in most cases, and that there is a way to reach the most hardened and adroit deadbeat if sufficient originality is brought to bear.

"Right there is where the average merchant falls down in his desperate collections with this class of customers. He goes after all of them in the same way, with the same weapons. They understand the means he will employ better than he does himself; they can give him cards and spades on limitations, exemptions and handicaps of all sorts, and they have the cards all stacked for these conventional attacks. But at some time and in some spot practically every deadbeat is vulnerable.

"Once I took a wager that in an hour's time I could collect an account from a physician who was considered fireproof. I won by taking with me what collectors call the Blue Book of Deadbeats. I told him this volume was undergoing revision and that the only thing that could prevent his name from going between its covers was the instant payment of that amount. He not only paid but thanked me for the opportunity in the bargain. He did not mind being known locally as a deadbeat, but professional or family pride made him wince at the thought of being given general and permanent fame as a member of the order."

Weak Points

"ON ANOTHER occasion I found that a merchant against whom I had been given a desperate account for collection had political ambitions. When I demonstrated to him that he could not get the nomination for county treasurer with a judgment hanging over his head, and that there would surely be a judgment, his bravado suddenly oozed. He called some of his political friends together and they made up the amount in cash.

"If I had not detected his vulnerable spot and made my assault there I should have failed with him.

"This is why the average merchant is so helpless when it comes to dealing with the deadbeat. He simply follows the customary line of assault and does not realize that each case presents an individual problem calling for individual treatment. In a word, he uses no originality. He has not learned that it is mainly a game of human nature and the personal equation instead of a mere matter of visible assets and legal limitations and exemptions. Find the soft spot in the deadbeat's armor and then make your thrust—that is about the whole science of this kind of warfare."

If all experts in the science of desperate collections were to formulate a few simple rules for making ordinary collections from backward customers, such as every wholesaler has on his books, the summary would not differ materially from this:

First, determine whether the man means to be honest.

Second, if he seems to be on the square get to the bottom of his backwardness. Is it in himself, his help or his situation? Is it because he is a poor salesman, a poor manager or a poor collector? Is his stock too heavy or his location poor? What is his main handicap?

There are hundreds of retail merchants of genial personality who can sell goods, but who are as lacking in the elements of business management as a lamb. So long as they are doing up packages and handing out goods they are happy and feel that they must be prosperous. They are too busy to focus their affairs until the sheriff volunteers his assistance.

Another very large class of retail merchants are fair salesmen and fair merchants in every particular except that of collections. They somehow shrink from this final process that is the real essence of their business effort. If a delinquent customer fails to respond to repeated statements bearing the legend "Please remit," they recoil from going to him personally and having a face-to-face talk with him that will get to the bottom of things and establish an understanding. To men of this class there is no middle ground between the "Please-remit" stage and the placing of the account in the hands of an attorney for collection.

There are hundreds of merchants who watch every feature of their business more closely and more understandingly than they do the accounts of their customers. These are the merchants who do most to keep up the visible supply of deadbeats. They have not the eye to see when a customer is approaching that critical condition when he is bound to enter upon the first stages of the deadbeat's downward way, unless he is held to the straight course by a firm and restraining hand. Here is where the merchant who has the gift for collections does something for the good of society. He prevents potential deadbeats from developing their mischievous possibilities.

The Value of Credit Knowledge

THE retail merchant, and especially the storekeeper of the small provincial city and the country town, has a double handicap on the score of desperate accounts. Jobbers and wholesalers freely admit this. On the one hand, his opportunity for specializing in credits and collections is limited, and, on the other hand, he is open to the attacks of a wider variety of deadbeats than is the wholesaler. He must attend to a hundred details of management unrelated to credits; he is exposed to the wiles of individuals who, as a body, represent a wide range and varied experience in the practice of the arts of the amateur and the professional deadbeat.

"More retail merchants," declares the attorney of a large Chicago wholesale grocery house, "fail because they are poor credit men and poor collectors than from any other cause. The statement is often made that lack of sufficient capital is the cardinal cause of so many failures among retail merchants. That is only another and a less accurate way of saying the same thing.

"What makes their capital insufficient? The unexpected and constantly increasing burden of their book accounts—the fact that they find themselves carrying more slow customers on their shoulders than they had any expectation of carrying or than they have any call to carry. This is the besetting weakness of the retail storekeeper. The man who could change the smaller merchants of this country from poor collectors to good ones would not only work one of the most beneficent miracles imaginable to the industrial world but he would also do wonders in checking extravagance and in smothering incipient crops of deadbeats before they pass the chrysalis stage.

"Every young man about to strike out for himself as a merchant should be reached with this message: Study your accounts day and night; keep as firm a hand upon them as you would upon the steering wheel of a high-power automobile going at third speed; learn the mental habits of the potential deadbeat, of the amateur deadbeat, of the professional deadbeat and the finished deadbeat; and never miss an opportunity to pump a specialist in the collection of desperate accounts. An expert knowledge of collection methods is a bigger asset than a knowledge of merchandise to a merchant doing a credit business."

"Why Didna Vilas Send His Baby—the Wee One?"

The deadbeat customers of the wholesaler conform more closely to fixed types and lend themselves more easily to classification than do those of the retailer. They do not have the versatility and range of those who lie in wait for the unwary retailer—principally because the wholesaler has better protection against them. He is able to command at least a surface history of any man who applies for credit.

Though the limitations of a large credit department are far greater than they are popularly supposed to be, the facts that it gives systematic attention to accounts and that it has access to certain formal data concerning its actual and prospective customers count for something. This the retailer does not have, except in cities large enough and live enough to maintain a thorough and energetic credit association, where the bad-account experiences of any merchant in connection with any customer are available to every other merchant.

However, if the wholesaler, as a rule, has an advantage over the retailer in his defense against the deadbeat, that advantage is only comparative. By no stretch of imagination does it approach immunity. The credit departments of the jobbing houses are constantly jolted out of their routine by the exploits of some venturesome deadbeat masquerading as a retailer.

In exploring the Bad Lands of Misplaced Credit some very curious things are unearthed.

"Kenny," suggested a Western jobber to an expert collector, "I want you to run down midstate and look over this Mr. Fox. He wants twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods and says he'll have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of business for us every year."

The collector shook his head.

"No," he said doubtfully; "I don't want to pass on anything so big as that."

"Firm looks all right; rated as having fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock, and fixtures worth five thousand dollars. Fox, the president, is rated at two hundred thousand dollars—he was cashier of the Second National Bank at Foxland."

"Why do you hesitate then?" broke in Kenny.

"Well, the man asks for eight thousand dollars in cash to pay off a jobber whose methods he says he doesn't like."

"I'll go," said Kenny.

He went. At the train he was met by the sleek Mr. Fox and an automobile full of friends. He was fêted as the Prince of Wales on leave might have been. He was not permitted to be alone for a minute. But more than fêtes were necessary to blind the judgment of the unsentimental collector.

When he sauntered into the store, in a flash he concluded that the stock was not worth more than thirty thousand dollars and the fixtures could be replaced for twenty-five hundred dollars. He scratched his head, and for two days and a half he played the game of delighted guest to Fox and his friends. Gradually the vigilance of their hospitality relaxed and he began quietly a campaign of scouting; then he wired the jobber: "Don't give Fox a cent of credit."

Mr. Fox, Kenny discovered, came into the sunlight in one of the little midstate towns, where he organized a bank and made himself cashier. He owned some stock in several defunct corporations. He owned some land worth seven or eight dollars an acre. Using this land, he organized three real estate concerns and put his own man at the head of each. This land, worth not more than eight thousand dollars, was then deeded at highly fictitious valuation to reliable dummies, from whom he took mortgages to a total of many thousands of dollars, all drawing interest at eight per cent—all the interest being carefully indorsed as paid. These mortgages were apparently being carried by the bank.

Then Mr. Fox, banker and plutocrat, selected five towns with good store locations. To the storekeeper in the first town, as to those in the other towns, he presented himself and said:

"I have concluded to have a large department store here. Now I'll either buy you out or start a store of my own across the street."

Fox and His Foxy Methods

THE first storekeeper had a lot of outstanding bills and he found the sledding difficult. They set to figuring.

"Here is a mortgage for thirty-eight thousand dollars for your equity," generously explained the Fox. "Now, just to satisfy yourself, you wire the Second National Bank in Foxland and these three real estate firms about this land." The storekeeper wired—back came four telegrams and four letters; and the storekeeper rested content, for the telegrams and letters were crisp, businesslike land eulogies that were more than convincing.

Mr. Fox then flourished his rating before certain jobbers and began stocking the five stores to the full. He did not

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No Such Spectacle of Heathen Activity Had Ever Before Enlivened Missoula

Billy Fortune and the Gift-o'-God

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

DID you ever notice a man when he was settin' right still and lettin' a woman light in and tell him just exactly what she thought about him? Don't it tickle you? Mebbe he's a friend of yours; but it tickles you just the same. You don't like to see him sufferin'—it ain't that; it's the way the woman enjoys herself at it.

I was thinkin' about Red McGee. It was one time, a year or so after he'd married the Widow Pulsitilla Schwartz, from Kansas, and her mess of young ones. It seemed as if it had been sort of a too big a proposition for Red, on account of him havin' one of these openwork minds that hadn't ever been used to bein' responsible before. Forty dollars a month and grub when a man's alone is a heap different from bein' saddled with a ready-made family and a woman that's been toughed up by experience. A year of it had kind of sagged Red all down. Besides bein' terrible howlegged, he'd begun to get hump-shouldered. He'd always been a solemn man, but now he was commencin' to be real sad.

Well, one mornin' me and Steve Brainard went to get him to help us load a bunch of beef we'd brought in to Lusk to ship; and there he was, squatted down on the back step, with his knees drawed up and his arms layin' across his lap and his head down, plumb dejected in his looks. He'd rolled him a cigarette, and he had a match in his other hand; but he hadn't seemed to be able to get up the ambition to light it. He was just settin' there; and the widow was goin' round, inside the kitchen, layin' it off to him. She was tellin' him all about himself, from A to Izzard, and makin' a real good job out of it. Yes, sir, it amused me, rememberin' back to what Red used to be.

He didn't hardly rouse up when he saw us comin'; all he done was just to make a feeble motion with his hand. He didn't say a blessed word to us till we was ridin' out toward where we'd left the steers. He didn't say anything then—not right away—till he'd pushed his hat on the back of his head and started to try whistlin' a piece of a rollicky tune. He couldn't keep it up. Me and Steve was keepin' still; he must have knew we was payin' attention to him and bein' sorry for him, and pretty soon he let his tune fritter out.

"Aw!" he says—"Pulsitilla, I reckon she can't be feelin' good. I reckon mebbe her feelin's has been sort of accumulatin' on her."

Steve was grinnin' over on the other side of me.

"It ain't that, Red," he says. "Them feelin's of hers have been accumulatin' in the minds of the women ever since the beginnin' of the world. It ain't just her feelin's, particular—it's just the woman of it."

It didn't appear to console Red's spirit much, havin' it explained to him that way.

"Is it?" he says. "Well, I wish you'd tell me what it is they want. Do they want the whole world female? You'd think so if you was to listen to Pulsitilla a while."

"Murder—no!" says Steve. "And you a married man! They want it just exactly the way it is, Red, so they can keep themselves amused with fussin' about how much better it would be if it was different."

It seemed as if Red could understand that, after he'd turned it over a few times in his mind.

"Ain't that the truth!" he says. "Ain't that the truth, though! Yes, sir! Pulsitilla, she certainly is a sight happier findin' fault with me than she would be if I didn't have a fault in me. Ain't that the truth!"

It was along in the evenin' when we got through; and then, when Red had got his two dollars for his pay, we was goin' to have just a little one over at Holsapple's before Steve and me went to supper; but Red wouldn't budge a step with us.

"No," he says—"I better not." He shifted over from one foot to the other, rattlin' the two dollars in his pocket. "You see," he says, "Pulsitilla—— Aw!" He just couldn't have said it any plainer.

Steve seemed to be awful well pleased with it after Red was gone.

"Poor Red!" he says when we had our elbows up on the bar at Holsapple's. "Ain't he the sorrowful man though!" And then, over in the washroom at the hotel, when he was combin' his hair in front of the lookin'-glass, he starts it again: "Think, Billy: A man that's rode every bad horse between Montana and the Platte! A man that's choked a gray wolf to death with just his hands! And him gettin' meeked this way!" And by-and-by, when he was waitin' for his second cup of coffee, he grinned round at me, with his eyes glimmerin'. "Billy," he says, "you want to let this be a lesson to you. I'd sure hate to see you the way Red is. Nothin' but a poor, faded flower—is he? You ain't ever goin' to let one of 'em wilt you that way, are you, Billy?"

I Opened One Eye and Took a Look

I hadn't been answerin' him while he was just ramblin'; but I was bound to when he commenced to prod at me with it.

"Shucks!" I says. "I ain't one of these wolfkillers, mebbe; but the woman don't live that could change me from just the way I am. No, sir!"

Yes, sir—that's what I said; and then the very next minute I knew it certainly wasn't so. I meant it just exactly the way I said it; and then, before I could draw my breath again, I didn't mean a word of it—because there she was, right before my very eyes! I'll never tell you how I knew it, because I don't know; but I did. It went all through me in a warm tremble.

"Why, Billy," I says to myself, "you've always said you'd know her from the rest of 'em if you was ever to set eyes on her. And there she is! Yes, sir," says I—"that's the very one!"

You can say it's just as rank ridiculous as you want to; but I knew that right there was a woman that could change me if she wanted to. No, it was worse than that: I knew she was goin' to change me whether she wanted to or not.

I know what you're thinkin'. You're figurin' that I'm goin' to start tellin' you what she looked like. I expect I would if I could; but I can't.

She wasn't just pretty. Do you like the pretty ones? I do. I know a pretty one when I see her too. I'd ought to, because I'd been makin' love to millions of 'em—all my whole life. And I'd enjoyed it real well—as long as they kept comin' often enough to keep up the variety; but I'd never knew one of that kind yet that didn't get awful humdrum after she'd had time to show me the few cute little tricks she could do with her eyes and her dimples and her soft little voice. A man can't live on that, can he? If he's goin' to try to keep satisfied with that kind he'll want a whole bouquet of 'em. Just one won't do him any good

No; this girl wasn't just pretty. Honest, I didn't notice whether she was pretty or not when I first looked at her; and after that I didn't care. It was somethin' a sight different from prettiness that I noticed—somethin' bright and shinin', and warm, and friendly, and sweet. You couldn't say it was the color of her eyes, or her brown hair, or the shape of her chin—or none of such common things. It was somethin' else—somethin' that showed through from away down deep. Do you know what beauty is? It ain't the same as prettiness, is it? Well, this girl was beautiful. She was —— Oh, sugar! You know it ain't a mite o' use—me tryin' to tell you. I'll tell you this, though: When I got my first look at her she was lookin' right square at me; and it just seemed as if somethin' in her eyes was saying to me: "Why, hello, Billy! Are you here? Well, we're friends, ain't we?" And I knew it was certainly so too.

She'd come into the dinin' room so quiet I hadn't noticed at all until I saw her settin' there at the table over in the corner where they put the strangers. She was waitin' for 'em to bring her supper; and she was lookin' round the room, just perfectly interested. And then in a minute I got a funny, faint feelin' right in the middle of me, because I saw her turn her head and say somethin' to the man that was settin' beside her. I hadn't even seen there was a man till then; but I begun to pay attention to him.

He was a heap too good-lookin' to suit me, and she leaned over a heap too close to him with what she was tellin' him.

He was a big, square-built man, with a look on him that showed he'd seen a lot of livin'. You can tell when a man's used to things. He wasn't any amateur. He was one of the kind that you can put anywhere and make him fit. He'd enjoyed every bit of it too, and made use of it. Clear across the room I could see the funny little lines round the corners of his eyes and mouth that meant his strong, lean face had done a lot of smilin' at different things. A melancholy man don't have that curlin' lift to the corners of his eyebrows like he had. He looked like a man that had worked at a man's-sized job and found it amusin', and was ready for more. I'd have liked the looks of him fine if I'd seen him any place else; but it pained me to see him there, stoopin' his head to listen to what the girl was sayin' to him.

"Billy," I says to myself, "who do you reckon that man is? You don't suppose ——" It come over me in a cold shiver. "Billy, what if you're too late!" "Oh, don't! Don't!" says I. "It just can't be!" It made me feel so forlorn I set my elbows up on the table and put my chin in my hands and suffered. It wasn't till then that I knew Steve had been talkin' to me. I don't know how long he'd been keepin' it up; all I heard was just the tail-end of what he was sayin'.

"No; honest, Billy, I wouldn't!" he says to me.

"You wouldn't what?" I says. I didn't have even sense enough to try to hide it from him that my mind was wanderin'. "Oh, what's the difference anyway! Come on; let's get out of this!"

Steve was the one that was goin' on to Omaha with the beef, and I was goin' on back to the ranch in the mornin'. It would be a week before I'd see him again. His car wouldn't get picked up till sometime in the night. There was lots of time to spare for startin' somethin', the way me and Steve mostly had been used to doin' when we hit town together at such times. Steve, he was ready.

"Billy, you bought the last one," he says to me. "That's an hour ago."

I didn't want a drink.

"No," I says; "I reckon I'll put the next one off a little. But you go ahead, Steve. I've got somethin' to tend to first."

Steve caught me by the arm.

"Not much you haven't!" he says. "You're comin' with me. There's quite a bunch of the boys rattlin' their money round town."

"No," I says—"not yet. I ain't feelin' lucky at draw right now. I couldn't play 'em if I held 'em. I'll blow round after a bit."

I had to argue with him quite a spell before he'd let me go; and then I commenced to drift round to find out what I wanted to know. I was meanin' to be awful casual about it. I went in the Herald joint first and started discussin' with Jimmy about the way the grass was comin' on the range down by the Buttes, and how the coyotes was troublin' so thick over beyond Muskrat, and suchlike; and then pretty soon I worked up to it.

"And there seems to be such a lot of strangers comin' into the country, too, Jimmy, don't there?" I says. "Ain't you noticed it?"

"Strangers?" says Jimmy. "So many strangers? Billy, you're seein' things! I ain't noticed any strangers for a week, exceptin' a nigger tramp that went through Tuesday. You wasn't meanin' him?"

"Why," I says, "there looked to me to be considerable of 'em round the hotel. Ain't you heard about 'em? I should think you'd want to be keepin' track of 'em with your little old paper. There's a new man up there that looks like somebody. Ain't you seen him round—a big man in a gray suit? Who's he, Jimmy?"

Jimmy just shook his head and kept on scatterin' his little print things in their little boxes.

"Search me," he says.

He didn't seem to get up a bit of interest. After I'd poked at him a while I went on over to the livery stable, and then across to Snyder's, and then back round the depot—and all the different places I could think of; but nobody knew anything about 'em. It was gettin' right late when I come to the end of my string. Steve's train had pulled in, and I could see they was switchin' to pick up his car; so I put for Holsapple's to get him. He wasn't there. They said he hadn't been there but a minute or two early in the evenin', and they didn't know where he'd gone.

I found him down at the depot, settin' on the edge of the platform, and waitin' and smokin', real contented.

"Well, gee-whiz!" I says to him. "I've been lookin' all over for you. Where's this you've been all the time?"

"Have you, Billy?" he says. "I certainly wish I'd knew you wasn't busy. I certainly wish you could have been along with me. I've been havin' an awful pleasant evenin', over at the hotel, with a couple of strangers. Mebbe you noticed 'em at supper—awful nice people, Billy."

Don't that sound innocent though? But if you'd heard him say it and seen the look on him, with them eyes of his shinin', you'd have knew how he was enjoyin' me.

"Steve!" I says. "For pity's sake! Who are they?"

"You mean their names?" says Steve. "Why, I did know their names too. Hungerford—Hemingway—somethin' like that. Nice people too." He begun to get up on his feet and threw his cigarette away, because the conductor was swingin' his lantern and the engine was startin' to toot.

"Wait, Steve!" I says. "For the love of country, tell me about 'em! I would with you, Steve."

"Why, Billy," says Steve, real slow and nasty, "we didn't do nothin' but just converse some about different things. I couldn't say they told me much. But they're nice people. Well, so long! I'll be back in a week or so."

I was shakin' with anxiousness, climbin' up beside him on the caboose steps after the train had started.

"Steve," I says, "I never thought you was a mean man. Tell me this: Is she married to him? Tell me!"

"Married?" said Steve. "Well, now, I'm right sorry; but I didn't ask 'em that. I couldn't hardly do nothin' but guess about their bein' married. She couldn't hardly be married to a nicer man though. They're both of 'em nice people. Look out, Billy; you'd better jump off; we're out on the main line."

When I did swing off I couldn't see where I was jumpin', because it was pitch-dark; and I fetched up at the bottom of the bank all spraddled out in the cinders and dust, and plumb discouraged. It had got to be too late to do any more prospectin'. I didn't feel like it anyway; I didn't feel like anything except amblin' upstairs to bed. And that didn't help much.

When I got to my room I didn't light the lamp, but just went over by the window and set down to have another cigarette—and there on the balcony outside, a little piece off, I heard 'em talkin'. I couldn't see anything but their dim shapes in the dark; but I'd have known it was her by her voice. It was a voice that just exactly matched up with the look of her—low, you know, and rich, with a sweet sound singin' down under it. I couldn't make out what she was sayin'; I didn't seem to want to hear the words. I just put my head down on my arms on the windowsill and let the sound go through me; but then in a minute I set up again.

"Well," she was sayin', "we have a long ride tomorrow. I think I'll go to sleep. Good night, Bob."

I knew I hadn't any business doin' it, but I was strainin' my eyesight to see. What I saw was the slim shape of her standin' beside his chair and stoopin' down to kiss him. Besides I saw that he was holdin' her hand in his and kissin' it, three or four times, before he let go of it.

"Good night, dear little Gift-o'-God!" he says to her.

Supposin' you'd been me now—would that have suited you? Well, it didn't suit me. A long, long while after he'd got up and gone in the hall and on down to his room I set still where I was, lookin' out in the dark and broodin'. I was rank wretched!

"You Billy," I says to myself, "did you hear what he called her? 'Dear little Gift-o'-God.' And you might have been the one to call her that if you'd only been soon enough; but you're too late—same as usual. Now what you goin' to do? Why, you've just got to let it go!" I smoked a couple more times, figurin' it over, but not arrivin' anywhere except to come back to where I'd started. "Dear little Gift-o'-God!" I certainly wished he hadn't called her that where I could hear him; it seemed just so exactly like her, someway. I couldn't get it out of my head. The very last thing before I went to sleep I was sayin' it over again to myself: "'Dear little Gift-o'-God'! Ain't that the lovely name for her?" "Yes," says I; "but can you think of one mean enough for that Steve Brainard? He's meaner than a mess of rat poison!"

And then in the mornin' it struck me that I'd been terrible stupid for a bright man; because when I got in the office there was the man that run the hotel settin' behind the desk, with his feet up, and the register-book layin' open, right in plain sight. With my fussin' round the night before, I'd never thought about that. And there it was, when I looked, big and bold: "Robert Hemingford, Omaha"; and right underneath it, on the next line: "Dorothy Hemingford." Just that way. It sent a quick little feelin' all through me.

"Why, Billy," I says, "don't that look good to you? If she was married to him it wouldn't be like that, would it? Robert Hemingford and wife—that's the way he'd have put it, wouldn't he? Sure, he would! Well, Great Day, Billy, mebbe it ain't too late yet!" And then somethin' else come to me. "Eddy," I says to the hotel man, "who's this Hemingford lad? What's he doin' here? Is that his wife that's with him?"

Eddy grinned up at me and then he grinned on past me. "There's the gentleman, right over there," he says. "You might just ask him that question yourself."

It Was Certainly One Tumble

And there he was, back in the corner with a newspaper, smokin'. He got up when I whirled round on him and come over to me, smilin' at me and puttin' out his hand.

"My name's Hemingford," he says to me; "and yours is Billy Fortune. A friend of yours told me about you, last night—Mr. Brainard. He said we couldn't know the country without knowing you; and we certainly want to know the country—my sister and I. That's what we've come for. We're to spend some time down in your Raw Hide neighborhood. We may want to stay for good if it's agreeable all round. My sister will be down in a minute or two. I want you to meet her."

I'll just leave it to you now, whether that made a difference in my feelin's! Take two guesses if you want 'em. Did you ever go deadbroke in a strange town and then find a half-dollar down inside the linin' of your vest? Or did you ever fill a busted straight flush in the middle? They're both real blessed feelin's, ain't they? This was somethin' like that. The cheerfulness come over me so quick it made me silly. I don't know what I said to him, but I caught myself waggin' his hand up and down, and gigglin', shrill and steady; and then, before I could get it stopped, here come the girl—and the next thing I was holdin' her hand too, and lookin' down into her eyes and seein' 'em smilin' back at me. Happy? I was happier than Old Man Happy himself. I was so happy I fair babbled with it. I knew I was makin' a fool of myself. I was right glad when the man cut me short.

"Come," says he; "let's get breakfast. You'll join us, Mr. Fortune?"

I'm not tryin' to tell you about that breakfast. I don't know what we had to eat. Most likely it was the same old beef, and fried eggs, and dried-apple sauce, and biscuit; but I'll never be sure. I was eatin' in a haze of glory. I expect I was doin' some talkin' along with it, because every once in a while I'd come out of my daze and hear my voice runnin' on, and the warm ripple of the girl's laugh sort of flowin' over it; but I don't have the least notion of what I said. I just picked up a few scraps of the talk.

They were goin' down to the Raw Hide Buttes Ranch to stay for part of the summer while her brother was studyin' the cow business; and then mebbe he was goin' to buy a place of his own if he could find the right chance. That's what he told me. And Raw Hide Buttes was just round the corner of the hill and across the creek from Nine-Bar. That was the part we talked about after we'd gone out on the porch and her brother had crossed over to the post-office.

"And we are to be only a mile apart," says the girl. "You don't think of a mile as very far, do you, out here?"

"It hasn't been seemin' far before," I says; "but it's goin' to now sometimes."

She didn't take that the way girls mostly do; she just laughed at me.

"There!" she says. "Mr. Brainard told me I must look out for that sort of thing from you. He seems to know you pretty well."

"Oh—him!" I says. It gave me an uneasy feelin', knowin' Steve and rememberin' he'd been with her a whole evenin'. "I expect he gave me a real fine character, didn't he? And there's others of the boys that will, too, if you'll listen to 'em. I wish you wouldn't."

She gave a funny little tinkle of a laugh.

"Oh, but I shall!" she says. "It's going to be fun. And why shouldn't I?"

I wasn't feelin' funny though. I was in dead earnest.

"Because," I says, "they won't tell you anything but a mess of foolishness. They don't know the truth about me and they wouldn't tell it to you if they did. I don't know it myself yet; but I'm goin' to begin findin' it out now."

She was lookin' at me straight and fair and serious. I hoped she'd see I wasn't only triflin'. I guess she did. And I hoped, away down deep in me, that she wouldn't think I'd been too swift with it. I guess she didn't. I'd have hated to say the wrong thing to her right then, with those honest eyes of hers on me. She seemed to understand somehow that I meant it right, because she didn't show she was cross with me. Nor she didn't try to act shy with me. I liked her better on account of that. The only sign I saw was the dainty pink in her cheeks gettin' the least bit warmer while she was studyin' me. When she got round to answerin' me it wasn't really any answer at all.

"You may smoke if you like, Mr. Fortune," she says.

So I rolled me a cigarette and sat lonfin' on the porch rail and waitin'. I was meanin' to let her say the next word if she wanted to. While I was waitin' for it the stillness wasn't a bit tiresome. She was standin' right where the mornin' sun touched her, bringin' out all the lovely brightness and makin' livin' shadows under her chin and in her brown hair. A man could keep right pleased with just lookin'. I wasn't in a bit of a rush for the talk to start again, even if I did want to know what it was goin' to be.

"Our friends at Raw Hide weren't expecting us until today," she says, by-and-by. "They're coming in for us this morning. I wish I could go down on horseback. It's such a glorious day!"

"Horseback?" I says, all eager. "Well, you sure can! You can ride mine and I'll take Steve's. My pony's woman-broke. There's hundreds of 'em have been on him. Please do!"

And that's the way we started after a while, with her brother in the wagon, along with the trunks and truck, and the girl beside me in the saddle, and twenty miles of good trail ahead of us, with the soft, shinin' day sort of foldin' us in. Sometimes, while the fresh feelin' was on us and the ponies hadn't quieted down, we'd streak it over the first of the rollin' ridges in a lope. Sometimes we'd pull down to a dead stop when we'd come to the top of a hill, with the country openin' out wide round us and misted over with gold and blue. And then, by-and-by, we steadied to a slow jog when the trail begun to follow along the foot of the Buttes. I liked that the best, because it let the talk go on.

I expect you'd have thought that the talk wasn't goin' very deep, because it was mostly about little things—a horned toad sunnin' himself on a gray rock; or a jack-rabbit goin' spranglin' along through the sage; or the crooked shape of a cedar on the side of the hill; or the sweet sound of a bunch of red-winged blackbirds in a cottonwood. Just little things, you'd say; but the way they interested her made 'em seem big someway. She saw things about 'em that I'd never noticed in years and years. And then the talk worked round to the human part.

"Oh, it's a wonderful country!" she says. "A land like this ought to make a different sort of men. Does it? Tell me, what does life mean for you out here?"

It bothered me—havin' her come right out with it that way. It was a good chance to fix up a good lie for her. I'd have done it with most of 'em; but I couldn't with her, I didn't want to.

"Why," I says, "that's what I was tryin' to get at, back there at the hotel. It means just livin' mostly till somethin' happens to make it mean more. It means just takin' every day the way it comes and goin' through with it, and then passin' along to the next one, until a big day comes to make 'em all seem different—a day like today!"

"No—no!" she says. "Not that! I mean the man's part—his work and his way of thinking about it. So many of the men I've known have been so commonplace. They oughtn't to be—out here. The men ought to match the wide freedom, and the cleanness, and the fineness. Do you understand? Does that sound absurd to you?"

"No, it don't," I says. "That sounds just exactly the way it ought to be. But you'll find the common ones scattered round, the same as any place else. It ain't the same kind of commonness, mebbe; but when a man takes things just the way he finds 'em and stays contented, without wantin' 'em better—that's commonness, ain't it?"

She turned to face me, smilin' at me.

"Is it?" she says. She stopped her horse and sat for a minute, still and sober, lookin' down to the Valley of the Raw Hide, spangled with little, bright patches of alfalfa, like jewelry, and then beyond to the bare, red, solemn hills along Wildcat and Muskrat, burnin' in the sun. "See!" she says, sweepin' her hand toward it. "It's wonderful! I could live all my life with that round me and be perfectly content with it, just as it is. I shouldn't want it better. It would make me better—better and stronger every day. Don't you feel that? Honest!"

"Oh—honest!" I says. "Well, if you put it that way—yes, I have, plenty of times. But it's a feelin' a man don't talk about much. He keeps it to himself. I'd as soon be caught prayin' on my knees in the middle of the road up at Lusk as to own up to the boys about havin' these spells. But I have 'em—times when I'm out alone, or when I'm lyin' in my blanket of nights, lookin' up at the stars. Laugh if you want to; but you asked me 'honest.'"

"No," she says, soft and quiet, "I don't want to laugh." She did laugh, though, after we'd started our horses again. "Most of the men I've known," she says, "would be frightened to death if they were to wake up at night and see the stars over them instead of a roof."

We rode as much as a half a mile then, with neither one of us sayin' a word. That was another thing I liked about her. I'd never been out that way with a girl before unless she was talkin' a blue streak. Do you enjoy that? I don't. I like to have 'em meditate some once in a while. I was doin' a little meditatin' myself while we rode along.

I Stooped Down Close to Listen Better

"What are you thinking about?" she says after a while when we slowed our horses down again to a walk.

"Are you askin' me 'honest' this time too?" I says. She nodded her head at me. "Well," I says, "I was thinkin' about your name—the one your brother calls you by. I just happened to hear him usin' it—'Gift-o'-God!'"

It brought a glowin' color to her face.

"He's a ridiculous brother sometimes," she says. "That happens to be what my right name means—'Dorothy,' you know. We're fond of one another, Bob and I. That's why he calls me so. I suppose people wonder about it."

"It made me wonder," I says. "I hadn't finished yet with tellin' you about what I was thinkin'. I was wonderin' how long you'd have to be friends with a man before he could make headway enough to let him call you that."

I reckoned she might be cross with me then, sure; but she wasn't.

"Oh, ages!" she says. "Ages!"

"It's worth waitin' for," I says.

"And we should have to be very, very good friends," she says.

"That's all right too," I says. "We're goin' to be."

II

WHEN I got to Raw Hide Buttes with Gift-o'-God it was away in the middle of the afternoon. They wanted me to wait and have supper with 'em; but I wouldn't. I was afraid to. I was so full up with different feelin's that I just had to be alone with myself for a while. Did you ever get drunk on deliciousness? That's the way I felt when she give me her hand and told me goodby: I couldn't hardly keep my feet on the ground walkin' down the path to my pony. I wanted to laugh out loud. I'd have been sure to do somethin' ridiculous if I'd stayed a minute longer. I made my pony run till we'd turned into the lane, out of sight from the house; and then I slacked off to a walk, pushin' my hat back and liftin' up my face to let the sweet, warm wind kind of fondle with me. A meadow lark was settin' on a fence-post bubblin' over with somethin' he couldn't hold in.

"Billy," I says, "I'll bet that rascal knows you love her!"

It made me blush—just sayin' it to myself that way; but the notion stuck. The big cottonwoods at the edge of the alfalfa seemed as if they knew too, because they looked to be rustlin' and whisperin' with it; and when I got to the creek the shinin' water was chucklin' in among the stones and winkin' up at me. I couldn't look anywhere without seein' signs of it. I didn't care though. It was all right with me.

"Oh, Billy," I says, "ain't it a lovely world!" And then the next thing my pony shied and pretty near spilled me, because I'd commenced to sing. I ain't what you'd call one of these good singers; but I couldn't help it. I had to let it out someway.

After supper, though, it wasn't that way when I went down by the creek to have it out with myself.

"Billy, I wish you'd listen to me," I says. "You and me had better settle this thing right now. This ain't the common man-and-woman business—you know it ain't. It's different this time. You can't act with her like you've acted with the rest of 'em. You've never done anything but fool before; but this ain't foolishness. Billy, do you reckon you could act right with just one woman for all the rest of your life? Honest now!"

Mebbe you think that didn't make me stop and study.

"Oh, murder!" says I. "It wouldn't mean just havin' her, would it? It would mean havin' to act square with her—always. And see here: Bein' square with her ain't just what you do for her; it's what you are. Well, what are you? Supposin' you could make her take you, what would she get?"

I couldn't answer that right away. I hadn't been used to answerin' that kind of questions. I begun to go all through myself, huntin' for things in me that I'd be willin' to offer to her, just the way I stood. It didn't take but a minute till I was feelin' real shabby. One thing after another I'd turn over and look at, and then throw it in the discard—till there wasn't much left.

"Well, gee-whiz!" I says. "You don't amount to such a lot, do you? You've drank and you've lied; and you've drifted round all over the country; and you've wasted years and years with nothin' but rank foolishness; and you ain't ever even tried to be responsible about gettin' ahead any to speak of; and you've gambled; and you've swore! You've done every wicked thing there is, pretty near, except stealin' stock. You'd be givin' her a damaged man, wouldn't you? You know mighty well she's worlds and worlds better than you are." "If she wasn't," says I, "would I be wantin' her this way?" "But what are you goin' to do about it?" I says. "Are you goin' to deceive her with lies into believin' you're different from what you are?" "No, I ain't," says I; "but I'm goin' to be different for her. It won't be any trouble—wantin' her like I do."

I stopped my arguin' then for a little bit, not doin' anything but just thinkin' about her. Yes, sir; it was goin' to be different! I'd been used to women ever so many kinds of 'em—I'd been makin' love to 'em as far back as I could remember; but I hadn't ever really wanted any particular one of 'em for my own. I said it out loud down there in the dark, to see how it would sound.

"Billy," I says, "you'd have a home then, wouldn't you? And she'd be your wife!" "My wife!" says I, and I could feel the blood runnin' up hot over my face. It certainly threw a scare into me. "My wife!" says I. "Oh, Lord, Billy, you'd better not! You couldn't ever do it! You with a wife! Think, Billy!" "I'm thinkin'," I says. "I want her." "But think!" says I. "You'd make such a son-of-a-gun of a husband!" "They're all sons-of-guns if you come to that," I says. "I don't care; I want her." I could see I wasn't goin' to be able to talk myself out of it. "Well, Sufferin' Peter!" says I; "if you want her so bad, why don't you just make up your mind to go ahead?" "I'm certainly goin' to," I says. "Yes, sir; and I'm goin' to let her know about it the very next time I see her, so she can be prepared for it. I'm goin' over there tomorrow evenin' and tell her."

I didn't, though, because in the mornin' here was the whole outfit of us strung out for a horse round-up, away down-country, with grub to last a week, and a mess of colts to be branded, and miles and miles of fence to fix for summer; and no tellin' what else we'd run into before we could head back home again. There wasn't a chance even for ridin' past the house to wave at her. It made me terrible downhearted; but then after a bit, out on the trail, I figured it wouldn't hurt.

"You can have a week for thinkin', Billy," I says. "You know how you are. Mebbe you won't feel the same when you get back." "Yes, I will," says I. "It ain't ever goin' to change." "Well, then," I says, "if it don't there'll be time enough. This ain't like the other times when all you've wanted was to rush through with it. If this is goin' to last it'll last always, won't it? You don't need to hurry."

Six solid days we had it out on the open range, goin' from the first cold shiver of light in the mornin' till it was too dark to see any more, and then comin' in and fallin' out of the saddle in a stiff chunk, so dog-weary that a man would fall asleep tryin' to loosen his cinch and choke himself snorin' with his supper in his mouth. There was a bunch of mares we didn't seem able to get, on account of the stallion havin' headed back with 'em into the hills, where there wasn't a chance to do a blessed thing but just prowl and hunt, puttin' up your patience against his wiseness, and knowin' there wasn't a rod of fence to hinder him this side the Platte; gettin' sight of him, once in a while, standin' on top of a ridge with his head up, and then losin' him again in the tangle. If you want to play a game that can skin the little pea under the shells you try that some time. There was some of his colts in the band, too, that we wanted real bad; but there didn't appear to be anything to do only to stay with it, tryin' to turn him back toward the open country.

I'd been at it all day—the sixth day—steady, since a full hour before sun-up, ridin' alone in and out through the jumble and only gettin' my eyes on 'em once far off—a little string of flyin' specks. I was ten miles from where camp would be by evenin', dusty and dry, and hot and

discouraged—but not quittin' till I knew it wasn't a mite of use any more; and then I started to ramble back, easin' myself some in the saddle to doze and lettin' my pony sort of pick his own way, mostly, to the trail.

I didn't go to sleep though. I got to thinkin'. I wasn't thinkin' about horses either—or cows, or weariness, or bein' hungry. I didn't set out to think about anything; She just come to me. I don't know—mebbe it was the weariness and the rest that was responsible—but it come over me in a quick smother, like goin' down over my head in deep, cold water that chilled me stiff.

"Oh, what's the use?" I says. "You couldn't do it in a million years; and if you could you've got no right. Forget it!" And there was one time in my life when I didn't have courage enough in me to start an argument with myself! All I could do was to hump over on my saddlehorn, with the big lonesomeness round me and the part of a moon turnin' everything into ghosts. It seemed an awful empty night! There wasn't a breath of wind stirrin', and all the sounds I could hear were the creakin' of my saddle leather and the ploddin' of my pony's feet on the sand. "No!" says I. "She's just like the kind you'd want to have for yours if you was her kind; but it ain't anything but a lovely dream, is it?" I was so melancholy I could have cried. I fair ached with it; nor it didn't help any to have her face come up in front of me, floatin' along ahead, right where I could look at it with them sweet eyes of hers lookin' back at me dim and misty.

"My soul!" I says. "I wish I was different! But I ain't. I guess it ain't any use."

I kept on feelin' that way too—only worse and worse—till I worked out of the hills and caught the first flicker of the fire at camp, off south. It wasn't but a tiny speck; but my pony saw it, too, and quickened up to a trot, nickerin' hungry. That made me think about how hungry I was myself, and cross and tired; and I forgot my troubles for a little while. Don't you reckon it's a good thing, sometimes, for a man's body to get up and make him pay attention to it? It certainly does keep him from broodin', don't it? I didn't want anything right then, except to get there. A couple of minutes more and I could begin to make out the grub wagon and folks movin'; and the next thing I saw the white shapes of a couple of tents.

"Well, for the love of country!" I says; because tents couldn't mean but one thing—women! "We've got company," I says. "Now who do you reckon would be comin' round away down here?" "Billy," says I, "don't we know who we wish it was!" Just the bare notion of it made me hurry faster; and, then, when I'd hit camp and was throwin' off my saddle, back behind me I heard a sound that fair set the blood to drummin' in my throat. It wasn't what you'd call a noise; it was just a soft little ripple of a happy laugh. Even with my back turned I could have picked it out. There never was another sound like it in the world!

Yes, sir; there she was, sittin' in front of her tent. There was some others along with her—I noticed them afterward; but right then I saw just her for sure, with all the rest nothin' but a blur. I didn't stop to figure what I was doin'; I went straight over toward her, and she got up and stood with her hand held out to me, and lookin' at me, with the shine of the firelight on her like a haze of gold.

Lovely? Oh, hush! I don't know what she said to me or what I was sayin'. I wasn't listenin'; I was lookin'—lookin' and lookin', holdin' tight on to her hand and starin' down at her—not even rememberin' that there was anybody else round. I don't have any notion how long it lasted; but by-and-by I heard somebody laughin' and callin' my name: "Billy! Billy!"

I let go of her hand then and took a look round. It was Mrs. Wolfe that had been speakin' to me, to wake me up—and there was some of the folks from Raw Hide Buttes, and her brother, and Steve; and Mrs. Wolfe was sayin': "Billy, this is Mr. Rathburn—Mr. Fortune."

Right from the jump I didn't like that man. Didn't you ever have a person strike you that way? It wasn't his looks, because he was a heap better lookin' than most—tall, and straight, and strong; it was sometnin' back of his looks—somethin' still and cold and unfriendly. He was the only one in camp that wasn't smilin'. Nor he didn't like me a speck better than I liked him. I could feel it in the way he shook hands with me; I could see it in the look he gave me. Neither one of us said a word to the other one. I let go of his hand as quick as I could. We couldn't hardly have understood it any plainer. And I had a hunch what the trouble was goin' to be about. I didn't need to wait to see him turn from me to the girl. The way he did it made me hate him too; he did it pretty near as if he owned her.

"Sit down, Dorothy!" he says to her; and she did what he told her, with him sittin' close beside her, beginnin' to talk to her so quiet that a body couldn't hear a word of what he was sayin', and just leavin' the rest of us clear out of it. What made me despise him the most was seein' that he seemed able to interest her with what he was sayin'; she was just as absorbed with it as he was, bendin' her head down and listenin', with the pretty color comin' up over her cheeks.

Her brother brought me out of it with his big bass voice.

"Hello!" he said to me. "Aren't you going to get round pretty soon to saying you're glad to see me?"

"I sure am!" I says. I sure was too. I liked him fine. You couldn't have put up two men more different than him and Rathburn. It kind of comforted me to feel the grip of his hand and to listen to the big, open kind of a way he had of talkin'.

"I want to see everything that's going on in this country of yours," he says. "I've been knocking round all week in the sheep camps and over the ranges. I'm having a bully time! I had Rathburn come out from home to join me a couple of days ago, because if I go into this thing he's likely to be my partner. He's an old friend of ours and a rattling good fellow."

"Oh, is he?" I says. "Then he's liable to remain a spell?"

"It isn't settled," he says. "He will if the country strikes him right and we find a good business chance. A fine chap—lots of money—so he's been able to travel a lot and do a lot of things all over the map; and he's got a good business head on him. You're bound to like him."

I didn't aim to like him a bit better than I just had to; nor it didn't seem as if I was goin' to begin right away, either, because when supper was ready he fixed one of the cushions for her on the ground and then planted himself right down beside her, with one of the women on the other side, so all I could do was to get my plate filled and go over beside Steve Brainard. I wasn't hankerin' for Steve a mite right then. Most times he's real popular with me; but that certainly wasn't one of the times.

"Hello, Billy!" he says to me, with that look of his shimmerin' back of his eyes. "Didn't I tell you she's a nice girl? They're all nice people, ain't they?"

"Shut up, Steve!" I says. "I ain't feelin' that way."

"Ain't you?" says Steve. "I come down with 'em this afternoon. I was with the Rathburn man on the train, too, all the way from Omaha. Seems an awful nice man! Thinks the world of her, too, don't he? Look at 'em now! Ain't that the pretty sight—the way she's smilin' at him? Don't you enjoy seein' young people happy that way?"

I was too rank miserable to try squabblin' with him.

"Steve," I says, "you don't really think it's that way, do you?"

"Think?" says Steve. "I ain't a thinkin' man, Billy—much; but my eyes are good and I can hear real well. You'd ought to have heard him comin' up on the train! And you'd ought to have seen him ridin' down here today! There hasn't hardly been room enough between 'em since mornin' for a thin breeze to blow through. Look at 'em now! A man don't need to be much of a thinker to know how it is. And they certainly make an awful nice-lookin' couple, don't they? He's rich, too, they tell me. That helps. And it'll help if he goes partners with her brother, won't it? They'll all be livin' right in the same house then, won't they? Yes, sir—he'll have it perfectly handy!"

He had me so I couldn't hardly eat; and he kept it up right straight along till the very last, when I'd gone and put my plate down and started to drift out away from the camp a piece, where I could suffer alone. There wasn't a bit of use stayin' round—that I could see; because the Rathburn man had fixed her beside the fire with a blanket, and then fixed himself on the ground right in front of her, all spraddled out lengthways so as to fence her off from anybody else but just him. I didn't want to stay and look at it.

Steve didn't seem to mean to let me be though. I hadn't any more than got me a cigarette started till here he come. I figured he was goin' to commence his everlastin' joshin' again, but he kept right still for a while; and then at the last he spoke to me right quiet and serious.

"Hop to it, Billy!" he says. "That man's been used to havin' things come too easy for him. He's too sure. Why don't you tear loose and show him what you can do?"

I had to tell him then.

"I'm goin' to, Steve," I says; "and it ain't goin' to be just for sport. That's the very girl I've been tellin' you about all these years."

"Is it, Billy?" he says. "Well, now!" He waited a minute, and then he put out his hand and laid it on my shoulder. "You'll have to go some, Billy," he says. "The Rathburn man's who I'd bet on if I was bettin'," he says.

"Listen!" I says. Back by the fire the Rathburn man had dug up a guitar, and he was beginnin' to pick on it and startin' a song. I've got to say he could certainly sing; and when he got warmed up to it he made his guitar get right up and go. It sounded awful pretty out where we stood. And then it wasn't but a minute till Hemingford joined in with him, sort of runnin' along behind with his big bass—and after that Rathburn played another tune, turnin' to look up at Gift-o'-God, noddin' his head to her; and the next thing I was walkin' over toward 'em, steppin' light and easy, and holdin' my breath.

Tell me this: Can you think about an angel feelin' real good and rollicky, and all warm and alive with it, and puttin' the bright happiness of it all into her voice? Try it. If you can get that in your mind then you'll know somethin' about how it sounded. I don't know what she was singin' about, but it was somethin' plumb full of youngness and health, and a springy sort of joyfulness; it sounded just the way a little kid's eyes look that's never had anything go wrong with it in its life—you know. And after that she sung another one; but then she wouldn't sing any more.

"No," she says when everybody kept askin' her. "Let's take turns. I know some of these men can sing. Why can't we have a real cow-country song? Don't you sing, Mr. Fortune?"

"Yes, Billy," says Steve from where he'd lazied down crosslegged by the fire; "sing a few lines for the lady. Sing that one you sung that time when you was serenadin' that redheaded waiter girl in the hotel up at Douglas—you know—the time when that Jew drummer threw all those empty bottles at you out of his window to make you quit. The lady would enjoy that one." It was just a lie he made up; but he can make anything sound like the truth.

"Shucks!" I says.

"Don't let him!" says Black's Jim. "Think, Steve—we ain't got an empty bottle in camp!"

John Wesley had been stretched out by the grub wagon. I'd thought he was asleep; but he turned part way over and lifted up on his elbow.

"The only way Billy can really sing," says he, "is when he's down on his hands and knees in a swamp, with just his head stickin' out. That way he can sing all the bullfrogs sick."

"Shucks!" I says; and before I could think of anything else to go back at 'em with, the Rathburn boy had started another one of his own, singin' it low and soft, right straight up at the girl. That wasn't my night, I reckon.

(Continued on Page 33)

He Was Mostly Just Lightin' His Cigars and Lettin' 'Em Go Out Again

An Ivory Hunter of Baseball

I HAVE been digging up big-league ballplayers for nearly ten years and I have produced some of the present-day stars of the game; but I was never a big leaguer myself. That is the one great regret of my life.

I played ball at school and on the corner lots, and I even dubbed round a while as a second baseman on a bush-league club, but I would not say that I was ever such-a-much as a ballplayer in any company. I was fair—just fair, that's all. I could hit a little and field a little, but I had certain physical disadvantages, being prone to podginess and slow in the legs; and—well, I am afraid I did not class.

I finally saw that the game was taking me nowhere, and so I quit trying to play and went back to my home town out in the Middle West, where I engaged in the manufacture of cigars, which I regard as my regular business. It was there that I became the owner and manager of a ball club in a dinky little jerkwater league. The club was about to collapse from lack of patronage when I took hold of it and I got it for practically nothing. I regarded it as a good investment on those terms and I ran it as a sort of side line.

Big League Team and Recruits Arrived at Spring Training Camp

I knew a few things about minor-league baseball. I knew that you could not depend entirely upon a small town to support a club. I knew that the secret of successful minor-league management was—and it still is—the development of boys for sale to the big leagues; and I used to sweep the countryside for miles round, bringing in shoals of half-baked kids from the farms and hamlets every spring. Sometimes I would have as many as fifty on my field at once, and I never had half enough uniforms to go round.

I had a few veteran players—just enough to steady the team—but I ran largely to kids; and I think I was one of the pioneers in the business of producing crude baseball material on a large scale, though my system is common enough now among the minor leaguers.

I understand that baseball people used to refer to me as a cradle robber on account of the extreme youth of some of my players; but I want to say that when I first began gathering in those flocks of youngsters I was honestly animated as much by an ambition to send a boy to the big league, to take the place I never had there, as by a desire for profit. I met with many disappointments before I felt that ambition was fully realized.

It was after I had sold a number of boys to both the National and American leagues as well as to the larger minor leagues, and had incidentally won a pennant for my town, that I got a letter from a famous big-league manager who had bought one of my lads—though that particular youngster did not make good—inclosing a list of nine ball-players scattered through small leagues in my general section of the country, asking me to look them over and tell him what I thought of them.

Gumshoe Work

MANY of the big-league clubs were then employing men to devote all their time to just that sort of thing—scouting they called it, as they call it now—and I had often seen the scouts out in my neighborhood watching my boys or the boys on other teams in our league. Grizzled old ex-big leaguers they were mainly, very mysterious and whispery; for scouting was then considered a gumshoe game.

The manager I got the letter from did not employ regular scouts. For years it had been his custom, when he received a tip on a ballplayer, to have his scouting done by piece-work, so to speak—sending out the most convenient of a score of oldtime ballplayers of his acquaintance to investigate the man. They were scouts in a sense, of course, but you could hardly call them regular scouts; and yet it was this custom that undoubtedly gave rise to the idea of the regular scout.

I felt a little flattered by the manager's request. I thought I had worked up something of a reputation as a judge of young baseball material; but he confided to me afterward that he had practically made up his mind to buy the men on a gamble anyway, as they had been recommended to him by some rather wise baseball people, and that about all he had really expected of me was to see that the players had two arms and two legs apiece, and were not gray-haired or decrepit; in fact, he said candidly that was about all the information he ever expected or had ever received from any scout; and I came to know that he had a mighty poor opinion of the judgment of the average scout.

I took a good look at every one of the nine players, but for one reason or another none of them measured up to my notion of what a ballplayer should be, especially a prospective big-league ballplayer. My long experience in hunting kids for my little team—which, after all, was scouting in a small way—had taught me something about natural-born baseball players and a great deal about natural-born farmhands. I was greatly disappointed over my trip, as I figured it would be a good boost for me with the manager to be able to turn in a favorable report on at least some of the boys; but my conscience would not permit me to say a kind word about one of the nine—they were that bad!

I met the manager in St. Louis by appointment, when he was there with his club swinging the Western tier of the big league. He was—and he is—a hardheaded, two-fisted kind of chap: one of those fellows you can never win an argument from because he can talk loudest, but one of the most astute men in baseball.

"Do you mean to tell me you could not see any of those fellows?" he demanded in a severe, well-what-kind-of-a-guy-are-you tone of voice.

"Not one!" I said defiantly. "But, of course, that's no sign they are no good. That's my judgment. If any one of them is a big leaguer I'll eat my hat; but maybe you'd better send some one else out to look at them."

I can see his face now, breaking into a leathery grin. He stuck out a big fist and said:

"Mitt me! I've been looking for you for many years. You're going to be my regular scout from now on, and you haven't a chance to say No."

"But I tell you I did not get a single ballplayer out of that batch," I said, bewildered. "I'm turning down the whole works."

"That's why I want you," he said. "I judge a scout by the number of men he turns down—not by the number he turns up. Any one can recommend a ballplayer, but it takes real judgment to reject 'em."

I have never been able to explain to myself satisfactorily why I hold that job, letting a good paying business go to pot every summer—I mean my cigar business, as I soon disposed of my ball club. I could make more than the six thousand dollars a year I get for scouting; and I might be nearing a baldish middle age in comparative comfort back home instead of chasing from one end of the country to the other in the hottest months of the year, exposed to crazy train schedules and bad hotels, as well as to shots from fellows like Charley Dryden.

In the Bright Lexicon of Baseball

CHARLEY is the famous old Chicago baseball humorist; and not long ago I breezed into the Windy City, headed due southwest, to find the following item in Dryden's gossip of the game:

"Joe ——, the celebrated ivory hunter of the —— Club, is in our midst. Joe is headed for the Texas jungle, where the ivory crop is said to be very large this season."

Ivory was Charley's variation of the word bone as it is used in baseball; and bone is derived from bonehead. I guess everybody knows what a bonehead is and I guess most everybody has seen one. Anyway, bone is the cardinal sin of our national game and the bane of a scout's existence, for you know we are prohibited by the humane authorities from applying a gimlet to a young ballplayer's head to determine the thickness of his skull and the amount of gray matter concealed beneath it.

Dryden's title is now almost as generally applied to baseball scouts as the word scout itself. I wish he had not thought of it, as it seems to me to make light of my business; but since he did, and since I have seen some of the fellows I dug up playing in the big league, I must admit that Charley had reason for inferring that I would unearth some hardheaded young men.

I do not know who is entitled to the distinction of having been the first baseball scout, as there has long been a difference of opinion over the matter; but, as near as I can learn, the first man sent out to do what afterward became known as scouting was an old ballplayer, who was a sort of pensioner round a big-league yard something over ten years ago.

The manager of the club in that town had several youngsters under development in a Western league, and he wanted to learn whether they were ready for the big line; so he sent the oldtimer out to look at the boys. As a sort of afterthought he told the veteran to pick up any other youngsters he saw who might seem worth while.

Experts Looking Them Over

The old fellow made quite a hilarious tour, calling on all his ancient comrades of his big-league days scattered through the bushes, and he apparently bought about every man he saw in a baseball uniform. I wish you could hear that manager cuss even now when he thinks about the delegation of alleged ballplayers produced by his impromptu scout at the spring training camp the following year. Fortunately, however, the old boy reported favorably on the boys he had been sent to see, and two of them became big-league stars.

Every club in the American and National leagues now has at least one or two and sometimes half a dozen scouts; and most clubs in the larger minor leagues of the country also employ their ivory hunters, while every owner and manager down in the tiniest leagues is a sort of self-constituted scout—as I was when I had my own little team—constantly on the lookout for promising kids. Even the presidents of the two big leagues sometimes employ their personal scouts nowadays; but these scouts hunt for a very superior grade of ivory. They look for umpire material, which is very rare and very valuable indeed.

In the old days managers depended largely on tips from personal friends over the country—traveling men, actors, old ballplayers—printed records, and trades with other clubs to get their players; and this system still prevails to some extent, for a scout usually investigates all tips.

Before they had the scouts some strange things used to emerge from the bushes in the guise of baseball players, though I grant you that some strange ones come out even now. In the days when the late John T. Brush—the greatest legislator baseball has ever known—owned the Cincinnati Club, he used frequently to see items in one of the morning newspapers dated from a tiny town out in the state, telling about a phenomenal young pitcher there. The reports became so glowing that Brush finally got all worked up and sent for the man.

That fellow could not pitch up an alley. He had absolutely nothing, as we say. When he finally fell for a suggestion from the other players that he brighten the metal cap on his shoe, so as to throw a blinding glare in the batters' eyes, he lost his job; and then it developed that he was the home-town correspondent of the newspaper and the author of those notices about himself!

Finds and Failures

MOST of the scouts are former big-league ballplayers, but there is also quite a number who, like myself, never got above the minors, while a few never played baseball at all—except in an amateurish way. It is a curious fact that the average ballplayer rarely possesses the faculty of detecting baseball possibilities in a youngster; and it is another fact that the great ballplayers are rarely capable of transmitting their knowledge of the game to any one else; I do not know why—I merely know it is so. I can name a dozen wonderful players who have been dead failures both as managers and coaches; and I can name another dozen who were just ordinary ballplayers, but who have succeeded in both those capacities.

My manager says that a real baseball scout is born with a strange and subtle instinct for sensing baseball possibilities in a youngster, which guides him as much as a technical knowledge of what a ballplayer should or should not be. He says I have that instinct. I do not know about that; but I do know that I have taken on several boys on nothing more definite than a feeling that they would do, when there was nothing to prove it.

"Baby Ball," a Favorite Warming-Up Exercise

I think, however, that only one-third of my success has been due to the good prospects I have picked up—the other two-thirds being due to avoiding poor ones. I say prospects because, after all, a scout merely hunts prospects and a prospect is a long way from being a big-league ballplayer. Most scouts seem to think their jobs depend on the number of men they gather in every year; but I pick up fewer prospects than any ivory hunter in the business. It may be that I am overcautious; in fact I admit I have lost a couple of good men by being a little bit too conservative; but I win in the long run.

Raw Material for Big-League Batteries

All scouts are either pessimists or optimists. Some always have the second Cobb and the second Mathewson; and others always speak of their finds in the gloomiest terms. I am one of the pessimists. I am one of those scouts who come in every fall complaining about the scarcity of material, and, believe me, it is scarce!—and growing scarcer every year, though the demand is constantly increasing. However I do not want ordinary ballplayers. Just ordinary ballplayers are as plentiful as clams. Good ones are infrequent enough, while a truly great player rises out of the mists of bush-league mediocrity at very rare intervals, as geniuses come to literature or great actors to the stage. I cannot see the use of sending boys to the big league who are no better than those already there, or who do not at least give promise of being better, because they will only have to come back—but I have my dreams of course.

Boys Who Go Bad

I DREAM of one day digging up a second Cobb or a second Mathewson, just as I suppose the diamond hunters' dream of kicking over another Kohinoor or musical fans dream of another Caruso. There may be second Cobbs and second Mathewsons somewhere—I hope so, though I doubt it; but it's the possibility that keeps me in the scouting game. If you knew of one—and could prove it—I could pay you fifty thousand dollars and cheat you into the bargain.

Ballplayers, to quote an old saying, are like gold and trouble—where you find them. They come from the country and the city in about equal proportion, though I prefer the country kid. He is usually less burdened with a lot of no-good notions and experience. You often find ballplayers in the colleges—or, at least, Connie Mack finds them there. I never had much luck in that respect, though I will say for the colleges that it does not really hurt a ballplayer to have an education.

The young ballplayer is the most deceptive proposition in the world. No man can watch a boy for a day or a week, or even several months, and prophesy his baseball future with any degree of accuracy. He can merely hope. When I hear a scout say he has found a marvel before the boy has even gone once round the big ring, it hands me a laugh. I am too old to make cracks like that myself.

There was that big pitcher I pulled out of the New York State League after following him three weeks. A beautifully built fellow he was, with a spitball as good as Ed Walsh's; but how could I foresee that he would eat himself right out of the big league? During the training season he gorged to such an extent that he took on a pile of weight and was never able to get into physical condition to show the manager anything. He is back in the bushes and will probably stay there.

Then I had three different fellows, on whom I spent a lot of time and who all seemed very promising, get married on me and quit playing baseball because their wives objected to the game. I can put my finger on still another fellow—out in the high grass right now—who has the most marvelous dropball I ever saw in my life, and who could be a world-beater; but who will never amount to two whoops because he knows too much.

I brought him up a year or so ago and we soon discovered that he thought he was already in full possession of all

Trying Out a Recruit Catcher

the knowledge necessary to successful pitching. He would not listen to the manager and he would not listen to the wise old coach of our pitchers; he kept on pitching his own way and I suppose he will pitch that way the rest of his life—but always 'way, 'way down in the jungles. I'll stake my professional reputation on that. There is no room in big-league baseball for the fellow who has nothing to learn.

When I see a chap like that—and there are lots of them—I always think of those many, many other boys down in the little leagues who are grand lads personally and wildly ambitious to get on in the game, but who are doomed to the bushes all the days of their baseball careers, simply because they "have not got enough," as we say. I have known managers to carry boys of that type along for months in the hope that they would finally develop that very definite something we know as "enough," only to turn them regretfully back.

It seems a pity that Nature stopped a bit short of the big-league class with those boys, only to shower favors on the boys who do not appreciate them. There is a lad in the big league today—a regular player on one of the crack clubs of the country—whose people are wealthy and who plays professional baseball because it amuses him. He is so good that you could not keep him off any team; but, even so, he is playing fifty per cent below his natural strength and ability because he does not have to play for a living.

I take the boys without a nickel who are roweled by old necessity for mine. Ambition counts a lot with me.

My manager prefers developing his ballplayers from the crudest of crude material. I have known him to step out and pay another club ten thousand dollars for a seasoned veteran during a tight pennant race, because he thought the veteran might help him at the moment; but he would rather have one youngster of his own making than half a dozen old-timers.

He usually carries a boy a couple of years before he puts him in his regular line-up, letting the youngster gather his knowledge by watching the others. Occasionally the manager uses the boy in an exhibition game, but rarely in a regular schedule contest, because he figures that the youngster's natural nervousness would cause him to make errors and set the crowd on him. Nothing is so harmful to a highstrung boy as the jeers of the fans or a bad mistake at the beginning of his career.

A rather historic case of that nature was furnished by Rube Marquard, the sensational lefthanded pitcher of the New York Giants. When John J. McGraw bought Marquard for eleven thousand dollars from Indianapolis in 1908 that was the highest price ever paid for a ballplayer—and naturally the fans in New York were wild to see Marquard in action.

Signing on for Sentiment

THE clamor became so great that John T. Brush, the former Cincinnati magnate, who was then owner of the Giants, personally requested McGraw to put the high-priced pitcher in a game; and finally—against his own better judgment—the Giant leader consented.

Now the Rube undoubtedly had all the stuff then that eventually made him a great pitcher, but the advertising he had received as a result of the price paid for him had done him no good. He tried to live up to his advance notices—and was so nervous and overanxious that he could not pitch a lick. He got a terrific hammering from the opposing club, and the fans promptly derided him as the eleven-thousand-dollar lemon! That one bitter experience threw the recruit so completely out of kilter that it was two years before he regained his confidence and was worth a white quarter to the Giants.

Connie Mack and McGraw are perhaps the greatest developers of kid ballplayers we have. Both are firm believers in youth, and whenever the Athletics or the Giants drop back in a league race you will see the managers kicking the veteran parts loose and calling on youth. When McGraw took hold of the Giants in the middle of the season of 1902 he found the club a hopeless last and a yardful of ballplayers. He never even asked some of the men their names. "You, and you, and you," he said—indicating one after another—"come to the clubhouse and see me right away."

He fired nine in one batch; and when Andrew Freedman, the owner, complained, saying that the players had cost him a lot of money, McGraw replied:

"All right, sir, you can have 'em; but they're no use to me. I can finish last just as well with what I've got left as with a thousand men."

You would not suppose there is much sentiment in baseball; and yet McGraw and James R. McAleer, president of the Boston Red Sox, World's Champions of 1912, and once a great outfielder himself, have signed men for purely sentimental reasons; in fact I happen to know that McAleer makes a regular practice of it. He takes a boy from his home city of Youngstown, Ohio, every year if he can find one of sufficient promise, and he has picked up two or three good players that way. Otis Crandall, a valuable man with the Giants for the past five years, was a matter of sentiment with McGraw. The Giant leader wanted a lad from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, because it was at Cedar Rapids that McGraw got his first real start as a professional ballplayer. He took Crandall on the strength of a printed record—just for luck.

You can almost count on your fingers the number of boys now playing big-league ball who were ready for service when found by the scouts; for that kind of ballplayer is born—not made. The average player is the result of slow and tedious development of his natural resources.

I suppose I am really guided in my scouting by a knowledge of what my manager likes in a player, though I have my own little ideas. For instance, I like good-sized men. I do not object to a small man—some of our most wonderful players have been small—but I do not recommend that kind, as a rule, unless they are what we call "phenoms." My rule particularly applies to pitchers. I am regarded as a sort of nut on size when it comes to pitchers; and in fact the big pitcher is now the most popular with all scouts and managers.

A pitcher's motion is another important consideration with me, too, though you can sometimes change that with good results if a man has the natural stuff in the way of speed and curves. I like an overhand motion, with what I call a follow-through style of delivery—I like to see a pitcher pitch from his very heels—but a good side-arm pitcher is not to be despised. They have all got to have a good fast ball to get me to spend much time with them.

If I am looking for an outfielder I want, first of all, the old speed. Then he must have a good throwing arm; in fact the speed and the arm are a standoff with me, because I do not want him if he is slow, and I would not take him as a gift if he did not have the arm—even if he was as fast as a streak.

I do not look for much speed in a catcher, as all catchers seem to be slow nowadays; but I like those that can hit—and, of course, throw. A man who cannot throw is not a catcher anyway. I like a heavy fellow, built close to the ground—one that makes a wide mark for the pitchers to shoot at. In the old days catchers were a lot faster than they are now; but I suppose they slowed up when they commenced to squat back of the bat throughout the game instead of standing back until there were two strikes on the batter, as they used to do.

I like big first basemen—tall fellows with a broad reach; and in both infielders and outfielders I like what I call good hands. I do not mean the actual hands—though, at that, a ballplayer ought to have good big hands, so he can get a good grip on the ball—I mean the way they handle the ball. I like soft hands: I like to see the player take the ball in softly and gently, and without effort—just infold it, so to speak, and not snap at it like a turtle going after a waterbug. That is called fighting the ball and is a very bad fault.

And then—oh, then!—the brains! The noodle! A rare and precious thing in this world is a smart ballplayer—you take that from one who has picked many a quince in the garden of baseball promise when reaching for peaches; I mean smart in a baseball sense. There are a number of players rated as baseball smart who have no great amount of education, and some of the worst bones in the game hold college degrees.

My manager is always talking about the scarcity of smart players; but then he was a player extraordinarily gifted in baseball sense, and I sometimes think he expects too much of the run of the kids. When he was a youngster in active service they say that any time he saw a man do a thing in a game which he could not do himself he would go out to the grounds at eight o'clock every morning and practice until he learned the trick. I have heard, too, that Charley Radbourne, accounted the greatest pitcher of all time by many baseball men, used to be constantly bettering his control by throwing for hours at empty beer bottles stood up on the ground.

If ever you run across a young ballplayer as ambitious as those fellows, you let me know, and I will sign him to a contract at a figure that will make his eyes pop out. I doubt if such things would be considered good form by the high-salaried, pampered players of today.

New Nationalities in Baseball

IT SEEMS to me that the truly great hitter is born—not made; though I can name a lot of fellows, regarded as corking good hitters, who could not hit as much as they weigh when they came into the big show. That was because they had not learned to bat. They may not have had the right batting position, or perhaps they did not know how to shift their feet and put the body behind the swing; but I guess the natural hitter—the fellow who is able to hit anything and hit it everywhere—comes into the world with a batting average of .300; and there is no particular rule or style that governs the art. Moreover it is something that stays with them long after their legs have gone back on them and they have forgotten how to field.

Certain it is that a youngster who cannot hit the poor pitching he finds in the minors is not likely to improve when he runs up against the wise hurlers of the big line. It is by no means unusual to see a lad break out in the big league with a shower of base hits; but the first thing you know the pitchers have found his groove—have located his batting weakness—and pretty soon he is down in the bushes again.

I used to have a strong leaning toward Irish kids, being somewhat Irish myself; but now I pay no attention to nationality. It seems to me that the Irish are gradually disappearing from baseball—despite the fact that the great leaders of the game are undeniably Irish, and that there are still a great many Irish players.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me I encounter more names nowadays of the general flavor of Konetchy, Lajoie, Schalk, Schang, Groh, Berghammer, Knabe, Luderus and Hoblitzel than I do names like Sweeney, Magee, Doolin and Dolan.

I suppose the reasons are the increased immigration and the fact that the sons of foreigners who came to this country a few years ago are reaching the age where they can take up baseball. Born and raised in this country, it has become as much their game as it is ours.

The Hebrew is not common in baseball, but there have been a few great Hebrew players, and I am inclined to think you will see lots of them in future years. The Cuban has recently invaded the big leagues as a result of the barnstorming trips our clubs have been making to Cuba. Then there are quite a number of American Indians in the two big leagues representing a variety of tribes, including the Chippewa, Mission, Comanche, Winnebago and Fox and Sac. Carlisle, of course, is largely responsible for baseball among the Indians, but not every Indian player is a Carlisle man, by any means.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

An American League Team's Pitching Staff

Continued on Page 69

The Butterfly

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

III

THERE are so many things to tell in this chapter that I can dwell but briefly on what happened at the reception. Mrs. Lake's house was gorged with indignant guests and a thin trickle of them was oozing away when we dashed up in our hack.

"But there are lots of men," observed Elaine as we came up the walk. "Why did you try to frighten me?"

It was true. It seemed that the men, who couldn't be dragged to the Drama Club to hear highbrow lecturers, had on this occasion simply, as my students put it, crashed in. There was a momentary disappointment, I think, when it was observed that Elaine had come in citizen's clothes instead of appearing bare-legged, with a Greek tunic and sandals and a copper urn; but this was soon forgotten. She was a good-enough show just as she was. The Ministers' Meeting was there, I believe, intact, and they got the first helping. They didn't want, of course, to condemn anybody, not even a stage dancer, without giving her a chance to show whether or not she was as red as she was painted. And they couldn't, naturally, go to the Opera House.

Apparently she got on with them very well. I heard her telling one that her father had been a clergyman and a missionary and that she herself had spent her childhood playing round among the little Zulus in Natal. She spoke a few words of Zulu to prove it. I don't mean to imply that it wasn't true. What I'm getting at is that no one but a minister or a missionary would ever have got that reminiscence from Elaine. To me that was one of the most likable things about her. When she found out who you were and what you liked she naïvely turned that facet of herself forward—or that faucet of herself on, whichever way you care to put it.

I had a pleasant notion of anchoring myself alongside and overhearing what people said to her when they were brought up to be introduced, and all she said to them in reply, but Mrs. Lake was severe with me and shooed me away. In fact, I soon found to my intense surprise that, instead of having got the credit for bringing Elaine to the reception at all, I was charged with having delayed her arrival. The theory was that I had stolen a march on the club by hunting out Carrington and getting him to introduce me to her, and that I had not allowed her to come until my own selfish appetite was glutted. It was a good colorable theory, I admit, especially as Elaine was very apologetic over her tardiness and said with a little sigh that she had been unavoidably detained.

A few days later, when the remains of my reputation were hanging about me in rags and tatters, fluttering in the wind of contumely, I shouldn't have minded a trifling misunderstanding like this. But on this Friday, within a few hours of Elaine's arrival in town, I was still accustomed to being considered a perfectly respectable young man, the legitimate solace of the executive committee of the Drama Club in time of trouble, and I retained an infantile notion that misunderstandings of this sort were susceptible of explanation, especially if the explanation happened to be true. So I cornered Miss Blunt and told her all about it, the exact, literal truth, just as it happened. "I haven't had any visit with her at all, myself," I concluded virtuously.

Miss Blunt's lips bent in a dry, satirical smile. "I thought you seemed pretty well acquainted," she observed.

I looked at her a second and then—confound it!—I blushed. Of course Miss Blunt doesn't understand the habitual scale of expression of people like Elaine—what they mean by what they do. You see I had come up to relieve Elaine of a cup of tea. . . .

She doesn't drink tea or coffee or any sort of alcohol. And a surprising lot of people are reconciled to her dancing by these abstinences of hers. They are so surprised to find that she is not a dissolute, drunken wreck that they forgive her everything. Oh, and I must not forget to tell you what the minister said—the one she told the story of her childhood to. He confided to me the opinion that the influence of her early years spent among the naked little Zulus might have something to do with the unconventionality of her present ideas about costume. And as this influence was the result of her father's religious and missionary zeal, it should be dealt with charitably.

I had come up, as I said, to relieve Elaine of a cup of tea while she was talking to Miss Blunt. She did not stop talking nor even look at me, and her way of saying thank you was to lay a detaining hand on my arm and give it an obvious little squeeze. The air of unconsciousness about the action increased its intimacy about fifty per cent. A Monroe girl who had been engaged four years would treat her fiancé just about like that.

If I hadn't blushed I might have got away with my explanation. But there was nothing doing after that.

Luckily somebody, whose name doesn't matter, came to my rescue just then by joining us with the usual conversational gambit: wasn't she wonderful, and wasn't it fascinating to see her unofficially like this—the real person—and so on. But she added, the next moment, a remark that interested me.

"Do you know why she was late? She was out taking a walk. I met her going the other way when I was coming here. I didn't realize who she was until just as she passed, or I'd have managed to get a better look. She was going down East Hill, toward the station—against the wind, and you can't imagine how bright her cheeks were."

Miss Blunt wanted to know if she were alone and the woman said no, there was a young man with her; one of the company, she supposed.

"I Want You to Take Me Out to Supper"

This was interesting, because I was sure Elaine had told Carrington that she had been in the hotel all the afternoon, and I put it down in my mental notebook as having a possible bearing upon the mystery of the misplaced kiss. I wanted to ask the woman if the young man had looked anything like me, but thought I'd better not.

Possibly this testimony might have exonerated me in the eyes of the committee if I had stayed on at the reception as I meant to do, after Elaine went away.

Carrington of course prepared to go with her.

I went up to where she was saying goodby to the executive committee and hoping they'd all come to see her dance, meaning merely to say goodby for a while and express the hope that I might see her again. But when she saw me stretching out a leave-taking hand, she turned a pair of big eyes upon me and said:

"Oh, but you're coming with us." And then, when I hesitated, as I insist it was only human to do, she reached out both hands and said "Please," and with a little laugh metaphorically tucked me up and put me into her pocket.

That finished me. I made some sort of panic-stricken adieu and drove away with Elaine and Carrington in the carriage.

"Now," she said to me when we had alighted at the hotel, "I want you to take this man and keep him for me until after the first act. He always gets so nervous just before any of my first performances that he drives me perfectly wild. I want to take a bath and drink a glass of milk and lie down for half an hour before I go to the theater, and I don't want him to be ramping round and worrying. Will you promise to keep him for me and not let him get away?"

Of course I promised. I suggested that we go over together to the University Club and have dinner there. That suggestion seemed to please her. I'd go to my rooms first and dress, giving Carrington time to do the same, and then come back here for him.

A faint cloud of disappointment came over her face at that. "Why do you want to dress?" she asked, and our combined assurances that we should feel ever so much more comfortable that way didn't seem to drive it away. "Well, be quick about it," she said at last.

I wondered while I was dressing whether I was making mysteries out of nothing. The reason she alleged for wanting me to take charge of Carrington was plausible enough, only she had seemed just a little too eager about it. One might almost have thought she dreaded having him come into the hotel at all, wanted to be sure that I could account for his time continuously up to the end of the first act. I wondered, too, whether Carrington had felt that way about it.

Well, I picked him up and took him over to the club to dinner. I ordered our cocktails and our chops and sat down at my own little corner table, just an inconspicuous, respectable young man, entertaining his equally respectable guest, unremarked by the roving eye of scandal, unassailed by the bleak wind of notoriety, unafraid of the tentacles of the law. I did not know it was the last time. Little did I wot—— Oh, well, you will learn what it was that I did not wot, all too soon.

Young Dorgan was there too and came over and spoke to us, and I suppose I might have seen an omen in that. He was the new district attorney, a rather rah-rah young man who had been out of the university long enough to have got over it. He wore a little toothbrush mustache and braid on his trousers. If I'd seen him in time I'd have taken a table a little farther away from where he sat.

Carrington and I were having a capital time not talking about Elaine. She was going to crop up again presently, of course, but in the meantime it was pleasant to fan away about the Futurists and what some new music was like, and

what the devil the world was coming to. Into the middle of this plunged a rather brassy voice.

"Going to see the fair Elaine tonight, professor?" it wanted to know, and Dorgan came round and put a familiar hand on my shoulder.

There is something irresistible about anybody as disagreeable as young Dorgan. It irritated me that he should address me as professor, that he should put his hand on my shoulder, that he should speak with what was meant to impress my guest as a knowing, man-of-the-world smirk about "the fair Elaine." I wanted him to shut up and go away, and yet against my will I smiled at him pleasantly, said "Of course" in answer to his question, and introduced him to Carrington. He greeted my guest with breezy condescension and slapped me on the back.

"Good old sport!" he said. "I thought you wouldn't miss anything as good as that. Well, it's all right. You'll be perfectly safe." He bent forward a little and addressed us confidentially behind his hand. "The chief of police and I have been having a conference with her manager. We've decided it won't be necessary to take any action." His fingers caressed the bristles of his little prophylactic mustache; his voice dropped a third and his air of naughty sophistication became almost overpowering. "Porter—that's her manager—says he'll introduce me to her."

I glanced across at Carrington, who was chewing stolidly at his chop. Well, if he could stand it I supposed I could.

In the light of what happened afterward, I fancy it is just as well that I dissembled my feelings, bade Dorgan a cheerful *au revoir*, and let him go away convinced that I was one of his most envious admirers.

Carrington looked after him thoughtfully as he made his way between the tables.

"Elaine's very honorable about silly little boys like that," he observed. "What she could do if she should take it into her head to hand one of them a real jolt, I hate to think. But she never does. She's as gentle as a mother with them."

She Seemed to be Making the Music She Danced to With the Motions of Her Own Body

That was the way to take it, of course. I found myself liking Carrington better and better all the time. If ever a man needed a wise head and a forbearing temper, he did.

I tried to pick up the thread of the conversation where Dorgan had broken it, but we were both rather half-hearted about it; both of us getting conscious, I suppose, that it was nearly eight o'clock. So when we got round to cigars we decided to smoke them on our way to the theater.

I am uncomfortably aware that I have reached the point in this narrative, at the moment when Elaine's performance is about to begin, when it is to be expected that I wing my way aloft like a matutinal lark to lyric heights of rapture. It is up to me, you will think, to burst into a symphonic prose poem—a Hungarian Rhapsody in words—descriptive of Elaine Arthur's Art. A sample, which I have been whittling over for a while, begins:

"Resilient, redolent of a strange rhythmic perfume, still she stood there, stark and white as an altar candle, remote as the far stars, intimate as the thought unspoken, until poignantly the first throb of the music thrust against our hearts. She stirred. Swiftly, on silver feet, she swept the song of the strings into a sinewy synthesis . . ."

There are men, I know, who write whole books like that, and women I know who read them. I reluctantly admit that this sort of composition seems not to be my lay. I find it extremely laborious and at the same time I am oppressed by the conviction that you will get better value for your money by going some time to see Elaine do it. I proceed with my tale, leaving the flowery fields of literary style untrodden by the wayside.

My seat, which I had not been quite nimble enough about purchasing, was nine rows back and at the extreme right. The ninth row may do very well for some people, but I am a little nearsighted and can never get a pair of opera glasses to focus. So when Carrington told me he had two seats and suggested that I sit with him I jumped at the invitation. It was a little disappointing to discover that his two seats were two-thirds of the way back in the balcony. He chose them there, it seemed, and said I should presently see the reason for myself. From our point of view, the rim of the balcony cut off the whole lower floor and the orchestra, so that all we saw was the stage. And before Elaine had been dancing a minute she had created the illusion in me which I knew was what he meant. She seemed to be making the music she danced to with the motions of her own body while she danced.

No, I am not trying to lug in an esthetic consideration of her dancing under the pretext of talking about something else. Only I could not mention that I deliberately sat in the balcony during the whole first part of the performance, leaving my own seat in the ninth row vacant, without telling why I did it. And I am obliged to mention it because the fact turned out to be almost capitally important. Really I have sometimes wondered what might have happened, how differently things might have turned out, if I had sat in that ninth-row seat from the beginning instead of from along in the third act.

The connective tissue of Elaine's show was an amorphous musical romance. There were a silly soprano and a tenor—you don't need any qualifying adjective about a tenor—who were supposed to be children lost in the woods. Various misfortunes happened to them, including the occasional incursions of a comedian. It was all fearfully stupid, especially the music, which was anemic to the point where it excited pity. They had real music for Elaine's dances and a real orchestra to play for her.

The only person on the stage worth looking at during these intermissions was a grotesquely ugly contortionist. He had nothing to do with the plot whatever; but when he writhed about on the stage there was a quality about him that compelled your attention. In his own way he was an artist, too, and I said as much to Carrington.

He assented rather grudgingly.

"That's what Elaine says," he told me. "He's really very effective when he comes on in the third act with her. He doesn't dance with her exactly, but forms a sort of background. I admit it gets you, but I don't like to look at him. I'm sorry Elaine took him on. It's a new idea of hers. She picked him up after she started on the road."

At the end of the first act Carrington got up and said he was going back to see Elaine. He asked me if I were going too. That's the nice sort of chap he is. He didn't a bit try to make it a patronizing sort of favor, like giving a bun to the cinnamon bear, by inviting me to go. The assumption was that I, as one of her friends, was privileged to go if I wanted to.

Of course I did want to. But the intuition one has for people he likes made it plain to me that for some reason or other he'd rather go alone. So I said no, I thought I wouldn't, and the look of relief he didn't try to hide showed that he understood why I was staying away.

"We'll both go back after the second act," he said. "She has a little more time then, because she doesn't come on in the last act until it's half over. I'm just going now to see if she's all right. I don't know why I think she isn't."

All through the second act I waited for him to rejoin me; and through the second intermission I sat tight in my seat, afraid to move for fear of missing him, and feeling the way I fancy an only moderately popular girl does while she is sitting out a dance that some highly desirable partner hasn't come to claim.

I wished I hadn't been so considerate of Carrington's feelings. Why shouldn't I have gone back to see if she was all right as well as he? Why shouldn't I go now? Well, there was a perfectly good reason for that. I'd never been back on the stage and I didn't know how it was done. In an emergency I could have crawled over the orchestra-pit and squeezed in behind the curtain. But that, evidently, was not the customary way of doing it.

When the house had filled up again, and the orchestra had completed its tuneful preliminaries, and the house-lights had gone down and the curtain had risen, and still no Carrington came to claim me, I found myself in such an infernally bad temper that I was in danger of spoiling Elaine's last and best appearance for myself. Carrington had said that she didn't appear until the act was half over, and it struck me as a good inspiration to go down into the lobby and recover my temper by the aid of a cigarette. A turn in the air would make me feel better and would spare my feelings the further assaults of that detestable comedian.

Under the stimulus of the cool autumn air, and a few good lungfuls of tobacco smoke, I thought of something else. Instead of going back to the balcony I'd take my own seat in the ninth row. The effect of Elaine's dancing might not be quite so poetical from there, but in some other respects it would be more satisfactory. Also in my own seat I should have less the feeling of an abandoned wallflower.

Just as I chucked my cigarette away, three men, obviously excited and seeming to be in a hurry, debouched from the street into the lobby. One of them went up to the doorman, pulled open his coat and showed a star.

For one wild moment I thought that perhaps Dorgan's understanding with the chief of police had not been so definite as he thought, and that the show was going to be, as my students say, pinched. But that was a mistake.

The man with the star wanted to know whether a little hunchback—a hunchback with a crutch—had come into the house and was in the audience.

"Sure," said the doorman. "He's in there now. What's the matter? What do you want him for?"

"That's all right," said the detective. "As long as he's here, we can wait for him. There are only two places where he can get out, aren't there? Here and at the stage-door?"

The doorman thought that was about all.

I was only mildly interested in the little hunchback and, as I had finished my cigarette and recovered my temper, I went inside.

I had miscalculated my time a little. Elaine was already on the stage. The house was as dark as a pocket and the stage itself veiled in gauze, a misty gray. I could not find my seat until it got lighter. But presently the rim of a great luminous disk began rising in the middle of the back drop. This was the effect which Mrs. Lake's friends had reported with such egregious horror. I was just in time.

I stole furtively down the aisle and dropped into my seat. It was the only vacant one in that part of the house.

I was still sitting there, rather limp, trying to get back the faculties which Elaine's last whirlwind dance had about bereft me of, long after the final curtain had fallen and the audience was half out of the theater. I had forgotten about Carrington; forgotten about Elaine as the person

I had bullied into going to a Drama Club reception that afternoon. The creature I had just been looking at on the stage was wholly dissociated in my mind from the girl who had such an engaging way of patting me on the arm and calling me "My dear." The girl was forgotten. The miracle-worker was swallowed up in her own miracle.

Well, as I say, I sat there and let the stupid audience wriggle into its wraps, rattle up the seats, and plod its way home to bed. I was far from having got to the surface yet myself when some one touched me on the shoulder.

It proved on inspection to be an usher, and I asked him, rather impolitely I'm afraid, what the devil he wanted.

He stammered a little and said he thought maybe I wanted some help getting up the aisle.

The absurdity of that brought me to my feet and I was about to put my question again and still more impolitely when his expression of complete bewilderment checked me.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "I've made a mistake. I—thought you were someone else. There was a little hunchbacked gentleman that I helped down to this seat."

"Rubbish!" said I. "You've got the wrong aisle. This is my seat. Do you want to see the check for it?"

He said he didn't and went away, and I stooped down and explored for my hat beneath the seat.

I found the hat, but I found something else too. Laid carefully along under the rank of seats, where it would be safely out of the way, was a short, stumpy little crutch.

IV

THE reason I didn't call the usher back and tell him of my discovery—I had some trouble explaining this to Dorgan afterwards—was because just at that moment Carrington spoke to me.

He had come through a little corridor which runs behind the boxes and gives access to the stage, and he was almost within reaching distance.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "I was wondering how to set about finding you."

He was very contrite about having deserted me, but the look in his face bespoke a deeper worry than that.

"I couldn't come," he said. "I simply had to stay and see her through. She was fairly beside herself when I first went back there. I'd give anything I've got to know what's the matter with her."

"Perhaps she's ill," I suggested weakly. "Overworked or something." It seemed the polite, regular thing to say, though I knew it was piffle.

But Carrington was not in the mood for pretenses. He only said, "She's the most invincibly healthy thing that ever drew breath. She's frightened, Butler, mortally, desperately terrified about something, and I can't make out what it is."

"Why not get her to tell you?" I asked.

He let the question go by in moody silence as if he had not heard it, then gave himself a shake and said: "Come along back and tell her you liked her dancing."

I performed another feat in the lofty gymnastics of self-abnegation.

"You tell her," said I. "You're a poet. If she's upset like that she won't want a stranger butting in."

A rather complex smile flickered over Carrington's face.

"It's just because you're a stranger ——" he began, and then checked a sentence that might have sounded a little ungracious. "She'll be terribly hurt if you don't go," he went on. "She sent me out to find you."

He led me down the little corridor, through an iron door, and into a chaos of braces, flats, cables, extinct bunchlights and sulphuric stage-hands—I've learned the names of most of these articles since—and knocked on a red door that had a white star painted on it.

I don't mind admitting that I had an attack of the flutters that would have done credit to a débutante. In my wildest dreams I had foreseen nothing like this. It was really I, and the red door that Carrington had just knocked on was the door of Elaine Arthur's dressing room.

"Come in," sang out Elaine.

Her voice didn't sound like that of a person driven desperate by terror.

Carrington opened the door. "Here's Butler," he said. "I'm going to look up a carriage."

And there I was inside, and the door shut behind me.

The room was palatial in dimensions. It must have been ten feet square. Besides clothes-hooks and a screen, and a sort of narrow shelf with a mirror above it and some articles of make-up on it, it boasted two pieces of furniture: an imitation Empire sofa, with gilt legs and a few shreds of what had once been pink brocade to cover the nakedness of its broken springs, and a chair of the same period and state of preservation. How many a duchess' drawing room they must have graced in their heyday upon the stage! The walls were maroon-colored plaster, with little white depressions in them where people had tried to drive nails. A few successful attempts were testified to by dingy notices that you were not to smoke or deface the walls.

You are wondering how I found time to remark all this; why I wasn't using my eyes to better advantage, gazing on Elaine. As a matter of fact I looked at the sofa first, in the expectation of seeing her there, all white and limp and pathetic, like Camille in the last act. Her dancing alone would have been enough, I thought, to produce such a state, let alone the terror that was worrying Carrington.

When I didn't see her on the sofa I looked round the rest of the room and didn't see her anywhere for a minute. Then she came out from behind the screen.

You are not to be alarmed. Her appearance was perfectly—I fall back on my former word—unobjectionable. From neck to heels she was clad in something made of dark blue silk; her hair was wound round her head anyhow, and she looked as if she had just been scrubbed. Incidentally I have never seen her look lovelier than she did at that moment.

Somehow the realization that she was the personal Elaine I knew, and at the same time the miracle I had just been seeing on the stage, got me just then and left me breathless, speechless.

She stood there looking at me, as she had stood and looked up in Carrington's room that afternoon.

Finally she asked after an interminable silence: "Did you like it?"

"Yes," said I.

It was absolutely the only word that I could bring to my palsied tongue.

Queerly enough her face lit up at that—or perhaps it wasn't so queer after all that she could recognize a compliment when she saw one.

"You dear!" she cried and held out both hands to me. "Did you like it as much as that?"

I took hold of the hands and said "Yes" again.

After a minute, when she had found that there was nothing else I could say—or do—she drew them away and sat down.

"Do you know what I want you to do?" she asked. "I want you to take me out to supper. And take Maurice along too. The poor boy's dreadfully worried about something."

Well, there I was—as my students would say—right up against it. After eight o'clock you couldn't get even a sandwich at the hotel for love or money. The only alternatives were the dog-wagon and the club, neither of which was a practicable place to take Elaine to. And as for the regular ingredients of an actress' supper, which I supposed to be invariably lobster and champagne, one couldn't have got them this side of Chicago. I found myself wondering insanely how much it would cost to charter a special train to Chicago for that purpose, when Elaine, a little puzzled by my silence, asked: "Don't you want to?"

"I want to dreadfully," said I, and I told her of my difficulties.

"Well," she observed with a detached air that put it up to me, "all I have had since breakfast is a glass of milk, and in another hour I shall be found starving in the snow."

"If you don't mind what you have to eat," said I, trembling over the effrontery of this proposal, "I have got two rooms up the street a little way, and I get my own breakfasts with a Franklin stove. I always have eggs and coffee ——"

Elaine checked off eggs with a nod of approval, but vetoed coffee. It seemed she never drank it.

"Well," I admitted rather shamefacedly, "I drink buttermilk too—not because I want to live to be a hundred and eight years old, but because I like the taste of it."

"Real buttermilk?" she questioned enthusiastically, "made from butter?"

I wasn't going to stop to explain dairy processes just then. "Yes," I said, and I added that I sometimes grilled myself a chop or a sausage over my Franklin stove.

"Sausage!" cried Elaine, and she added once more, "You dear!"

She seized me then and propelled me toward the door.

"Run along," she said. "I want to dress. I'll be ready in five minutes. Oh, and tell Maurice not to bother about the carriage. We'll walk."

At the risk of losing all verisimilitude out of this veracious tale, I am obliged to affirm that although she was not dressed in five minutes, she was in ten. She could take long enough to dress, as I was to discover later, but

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A Monroe Girl Who Had Been Engaged Four Years Would Treat Her Fiancé Just About Like That

Three New Views of a Man and His Job—First: Better Hiring and Firing

Jobs Formerly Were Simple and So Were Men

Crane Men Must Go Ahead Confidently and Do Things Right

By JAMES H. COLLINS

THERE was once a little girl, quite a tiny little frail little girl with quick intelligence and abounding sympathies, who had a perfect passion for nursing all the sick and wounded things she found round her home. If a dog nipped a cat she would take charge of the case immediately and bring pussy back to health. If a bird was picked up with a broken leg she claimed it and bandaged it and fussed with it. Her dolls were always in the hospital with imaginary diseases and fractures, and her love of healing was so strong that her elders used to say: "When she grows up she must be a trained nurse." But she went further. For when the time came for her to go to college she took a course in medicine, and was graduated and set up practice.

And then she met with a terrible disillusionment. In college she had got the belief that certain drugs cured certain diseases; but in practice she soon discovered that the drugs did no such thing. In college also she had been taught to diagnose patients' troubles in certain ways. In practice she found that very often, after all the questions had been asked and the disease settled upon in an orderly manner, the patient would prove to have some entirely different malady, like as not.

These discrepancies gave her a shock and set her looking for something better, and eventually she came to the conclusion that not drugs but the mental state of the patient did most of the healing, and that the conventional diagnosis, based largely on questions put to the patient, was unsound. Really people who came to the doctor and answered the questions were selecting their own diseases and could have whatever they preferred to suffer from.

It was not much more scientific than the method of the old druggist who prescribed for a man who came in and asked for something to fix him up. The druggist got a big graduated glass. "Pain in the stomach?" he suggested. "Awful!" said the man, and an inch of brown stuff was poured in the glass. "Head sort o' thick, eh?" continued the druggist, and added some red stuff. "Feel kinder liverish?" was the next inquiry, and some bitter stuff was put in for that, and so on through a dozen aches and pains. Then the big glass was full and the druggist said: "There, drink that. It's just what you want to fix you up."

Square Pegs in Round Holes

THE young lady doctor learned to question her patients in ways that made it less easy for them to determine their own maladies, and she gave them less medicine. She became skillful in studying their mental states and characters, and by-and-by was asking hardly any questions at all, relying mainly upon improved mental conditions for her cures. A natural interest in people helped her greatly.

Then she became works physician for a large company, and that eventually led her to a field outside of medicine. Today she is a specialist in employment. Working on the staff of a prominent efficiency expert she takes charge of the hiring routine of industrial organizations, applies methods of her own devising to the selection of employees and their assignment to various tasks, and trains subordinates so that the system may be carried on when she leaves.

Of all the new ideas in management this specialty of hers seems to offer the most tempting mark to critics. Technical editors have ridiculed it as unscientific. Capital has shrunk in alarm when the plan was applied to a business where it had money invested, fearing some academic weakness. In one industry lately there was much fun poked at the concern which, according to trade rumor, had hired a lady phrenologist to feel the bumps of molders and shophands who asked for jobs. The criticism simply shows, however, that improvement in hiring is a very live issue. This woman's plan is subject to the usual discount for human fallibility and offers a wide margin for development. But it is a step in advance.

In a large office it became necessary to copy names and addresses from a mailing list on to file cards. Girls were set to work with typewriters, but as the average number of cards copied per girl was only about three hundred daily, costs were high and the job threatened to stretch far into the future, for there were hundreds of thousands of names on the list. So the work was studied, typewriters standardized and adjusted daily for easy running, handier arrangements made all round and the force speeded up. Production responded magically. Before long the girls were doing a thousand cards daily as an average and some twelve and fifteen hundred.

But over in a corner there was one girl who apparently could not increase her output. Long after the others had reached their thousand she was copying less than three hundred. She was a conscientious girl and she cried because she could not keep up with the procession, but her shortcoming was obvious. They discharged her. Not until they had studied her a bit, however, and found that she was a girl of the reflective type, who had to look at each card two or three times to get the name, street and city, where other girls took it all in at one glance. She was discharged and then hired over again immediately and sent to a department where a girl was needed to answer letters. And there her particular kind of ability was properly placed and she became a valuable employee.

Along this general line executives now see that there is vast room for improvement in the selection and assignment of employees. Men and women are continually getting into jobs for which they are not fitted, where they do their work poorly and miss their chances for advancement along the line of their natural abilities. Hiring has been done largely on snap judgment, by the "looks" of an applicant. Often it is in the hands of foremen, each one of whom hires a few people for his own department from time to time, and this is too scattered and haphazard to afford a basis for fitting the job to the man. And in hardly any other part of the industrial world do politics and petty graft hang on so tenaciously. For it is the disposition of many foremen to prefer relatives, or friends, or men of their own nationality or from the same section. Favorites and toadies weight down the payroll when this power is abused, and it is not unknown for foremen to be actually dishonest, stuffing the payroll with a dummy or two.

Altogether there is so much room for better methods that hiring is now being studied from various angles. The plan devised by the woman doctor centers all the hiring for a big works in one office. This is a purchasing office where labor is bought, and each foreman and superintendent who wants men must send his requisition there, telling how many new helpers he needs, for what kind of work, the qualifications sought in such employees, and so on. This requisition the employment office fills as nearly as possible, studying applicants as they come in, determining their characteristics and assigning them to suitable work.

Health, intelligence, honesty and industry are regarded as the cornerstones, and are determined by a systematic study of the applicant, conducted in ways to put him at ease and bring out his real self. Shape of head, face and hands, build of body, color of hair and complexion, texture of skin, handwriting, past experience and other details are taken up one by one and conclusions arrived at by the evidence. Whether a man looking for a job is muscular and stolid, or slight and energetic, can be determined from his physique, and much of the classification is done by rules not unlike those followed by a physician in making an examination. After the applicant has been put into his proper physical class, however, he has a chance to tell something about himself, answering questions and revealing his mental makeup. He is invited to talk about his education, past work, ambitions, habits, reading and the like, and his answers give direct clews to his character.

Studies of Applicants

FOR example he is asked how many times he has lost his temper during the past year, and what provoked him, and what he did when he was angry, and his account of this detail usually reveals his capacity for self-control. A man who never loses his temper is not by any means regarded as an ideal candidate, for he may also be dull and spiritless. There is such a thing as righteous indignation. It is looked upon as excusable and even desirable at times.

Sometimes these preliminary studies show that the qualifications demanded by foremen in men wanted for certain kinds of work will bear considerable revision.

In one large works several men were needed to operate electric cranes. A very little carelessness or lack of judgment of distances by the man in the cab of an overhead crane is likely to result in the dropping of a heavy casting and the killing or maiming of men on the floor of the busy shop below. So caution was named as the first qualification needed in crane men. But when the employment office sifted applicants and found half a dozen whose chief characteristic seemed to be caution, it ran against an obstacle. For as soon as the nature and responsibilities of crane operation were explained to cautious men not one of them would accept the job. So the specifications had to be revised, and eventually a good class of crane operators was secured by selecting fellows of strong muscular build, with steady nerves, good coördination, sure judgment of distance, weight and speed, and general force of character. Crane men of that type avoided hurting others, not by excess of caution but by their ability to go ahead confidently and do things right.

Other investigators have taken up this same problem of classifying applicants for work by physical and psychological measurements. A Harvard professor has made some notable studies among telephone operators, motormen and seamen to determine from workers already in service what characteristics to seek in new applicants. But the farther the investigators go in such studies, the more it becomes

clear that better knowledge of applicants and better assignment to different tasks are only the beginnings of better hiring. The right to discharge an employee is being taken away from foremen along with the right to hire. They are required to give an account of each man sent them, just as they give an account of their use of tools or materials.

A foreman in a large factory reported that an inspector was needed to go over machines just before shipment to detect defects and make final adjustments. He wanted a mechanic of considerable general knowledge. The employment office sent him a man.

For several weeks everything seemed to go well. The new inspector was thoroughly capable technically—one of the best men ever put at such work. He was, however, a highstrung chap, sensitive to criticism, quick to imagine that other people were imposing on him. The foreman, too, was highstrung and nervous. So the time was bound to come when these two would quarrel, and eventually they did and had it hot and heavy.

Under the old order of things, with the absolute right to discharge in the hands of that foreman, the inspector would have been dismissed regardless of his value to the organization. Or if this had not happened the inspector might have resigned in a huff. But under the employment office system the foreman is obliged to report his dissatisfaction with any employee, so that the trouble may be investigated and transfers made to other departments. He is likewise required to report if an employee throws up his job.

So the disagreement came to the notice of the employment manager, and he sent for them and had a talk with them. With tact and kindness he pointed out their characteristics, and showed how alike they were temperamentally. To be nervous, intelligent and conscientious, as both of them were, was at once a weakness and strength in character. When two men with the same traits found it to their advantage to work together, naturally each would have to be somewhat careful of the other's feelings and meet him halfway in many matters. They saw this, went back to work in good temper, and after that there was very little friction.

Many a business is suffering from leakage of employees. Good men are selected, good wages paid, good equipment provided. But somewhere in the organization, imperceptibly, one by one the men get away, taking experience with them, and at the hiring end there is continual recruiting. This sort of waste is usually due to shortcomings among the foremen and petty bosses. They may be irritable men, or time-serving men afraid to encourage ability in subordinates, or bull-headed drivers hired on the assumption that the two-fisted man is a great manager of other people. Whatever the conditions, it is certain that they waste the human material out of which business must be built.

Nowadays the manager of the employment office recruiting for a large organization is pretty sure to keep his eye on foremen and other bosses. If a foreman has a good many resignations from his department, or complains continually of the workers sent him, that is an indication that something is wrong. Where each employee must be accounted for to the employment office it is easy to follow what is going on. The employment manager handles such situations with tact and insight into character. He may talk with the irritable foreman, show him how his department suffers from this leakage of men, and encourage self-control. Or he may find it convenient to send to certain foremen workers who are temperamentally their opposites. Stolid men do not chafe under the highstrung boss, and workmen of quick intelligence get along well with foremen of the slow-thinking, eternal plugging type. Very often trouble is prevented by just a word or two in season about the characteristics of men who must work together.

The applicant for a job finds the new style of employment manager rather curious about his family affairs. Is he single or married? Has he children and are they old enough to go to school? Has he relatives living with him? This information may not go on to the application blank, but will be drawn out in a friendly chat. For it has been found that the married man with a comfortable home does the best work and is more stable. The bachelor is next. A man married to a shiftless wife, or weighted down by a tribe of parasitic relations, on the other hand, is not likely to center his mind on work or to labor toward a fixed purpose. If the employment manager can improve such a situation he will not hesitate to do so provided the man is worth it.

In one factory there was an excellent workman. He made few errors, got along well with everybody and should have been developing as material for a foreman. But he was worried and in debt. It took quite a bit of quiet inquiry outside to diagnose his trouble, which was too much mother-in-law. His wife's mother lived with the family. She was the kind of woman who imagined that she had once lived on a higher social level, and constantly urged living in a house beyond the man's means and keeping up appearance in a cheap way. Fortunately his wife was a sensible woman. The employment manager had a talk with her, the mother-in-law was induced to move to a more favorable climate, and in a year that workman's wages had almost doubled and he was on the highroad of promotion.

Jobs formerly were simple and so were men. Work was divided into a few general trades—carpentering, blacksmithing, printing, farming, and so on. The jobs were round and square holes and men were square and round pegs, and a rough adjustment was easily made.

But today jobs have become very complicated. Even in a small industrial organization there will be work that calls

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IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

XV

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

"Alice is Exactly the Same Woman She Was When She Dragged David Brock to His Ruin"

IT WAS the night after our return to Millidge. Father and Francis had retired, father dragging his wings, very sad, very silent. Neither of us offered any explanation of why we had returned so soon. Francis was curious, but I met him with such an expression of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth that he forbore asking any questions. A defeated woman is one of the most formidable creatures in this world. She has nothing to lose, and she has reached that stage of defiance when even her guardian angel falls back abashed and waits in some trepidation for the next issue.

The house was quiet; the night intolerably hot. We were in the midst of the August drought. I stood at the window of my room, looking out at the garden in the moonlight. It had been neglected in my absence. Everything was parched, the leaves of the rosebushes covered with dust, all the little flowers ragged and dirty-faced like motherless children. The yellow lilies stood at half-mast, fainting in the sultry air. The ground was dry and baked. The hose attached to a hydrant lay like a long worm across the walk.

I sighed, drew the curtains and went to bed, reflecting on what I must do tomorrow—not what I wanted to do, but what I should be obliged to do. I had come to that place in living that we all reach soon or late, where there is no longer any choice. I would call up Mrs. Buckhaulter and tell her what a perfectly grand time we had had at Atlantic City, how much improved father was. This lie had to be told. I would tell it and get it off my mind. I would go over to see Alice, if I had time, and tell another one there. The house must be put in order. Molly had been very careless. The garden would have to go. It was past hope anyway.

So I filled my mind with just duties, closing every door to the flowering hopes of love and adventure. I was done with all that. I was now really and truly a good woman. Curious what a sorry thing a merely good woman had to be! I wondered if I had chosen it, or if I had had goodness thrust upon me. I thought of a certain class of people I knew in Millidge, professional uplifters, men and women who gave their entire time to making the world better. They gave sociables in the basement of our church and invited those of the congregation whom they never asked to their own homes. They were very cordial there in the welcomes they extended to poor young men, shopgirls, grocers' wives and all those outcasts of polite society who belonged to the congregation. They called it "uplifting the masses."

They were the officers of Christian associations, male and female. They worked like beavers in these institutions, very charitable, very helpful, always avoiding the real issue of brotherhood. They conducted municipal reforms in the town which never reformed anything. There is something terribly stationary about the mud sills of society—ten thousand uplifters cannot raise them. Still it affords a noble and becoming occupation to the uplifters, shows that the evils of the situation cannot be laid at their door. Do not they spend their lives trying to pull the poor old world out of the ditch? Isn't that enough? Does anybody want or expect them to destroy the right order of society by eating and sleeping on terms of equality with these publicans and sinners? Where would they land themselves in that case? Among the publicans and sinners of course, which is never a proper place for uplifters.

No, whatever happened I would not become an uplifter. I felt about that as I had felt two years previously about an intellectual career in the Woman's Club of Millidge—I preferred the garden. Upon reflection I would attend to it at once. I would neglect everything else for that. I felt a terrible and immediate danger in my present chastened condition of yielding to the missionary instinct. I had a straight-up-and-down mind that discovered the fallacy, the pharisaical temptation to which most missionaries and reformers and duty-doers to the public yield.

"If only it would rain!" I sighed, and fell asleep, thinking of the dowdy zinnias outside, shining like dusty red and yellow buttons in the moonlight.

Sleep sometimes relaxes the reins of reason, so that we accomplish a miracle in a dream far beyond the most brilliant imagination to conceive of in our waking hours. In a moment of time we can dream more than we can tell in an hour and more than we could achieve in a lifetime.

This night, as I lay in the stupor of heat and weariness, I thought I arose very early from my bed, before any one was stirring, while the stars were still shining. I thought I went a long, long way out beyond the town, between kneeling hills, through a meadow where sheep lay regarding me with silent, peaceful eyes. I was going somewhere to buy a day for my garden. I hurried so as to reach the dawn before all the best, dewiest, greenest days were taken.

Presently I was returning, walking in the sunrise of the day that I had bought. There was a majestic hiatus in the bargain. I did not know who sold it to me or what I paid. But such a day! Filled with emerald twilight, trees standing like great brothers by the path I trod, the sun mottling the ground with the shadows of their leaves, the scent of a thousand flowers in the air, my bare feet pressing the soft green ferns wet with dew.

I thought the sheep came to meet me in the meadow; that a tall green queen-of-the-meadow standing beside the stream that flowed through it spoke to me. She spoke to me and smiled, nodding her head of white blossoms. I heard her voice distinctly.

I awakened, startled out of my sleep, wondering, trying to recall what she said. I knew the moment before, understood perfectly; but now, sitting up in my bed in the dark room, I could not remember.

Still there was the smell of wet earth in my nostrils and of blossoms dew-sweetened. I arose and went to the window, parted the curtains and looked out.

The earth of the garden was deep brown, as if a rain had just fallen. Every leaf glistened wet in the moonlight. It was as if God had walked among the flowers and pitied them.

The dawn came on, a pale opal shade rather than a light, as I stood there wondering. Sparrows in the elms began to chirrup, filling the air with thin, keen sounds.

As I turned and started back to bed, still dazed with the sweetness of my dream, comforted with the freshness of the garden, I caught sight of the Avenue, dry and deep in dust, the leaves upon the trees ashy, the grass upon the pavement withered and pale.

So it had not rained! How, then, came the ground to be wet in the garden? I was amazed, filled with a strange prescience rather than curiosity. I said nothing to father and Francis about what had happened. There was a secret between the rose leaves and me. I did not know what it was, but I resolved to keep it.

After breakfast I went out and searched diligently for further traces of that presence which had passed so benignly over my midnight garden. I could find nothing. The hose lay stretched upon the walk as it had been the night before. Every lily stood straight, the cosmos had burst into bloom. There was a green ladder of hollyhocks in the corner between the kitchen and the hedge that held a red blossom above each leaf. And there was a half-opened bud upon an old Gold of Ophir rosebush beneath my window. The petunias smiled in the sun, the verbenas made a rainbow upon the ground, but not one would divulge the secret of that Providence which had succored them during the night. They all knew. They admitted that, wagging their bright heads at me.

I busied myself with a hundred tasks, trying to hurry the day to its close. I longed for the night to come again. The night with its vision, with the little queen-of-the-meadow bending her green stalk to hail me in the dawn, with this working of miracles in the garden, had become my day. And the day with its round of homely duties had become my dream.

It is foolish ever to despair. Sorrow has sharp elbows, but happiness has wings. I was very quiet, very gentle with Molly, chiding her not at all. I was patient with father, getting him off downtown to the club. I wanted the house to myself, a quiet place in which to dream. I would not call Mrs. Buckhaulter and I would not go to see Alice. This was a trance that must not be broken.

At last the day ended! I amused father. I was very gay at dinner, entertaining Francis with accounts of our experiences at Atlantic City. No one listening could have suspected that anything had happened there to offend or distress me. Father showed a certain keenness of perception in not mentioning Roger Collier, for which I was grateful.

Very early in the dawn of the next morning I awakened from a sleep that had been dreamless in spite of my desire to dream. I arose, slipped softly to the window. I stood a moment, hesitating. What if nothing had happened? Why should anything happen? As if in answer the wind blew the curtains, parted them like two wings, and I beheld upon the sill a Gold of Ophir rose, broken, with a long stem, its leaves fluttering in the breeze.

Now I was certain. I had a lover. I knew instantly what I had never suspected before, that a secret lover is the dearest. I experienced to the fullest this joy. I was suddenly made whole. I believed in God. I was ineffably good, sanctified. I loved the whole world. I could have kissed the devil.

Sometime during the morning I called Alice over the telephone. She was surprised that we had returned so soon. Yes, of course, she was very well, but the heat was awful. Her voice sounded plaintive. I called her "darling."

So Long as I Live I Can Never Forget the Scene Enacted in Alice's Parlor Between Us

I said I would be over soon to tell her everything, which I resolved not to do. In the afternoon I went to call on Mrs. Buckhaulter. She was knitting as usual and fussing about the heat.

"How did you find it in Atlantic City?" she asked.

"Warm enough, but the ocean breeze was always refreshing," I answered, and went on at great length to describe the place, the people, the infinite variety of life on the Boardwalk.

She seemed preoccupied, I thought, the way an old woman always looks when she is revolving something scandalous in her mind.

"Have you seen Alice?" she asked presently.

"No. How is she?" I inquired. Alice, I reflected, was somehow connected with whatever this was that preoccupied her.

"I never see her, you know, but I hear she is ill. The doctor told Charlie that being a Yogi is a dreadful strain on the nerves, and that if his wife didn't stop trying to ascend, she'd descend into her grave. Said she was about to deep-breathe herself out of existence. She's nothing now but skin and bones and a pair of lungs. Charlie told Marcellus yesterday that he is very uneasy about her."

She laid aside her knitting, took up a palm-leaf fan and waved it to and fro.

"It's less expensive in the long run to repent when you have committed a sin, and behave like a normal transgressor, even if the way is hard, than not to repent and to attempt to conceal your malady in occultism. Alice is exactly the same woman she was when she dragged David Brock to his ruin. Only she hasn't got another victim; not a male Yogi in Millidge. Women of that kind cling desperately to what they had until they can trust another victim. I hope Brock is forever out of her reach," she added.

"He seems to have got out of everybody's reach," I answered coolly.

"Have you seen the afternoon paper?" she asked after another pause.

"No; anything in it?" I asked.

"Joy, will you tell Thomas to bring the tea!" she said suddenly, not answering me, an omission that I did not think of until afterward.

When I returned home half an hour later Molly met me in the hall.

"Miss Joy, somebody's just called you over the telephone," she said.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"He didn't tell his name—'lowed you'd know who it was."

"Did he say he would call again?"

"No'm, he didn't say what he was gwine to do."

"But who do you think it was?" I persisted.

"I tell you I don't know, Miss Joy, but it wan't your pa nor Mr. Francis. Your pa called a little while after you left. He said to tell you him and Mr. Francis was goin' to the directors' dinner at the Terrace, and they wouldn't be home until late."

"Very well, Molly, you may go. Never mind about dinner. I've just had tea with Mrs. Buckhaulter," I said, dismissing her.

My heart beat as if some one were knocking at the door of it for admission.

It was growing dark. I went into my room and began to dress. I performed a toilet that was a rite. I braided my hair and bound it close to my head, as I had worn it long ago. I considered my face in the mirror. Surely this was Joy Marr, this slender maiden in the glass. But there was the difference. There is a happiness so secret, so rare and fine that it lends enchantment to the plainest features. I had been a celebrated beauty. Now I was a pale rose—but a rose.

I went out, descended into the garden. I held my skirts close about me, looking this way and that, not a soul but the moon in sight, every flower with its head up regarding me; black patches of shadow in the corners, long slits of moonlight between. I moved quickly down the walk to the summerhouse, lifting my heels, treading upon toes. Love is like that, in a garden filled with blossoms and darkness rimmed with moonlight. It is a kind of noiseless piety of the heart. You are near the burning bush of life. All the earth is holy ground, all the trees are priests, every flower a novitiate, a little handmaiden bearing perfume, swinging sweet censers in the air.

A man appeared in the door of the summerhouse.

The years slipped like shades that move upon the grass. It was as if I had seen him yesterday—that dark, brilliant face, that great form, those massive shoulders filling the entrance.

"David!" I cried.

"Joy!" he whispered, folding me in his arms.

We stood so, as if this were the meaning of the whole world, this embrace.

I lifted my head, looked up into his face, reached one hand up, touched his cheek to make sure. Our lips met, our eyes smiling above.

We went in and sat down upon the bench there.

"I knew I should find you here," I whispered.

"Yes," he answered; "you saw the account of my arrival in the paper this afternoon. I tried to avoid that, wanted to surprise you here in the garden," he said, drawing me to him.

"But I have not seen the afternoon paper," I answered, recalling Mrs. Buckhaulter's question and understanding what she meant.

"How did you know—by the rose upon the windowsill?" He smiled down at me.

"By that—yes. I did not dare to believe what I knew, but I did know the moment I saw the garden wet and blooming that you had been here. I knew it by my heart!" I answered.

"And what else do you know by heart?" placing his fingers beneath my chin and lifting my face.

"All the days to come that I shall love you!" I replied solemnly as one recites a creed.

A silence like that which fell upon the first man and the first woman enveloped us. We divided it once with another kiss. Then after a long time, which was only a dear little while, I looked at him mischievously and said:

"David, in case you said anything what would you say?"

"That I love you!" he answered promptly. "That I've come back for you. That I have thought of you every hour these two years."

I trembled before this faithfulness.

The mind is a queer burying ground. The men and women we were, the things we have done, the thoughts that have sprung up in us like deeds that were never accomplished—all these sink again beneath consciousness, overlaid with days deeper than memory has reached for years. But they are not dead. The dead never die. Suddenly something happens, something natural but incredible until that moment, and behold your casements are flung wide. The past, what you were, so far distant now from what you are, all that you have forgotten, all that you meant but did not achieve, rises like phantom winds, like apparitions blown in from misty nights. Nothing is hidden; not the kiss given so long ago to another, nor even the faintest whisper of love; no transgression and no goodness. So are we resurrected, I believe. God remembers us, merely remembers, and we rise from our sleeping shrouds, from everywhere and every time, like deeds out of the dust His fancies created from the beginning and laid a while.

Seated there with David's arms about me, with the moon making a wedge of light through the door of the summerhouse, I was suddenly overwhelmed by this vitality of memory. I beheld the vision of the girl I had been. I saw her so much more distinctly than I did when I was she and she was I. I could not forget the least of her transgressions, or a single act in her comedy of errors which came so near to being a tragedy. I saw myself the unscrupulous adventuress, denying love, seeking mercilessly merely the things of this world. I understood with horror the shadow of a sin that lay between Charlie Archibald and myself, a shadow cast by pain. I thought of Collier—how much nearer I had come then to the abyss! How always I had escaped, not by my own will, but by some law in me that was stronger than my will. I remembered David's infatuation for Alice, and knew that this also was my sin, not his. When women become really good they know it by this sign that they assume and become guilty of the transgressions committed by the ones they love. It is their involuntary propitiation.

"David," I whispered, with my face pressed close against his breast.

"Yes, dear," he answered, laying his hand upon my head, sheltering me so with tender roughness.

"The past—I wish to be healed of that!" I sobbed.

"We are, dear. It is gone. Kiss me!

He lifted my face, considered the tears upon it as a priest considers baptismal water, with a kind of joy. I made a smile for his lips. So were we both healed.

We heard the banging of a screen door somewhere.

"That is father," I said. "Let us go to him."

We passed hand in hand up the walk.

XVI

THE days that followed David's advent were days of excitement and suppressed curiosity in Millidge. The Gazette reviewed his former career in a paragraph too veracious to be complimentary. There was a polite reserve in the social columns. Mr. Brock had been a great favorite in Millidge, and so forth. But at the end of both notices there was an implied question. Where had he been? Had he recouped his fortune? These things must be looked into before you open your doors the second time to a man who had avoided having them closed in his face by leaving town.

A reporter who interviewed him at the Terrace Hotel on the day that I had visited Mrs. Buckhaulter only added to the general confusion:

"Mr. Brock was in fine spirits, but not communicative. He admitted that he had returned to Millidge to close an important deal which would be announced later, probably before the end of the week. A careful search of the records failed to show that Mr. Brock had retained any property in Millidge His presence in town has created much curiosity in business circles. And though Mr. Brock's modesty did not permit him to mention the fact, it was learned at the office of the largest real estate firm in the city that he had been tendered a position in the company His unparalleled success some years ago as the president of the West Meadow Land Company was ample assurance of his future——" and so forth and so on

The next issue of the paper announced that Mr. Brock had declined this offer, giving as his reason that he was now engaged in a more lucrative but less adventurous business.

"So, then," Millidge said to itself, "he is still in the ring. He has substance. We will forget the past. The past is merely an untoward circumstance in the life of this brilliant young financier."

All eyes were cast in the direction of Mrs. Charlie Archibald, from this point of view. Alice remained out of sight. She had not called me over the telephone since the news of David's return. I wondered a little what she was doing, what she was thinking, but I did not inquire.

Meanwhile David declined the hospitality of the Country Club and an invitation to a dinner given by the Board of Trade, offering as his excuse that the business that had brought him to town occupied all of his time.

And it did. We spent every spare moment together, two ineffably silent and happy beings. Lovers have this advantage: they do not require words in which to express themselves. This is why I cannot set down here what we said. We did not say it. We had no questions to ask each other. We were the answer to all questions, seated upon the bench in the garden. We settled the essential thing that first night, when we went into the house hand in hand and met father, and astonished him with the assurance that we had always loved each other; that we were to be married presently and desired his blessing.

Lovers are ludicrous beings or great ones, according to your point of view and your relation to the situation. Certainly they are out of drawing with what we think are the realities of life, faint exaggerations of eternal bliss in a world of cares and anxieties that deny eternal bliss.

If two ghosts had appeared before father in the library that night he could not have been more amazed. He laid his cane upon the table, shook hands with David, sat down, looked from one to the other of us and exclaimed:

"What did you say, sir?"

"We have come to announce our engagement, Colonel Marr. We——" David began.

"Now I understand," he murmured, wagging his head, "why Joy was in such a hurry to come back from Atlantic City. At the time I fear I was a trifle dense."

"You were, darling," I laughed, ran forward, knelt beside him, and leaned my head against him in such a manner that I could still watch David smiling down at us in outrageous assurance.

"You might have told me, Joy," father went on in a slightly aggrieved tone. "You might have saved me much anxiety these past two years if you had confided to me your engagement to this young man."

Still he would not withhold his blessing. He hoped we should be happy. Would we inform him in time to dress properly for the wedding, or would we accomplish that in a like manner, without regard to the peace and comfort of an old man who did not like to be hurried? He added this whimsically, stroking my head. We assured him that we would give him at least an hour's notice.

It was not until the following day, in the light of it, that I realized how changed David was. He appeared much older and much younger. He was tanned to a red brown, his hands were rough, his clothes strangely unfashionable. His expression was as serene as the shade upon a valley in a day full of sunlight. He was like the masculine prose of a fertile field. I felt this as I sat beside him in the summerhouse, that there were harvest thoughts in his mind mixed with the lyric of love.

The news of his deal was to appear in that afternoon's Gazette, and after all it was to be made in father's name:

"Colonel James Marr announces the engagement and approaching marriage of his daughter, Mary Joy, to Mr. David Brock"

We knew that we were spending our last hour secret and sacred just to us; that presently we should be obliged to share at least the knowledge of it with our friends.

The cosmos were a straggling mass of wide pink and white blossoms. The tiger lilies held up chalices in the ardent sun. There was another Gold of Ophir rose swinging fragrance in the air just beyond the door of the summerhouse.

David regarded me, smiling gravely as if he said:

"The earth and the fullness thereof is ours!"

And I looked up at him as if I answered:

"No, never mind the earth. I do not need it now. I am jealous, a little sorrowful, when you look too long at that rose!"

Then we began to quarrel tenderly, after the manner of lovers, not in words, he protesting with his eyes, with a nearer smile; I with eyes cast down and lips made sad.

Very well, then, he would put the rose where it belonged, in my hair. He went out, returned with it, bent over and fastened it loosely in my braids.

So! He stood back, regarding me thus enhanced, his head on one side.

But still I was not sure. Did my hair need the rose?

Certainly not! It was the rose that needed the golden background!

By way of banishing every doubt he lifted my face and kissed me. The breach was healed for the moment. We were one again. All done without a word. So foolish! Fresh alarm! Did he think I was foolish, unreasonable?

Another rift: to be mended in the same manner.

Yet I was not contented. I had still one vanity to satisfy. A woman, however beautiful, cannot be sure of it until the man she loves tells her so. And the plainest woman knows instantly that she is a miracle of loveliness if he declares it.

I suddenly discovered an overwhelming anxiety in my mind. This was the morning of the second day. We had been together the evening before. We had been in the summerhouse since ten o'clock. It must be now nearly twelve and all this time he had not told me once that I was beautiful. What did it mean, this frightful omission? I was twenty-seven. Heaven save every maid from the damaging consciousness of being within three years of her thirtieth birthday! Suppose he only loved me now because I was at last good, because I loved him? I felt that I could not bear such a compliment merely to my growth in grace. I looked down at myself in plain linen frock. I lifted one hand to my hair, wondering if it praised me a little. I looked into the mirror of his eyes and saw myself as through a glass darkly. The inner image they conveyed to him of me, what was it? The question was of vital importance. I must know the worst at once. Had he discovered a wrinkle anywhere? Had I been marred in the face with a line?

I drew away from him, claimed the hand he held.

"David," I began, looking away sadly overcome.

"Yes, dear," he answered, following me, seeking again for my hand and, failing in that, slipping his arm about my waist.

I hesitated. I sought for words to convey to him my tragic anxiety.

"What is it, Joy?" he asked in tones that somehow revealed to me that he

"Now I Understand Why Joy Was in Such a Hurry"

(Continued on Page 65

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Poverty-Stricken Schools

HOW shall a child be educated? No other public question is so important as that. None is more earnestly or extensively debated. That the inherited school system is terribly faulty no one now seriously disputes. The country fairly bubbles with impatience to see it radically improved.

In the United States the public attempts to educate some eighteen million children—with an unhappy consciousness that it is doing the work on the whole very faultily and with a growing anxiety to do it much better; but the public is poverty-stricken.

Broadly speaking, to keep the old system going takes its last dollar. It is like the farmer who sees clearly that he can never make more than a bare living unless he fertilizes, buys efficient machinery and gets better-bred stock; yet he cannot for the life of him scrape up a spare dollar for lime, a sulky plow or a thoroughbred cow.

For example, some distinguished pedagogues recently visited West Orange to see Mr. Edison's exhibition of educational moving pictures. The inventor thinks primary education may be revolutionized by this means. The pedagogues were much impressed, and Professor Dewey remarked regretfully upon "the immense advantage a great commercial enterprise has over the greatest of our educational institutions in the matter of systematic experimenting with a new proposal before putting it into general practice. . . . Where is there a school system having at command a sum of money with which to investigate and perfect a scheme experimentally before putting it into general operation?"

The Steel Trust, the oil companies, and a thousand and one business concerns do that very thing day in and day out as a matter of course—because they know it pays in the end. But the poor out-at-elbows public has not a dollar for experimental investigation in education.

The Westward March

THE Civil War income tax was far heavier than any that has been proposed since. In 1866 the rate was ten per cent on all incomes above five thousand dollars—which produced less than thirty-five million dollars of revenue in that year. If we are to believe the assessors' returns, therefore, the aggregate of all incomes exceeding five thousand dollars was less than three hundred and fifty million dollars—which would suggest a very meager and pindling plutocracy in that happy time.

In 1871 an income tax of two and a half per cent on incomes above two thousand dollars produced only nineteen million dollars of revenue. Of course the tax—not being collected at the source—was outrageously evaded; but there is no particular reason to suppose that it was evaded in one section of the country more than in another, and Senator Root pointed out that four states—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—paid two-thirds of the total tax collected in the country, New York alone paying over one-third of the entire tax.

It would be rash to conclude dogmatically that only forty-two years ago two-thirds of all the incomes in the United States in excess of two thousand dollars a year were in the four states named; yet the income-tax returns show a condition of that complexion.

As an index to the distribution of wealth at present, the income-tax returns under the new law will be worth all the trouble it has taken to get the law passed.

New York's Appendix

IT IS a pleasure to note that several very daring patriots in New York, including the Fusion candidate for mayor, have ventured to suggest that the Board of Aldermen be abolished. This amazing body contains seventy-odd members. There was a time, no doubt—about the days of Wouter Van Twiller—when some plausible excuse for its existence might be found—just as in the dim antiquity of monkeydom the vermiform appendix was a useful organ. Since that remote date the Board of Aldermen has been little but a source of confusion, expense and humiliation.

For long periods its membership has averaged in character and ability about three above zero. Time out of mind it has been an object of suspicion on the part of the public, which patiently elects it year after year and pays its salary. Many years ago the public became convinced that the board could not be trusted and so began taking away its more important powers little by little, transferring them to other bodies.

For all really important purposes the Board of Estimate holds legislative power in Gotham; but the Board of Aldermen has still been carefully retained and its seventy-odd members receive salaries of two thousand dollars each a year.

You may be sure, however, that any definite proposition to eliminate this astonishing governmental organ will be passionately resisted. Nobody seriously pretends that the board serves any useful purpose that cannot be far better served otherwise; but all those to whom change is painful will rise to point out that, with a Board of Aldermen, New York has increased from a straggling Dutch village to the second city in the world, and to imply that if you abolish the board the city will probably shrink to its former humble proportions.

Checking Up

WE DO not suppose there is a human being living without a vice. To suppose so would be very humiliating personally. We have in mind a man who never tasted intoxicating liquor or used tobacco; whose word to others has ever been as good as a new-minted double eagle; who is kind and just and works industriously some twelve hours a day. But he is a shockingly vicious person. Procrastination is an almost incurable mental habit with him. You can no more get him to begin a thing the day he ought to begin it than you can get a dipsomaniac past an open barroom. And this vice has cost himself and his family as much as some red-nosed men's whisky costs.

So give yourself a fair start by realizing at the beginning that you are vicious. The next question is: How many forged checks did your vices draw on your bank account last month? Spread them out in cold blood on your desk and add them up.

Otherwise you will have no standing in the New York Court of Appeals. That tribunal recently decided against a man who tried to recover a great many thousand dollars from his bank—the sum of many forged checks the bank had charged to his account.

There was no dispute about the forging of the checks, but the court held that the man must stand the loss because the forgeries extended over a whole year, and during that time he had never carefully checked up his bank passbook—intrusting that task to the confidential clerk who had forged the checks.

If he had checked up his passbook carefully he would have discovered the very first forgery. As he neglected that duty the loss falls on him—not on the bank. That has been and always will be the rule. Check up or you cannot recover.

A National Calamity

UNTOWARD summer weather in this country caused considerable inconvenience. The corn crop was decimated, the condition of cotton declined, livestock suffered, and in various ways drought wrought results that a thoughtful man might well view with more or less regret.

In Great Britain, however, the same untoward weather precipitated a national calamity of tragic proportions; and this dark stroke of Fate was all the heavier because it came as a climax to successive misfortunes in the same line. In a word, the partridge shooting this season is rotten.

"For the last ten years," we read in a London contemporary, "every means has been tried to increase the stock of partridges. Hungarians have been introduced in vast numbers, eggs changed from place to place all over the country, and extra keepers engaged or taken from the rearing field to give all their attention to the interests of the partridge. Unhappily we have at the same time experienced a succession of cold, wet summers, varied only by the scarcely less fatal drought of 1911." And 1913, it appears, is the worst of all: "This year, in almost every county in England, the fine coveys began to dwindle early in July and have been growing less ever since."

Farther on we note that in Yorkshire, on a Wednesday, Lord Westmorland, Lord Darnley, Lord Powis, Lord Savile, Lord Lewisham, Captain the Honorable J. Dawnay, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Captain W. Barry and Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson made four drives before luncheon and shot nine hundred and forty-three brace of birds, while two drives after luncheon brought the bag for the day up to thirteen hundred and twenty brace—without the pick-up.

Truly it's a time to try men's souls in Old England—five lords and only thirteen hundred brace of partridges!

The Dreadful Caucus

THE Glass-Owen Bill is the most important piece of new legislation that has been seriously undertaken for many years. It deals with a subject on which there is infinite variety of opinion, even among the well informed, and as to which there is nothing like any detailed mandate from the country. Yet this bill was put through the House in about a week—a record to which the Democrats may justly point with pride.

This achievement in legislative efficiency was due proximately to the caucus—which also functioned so satisfactorily in both houses in respect to the tariff bill. Having devised so effective a machine, we trust the Democrats will not be bluffed into giving it up. True it forecloses debate in the House; but the House is no place for debate anyway.

It is an ancient stratagem at Washington, when the passage of any measure seems a foregone conclusion, to shift attack from the measure itself to the method by which it is passing. When standpat senators found they could not defeat the Roosevelt program for Government regulation of railroad rates, they shouted that Congress was being subjugated by the president. When the passage of the Underwood Tariff Bill was assured, protectionist onslaught turned to the caucus.

Nobody but a Democratic member of Congress need concern himself about the caucus. It is the party's method of handling legislation. The country's interest is in the legislation—not in the method. Bear in mind that no caucus can bind any member of either house unless he is willing to be bound.

A Prisoner's Mail

IT IS very easy to account for crime in the United States if the daily newspapers exert the malign influence that many prison authorities attribute to them. In sixteen states—as appears from an inquiry conducted by the parole clerk of the Arizona State Prison—inmates of penitentiaries are not permitted to see any daily paper.

It would be very interesting to examine these prisoners on their release for the purpose of finding out how much their moral attributes have been purified and strengthened by some years of careful isolation from the degrading daily press. We might then know whether the restriction is really worth while.

What good reason is there for any restriction of a prisoner's mail—except to see that drugs, weapons and the like are not delivered to him? Restriction is the rule, however, rather than the exception. In most states a prisoner may write only one letter a month or one a fortnight—or possibly one a week. In a prisoner's situation what influence is likely to be more humanizing than letters?

These mail restrictions belong to the era—only now beginning to pass away—when the object of prison discipline was frankly to crush and dehumanize.

A Report on Wages

THE Department of Labor has just published a report on wages, covering more than forty trades in thirty-nine cities that contain two-fifths of the urban population of the United States and approximately one-third of all persons enguged in gainful pursuits, except agriculture. These are the same cities covered by the department's reports heretofore published on the cost of living.

Unfortunately the department does not consolidate its wage returns into a single index number, permitting a summary comparison with the cost of living; but the reports show that the retail cost of food of the kind and quantity consumed in an average workman's family advanced by one-fourth from 1907 to 1912, and in only one out of more than forty trades has the normal weekly pay envelope increased that much.

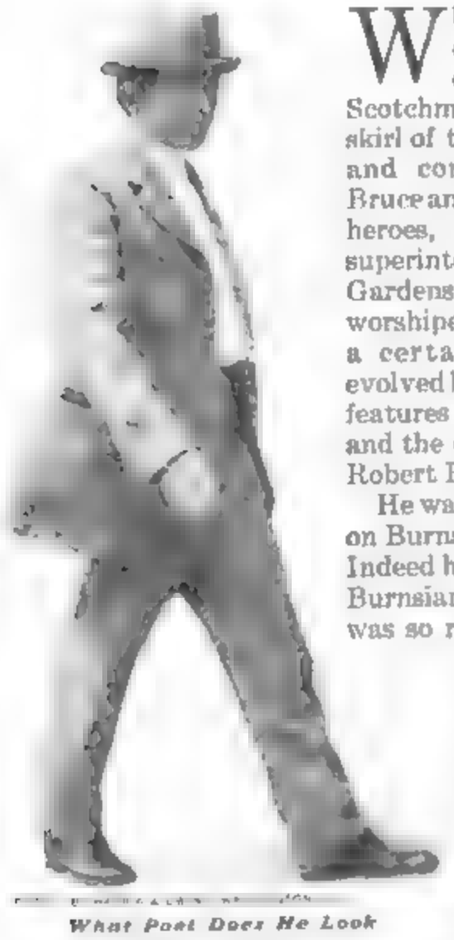
The solitary exception is one of the poorest-paid workers on the list—third hands in bakeries.

As to the better-paid workmen—such as carpenters, gasfitters, marble-setters, painters, plasterers, plumbers, stonemasons, structural-iron workers, granite-cutters, machinists, stereotypers—wages have advanced from a quarter to half as much as the cost of food.

Everywhere the race between wages and the cost of living is nip and tuck—with nip getting rather the best of it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



What Poet Does He Look Like, If Any?

WULLY SMITH, now dead and in some haven of rest where dead Scotchmen go, listening to the skirl of the pipes, eating haggis, and consorting with Robert Bruce and Wallace and his other heroes, was in his time the superintendent of the Botanical Gardens in Washington, and worshiped two things—one was a certain strange plant he evolved by combining the salient features of many other plants; and the other was the poetry of Robert Burns.

He was the greatest authority on Burns we had at the capital. Indeed he was one of the greatest Burnsians in the country, and was so recognized by all members of the Burns clan. It was Wully, you remember, who was the author of the famous Burns story. In his capacity as superintendent of the Botanical Gardens he had the distribution of Government ferns and rubber plants and suchlike; and senators and representatives who had socially inclined wives sought to keep on good terms with him, in order that the papers might say on the day after their wives had made their splurges, "The house was elaborately decorated with a wealth of ferns and palms and pussy-willows, the spacious parlor being banked with these graceful denizens of the woods," and so on, you know.

Well, somebody told a new representative that the way to get on the soft side of Wully was to talk to him about Burns. Needing a few rubber plants to enhance the dazzling beauty of a reception his wife was giving this new representative strolled down to the Gardens and sought Wully. Diplomatically introducing the subject of Burns, he said:

"Mr. Smith, I understand you are a lover of Burns. In me you have a kindred spirit. I just naturally dote on the poems of dear old Jimmie Burns!"

"Jimmie Burns!" roared Smith. "Jimmie Burns! Hoot, mon, an' do ye ken Charley Napoleon and Sammie Washington and Harry Lincoln th' noo?"

And not a pussy-willow did he get! But it was entirely different with Phil Campbell. Phil knew the front name of Burns was Bobbie, and he committed no such Scottish crime when he grasped the horny hand of Wully Smith—not Phil Campbell, of Pittsburg, Kansas—not at all! He sashayed right up to Wully and gave him a line of talk about Bobbie that caused Wully to insist that Phil should wear his choicest orchid away in his buttonhole, and he told him to drop round any time and help himself to half a dozen rubber plants if he wanted them.

There was more to it, too, than that—far more. When Wully observed Phil coming along by the cast-iron fountain, with its red and blue lights, that looks like a decoration for a street fair in Gardenia, or elsewhere, Wully gave a start of pleased surprise. Now mind you, Wully was not accustomed to start much in pleased surprise. His starts—when he started—usually were of displeased surprise; but he threw in his highest gear of gratified astonishment when he saw Phil—for he saw not only Phil but Bobbie himself advancing with a smile of genuine admiration on his face.

Wully Smith's Discovery

IT WAS amazing! Wully rubbed his eyes and looked again. There was no mistake about it! This person, whoever he might be, approaching Wully and pondering whether he needed lilies of the valley or simple violets for the décorative scheme he had in mind, was the perfect image of Bobbie Burns, as Bobbie was carried in the mind of Wully. Of course Wully had never seen Bobbie, but he knew how he looked, just the same; and here was the dead spit of him arriving within the precincts of the Botanical Gardens—within the precincts is right, for they never have been able to get rid of that iron fence which some contractor, who had picked it up at a rummage sale, sawed off on his beloved Government.

Wully resorted to the Gaelic to express his delectation, and Phil saw he had made a hit—not that he understood what Wully was saying, but being an astute and quick-minded person he sensed the general drift of the remarks as complimentary.

After Wully had exhausted a large supply of guttural conversation he told Phil what ailed him. There was he, Phil Campbell, the living image of the greatest poet the world had ever known—the dead ringer for him—and up to that moment Phil had not had an inkling of it! Well, Phil was pleased to meet Wully, and more pleased to discover his own marvelous semblance to Bobbie, and they recited The Cotter's Saturday Night in unison, while the sparkling waters plashed in the cast-iron fountain and the gentle breezes soughed through the tropical foliage—and Wully's whiskers; and they were firm friends ever afterward.

Give credence to me, friends, when I assert to you that Phil Campbell grabbed that—that he headed in right there—clawed it off, as we say in Montana. Full well he knew that the statesmanship—or whatever it is—of our Congress and our public life is all cluttered up with men who look like H. Clay and Thos. Jefferson and D. Webster; while here and there is found a man who is content to look like himself—not many, but a few—and nothing to boast of at that. Phil knew all this; but he ransacked his mind and searched history for a statesman who looked like Bobbie Burns—and there was none. So from that very day to this Phil Campbell has looked like Bobbie Burns; and they do say when he puts on the tremolo he can wring tears from Jim Mann, which is a reasonably difficult thing to do.

Phil Campbell has been in Congress for ten years and is now beginning his sixth term. He and Dan Anthony, from the First District, are the only two regular Republicans who escaped the upheaval in Kansas last time, for Victor Murdock is a Progressive, of course, and the floor leader of the same in the House.

Campbell comes from Pittsburg, which is in the lead-mining district, as I remember it; and he seems to have a rather comprehensive hold on his people. The opposition made it as difficult as they could for him last time, but he came back, and he is now engaged in taunting the inefficient majority on its manifold failures to make good its promises and platform pledges, and on its general failure to show evidences of connected and patriotic thought, as he puts it!

He is a ready talker, a good debater, and is familiar with the mechanics of legislation. When he tries he can make as good a speech on the floor as any of his fellows and better than most of them; and he is just as valuable to the minority as he was to the majority, which means he is an efficient lawmaker and a mighty likable sort of chap.

He was born in Nova Scotia, which prevents a man who looks like Bobbie Burns from getting into the White House until some looker-like-Bobbie who drifted into life this side of the border arrives; but he moved to Kansas with his parents when he was four years old and has been a Kansan ever since—so no one can consistently throw the bluenose taunt at him. He is as old as he is—having failed to set down the date of his Nova-Scotian advent; but whatever age he is he does not look it. He is clever, alert, affable, capable, and one of the strong Republicans in the House—a good mixer, a good companion, and endowed with a well-organized mind, which he uses to his own and his party's advantage. He is the ranking Republican on the Rules Committee; and, though that does not get him anywhere so far as ruling is concerned at present, it shows what they think of him up on the hill.

And he usually wears a stock. Perhaps Bobbie wore a stock—I do not know; but anyhow Phil wears one—and it's pretty nifty, too, I can tell you, when he has it on with his frock coat, his striped pants, his alpine hat and his tan shoes!

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Hints for Borrowing Money

By ROGER W. BABSON

A PUBLISHER of subscription books, such as college men sell during vacation seasons, once suggested that I write a book entitled How to Make Money. He assured me that it would be the best seller of the year!

I replied that he should get Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, or some one in their class to prepare such a textbook; but this did not satisfy him. He immediately turned to me with a counter-proposition to write a book entitled How to Borrow Money. Not having had much experience in this line either, I also refused to prepare such a work.

The contrast, however, rather amused me; and, having since had considerable banking experience in loaning money, I will now venture to give a few suggestions on this subject to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The man who has no money, property or collateral must obtain loans on the strength of his character and habits. If you are honest, industrious and businesslike—also prompt in keeping engagements and in delivering and purchasing goods—you are very sure to receive reasonable accommodation from the bank where you transact your business.

Moreover if you honestly feel that you have these requirements and find that you are not granted a reasonable amount of accommodation by your bank, I frankly advise you to deposit with some other institution. By reasonable accommodation I mean occasional loans of about five times one's average deposit balance. If one carries an average balance of two hundred dollars he is entitled to a loan of one thousand dollars. If his average balance is one thousand dollars he is entitled to a loan of five thousand dollars.

A man is entitled to such loans purely on his character, industry and habits. If these are satisfactory to him who controls the bank with which you do business you will receive the accommodation. If you have been refused this accommodation it has probably been due to the fact that you are lacking in some one of these qualities. Probably when asking for the loan, instead of looking the president of the bank directly in the eye, you allow your eyes to wander all over the ceiling and thus give the impression that you are not telling the truth. Possibly the president has seen you avoid paying your fare on a street car or indulging in some other slight form of dishonesty; possibly he has seen you automobiling when you should have been attending to business—or, if you are not in the automobiling class, perhaps he has driven by your house and seen you sitting on the steps smoking while your wife was chopping wood.

Assets on Which to Borrow

These are simple little things, but I have known many loans to be turned down for the identical reasons above given; in fact I know of a case where the president of a bank was very undecided whether or not to give a man a loan. All the directors agreed that the man was industrious, but some of them claimed he was unbusinesslike and would not take the trouble to keep the interest paid up on the mortgage and have the property kept up.

Finally one day the president made an appointment with this man for nine o'clock the following morning—but it was about a quarter of ten before the man came in; and when he did he had so many different papers in his pockets—which apparently fulfilled the function of a filing cabinet—that it was fifteen minutes more before he could find the statement the president had asked him to bring.

When the man finally found the statement the president of the bank did not even look at it. He was so disgusted with the man's tardiness and unbusinesslike methods that he decided then and there not to grant the loan.

Many of the readers of this weekly, however, have something in the form of assets other than character and good habits, and desire to borrow more extensively. The question naturally arises in the minds of such men as to what can be purchased or done in order to increase their borrowing capacity. To such I will say that the first and easiest thing one can do in order to establish a credit is to carry a good bank account. Other than character, a man's bank account is the most powerful factor in aiding him to obtain a loan. Therefore let your bank account gradually accumulate until you are proud of it, and it will become a powerful weapon in your hands. It is by far the best investment possible and is the greatest business asset and power a man can have.

As to the size of your bank account, that depends on the size of your business. As a minimum balance I should suggest five hundred dollars, though the average small store or business usually carries a balance of about fifteen hundred dollars, and often approaches twenty-five hundred dollars or five thousand dollars. The other day, when looking through the accounts of the largest bank in a city of twenty-five thousand people, I found that the commercial accounts ran from fifty dollars to fifty thousand dollars. Probably one-half of the accounts averaged about one thousand dollars; about three-eighths averaged twenty-five hundred dollars, and the remaining eighth averaged ten thousand dollars.

You can generally tell whether or not your bank account is satisfactory by the tone of the cashier's voice when he says Good morning! or meets you at some social or business gathering; in fact it might be here mentioned that it is well to make your own deposit at the bank at least once a week, in order to keep acquainted with the bank officials and note the exact degree of welcome you receive.

The Right Collateral

Once, when talking with Mr. Edison about his moving-picture machines, I suggested he should invent some sort of instrument that would photograph a man's expression, which could be used by business men in interpreting the feelings of their competitors—just as a physician uses a stethoscope for ascertaining the condition of our lungs. Until Mr. Edison or some one else invents such a machine, carefully note the expression and tone on the part of the bank cashier when he looks at your deposit slip!

After one's bank account has become large enough, he should begin to buy a little collateral; and possibly one of the first things for a young business man to buy is a little stock in the bank in which he deposits. As an investment I do not advise bank stocks. A woman should not own them under any circumstances, and a man should not own stocks of banks in which he does not deposit.

There is a double liability connected with bank stocks that is very unfortunate at times, and no bank can accept stock of its own institution as collateral. In other words, if you are a depositor in the First National Bank in your town and desire a loan therefrom, said bank cannot accept its own stock as collateral security for your loan. One advantage, however, of having bank stock is to obtain the good will of the bank officials and put them under a little obligation to you.

When it comes to buying other securities to be used as collateral, buy securities that are good. Do not seek for a high yield or attempt to get rich quickly. The profits of the business man should come from his business and not from the stock market—unless he is a very careful student of fundamental conditions.

Therefore the young business man should not be attracted by any of the various salesmen who call to sell mining, rubber, and other inactive stocks and bonds. The young business man should make it a point to have his first investment in securities that are considered as high-class collateral, preferably seasoned bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

If one has any doubt on the subject it is only necessary to visit the bank with a list of the securities and ask which of these the bank would rather have as collateral in case a loan were requested. The bank will answer quickly and correctly.

Of course the finest collateral of all is such bonds as a bank can use under the new currency bill in order to obtain additional circulation. Up to the present time only national banks have the privilege of taking out circulation that is, issuing money. Thus all state banks and trust companies have been absolutely dependent upon national banks for currency. Even under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, which provided for the issuance of five hundred million dollars of emergency currency, only national banks could take advantage thereof, and then only upon the hypothecation of certain approved commercial paper, Government, state and municipal bonds.

I see no reason why any business man should purchase Government bonds or even state bonds. The former may be considered only a luxury, while the yield of state bonds is usually too low to be worthy of serious consideration by young business men as an investment.

Good municipal bonds, however, may be purchased to yield satisfactorily, and may be strongly recommended to young business men as an investment for business purposes.

The bonds of municipalities have the best record for the prompt payment of principal and interest of any class of securities—other than possibly Government and state bonds. At the present time such bonds may be purchased to yield from four to five per cent, and in many instances such bonds are free of tax for people residing in the states in which the respective cities are located. As above suggested, they are not only safe and yield well but are the most acceptable collateral possible, especially such municipal bonds as can be used by the banks for securing additional circulation.

In other words, if, during a severe panic, two men with equally good bonds should seek a loan from a good bank, one man offering Northern Pacific Railway Company prior lien fours, due January, 1997, and the other City of Boston fours, due 1937, the bank would not consider the loan secured by the Northern Pacific bonds, but would grasp the loan secured by the City of Boston bonds. Both issues are equally good and sell at approximately the same prices, while the Northern Pacific bonds have even a wider market than the City of Boston bonds.

The bank, however, cannot use the Northern Pacific bonds for taking out additional circulation; while under the new plan the bank can ship City of Boston bonds to Washington and receive therefor new currency, which it can turn over to the young business man who offers City of Boston bonds as collateral.

Therefore, after being able to carry a good bank balance and buy a little bank stock, I advise the young business man to invest for a while in such municipal bonds as, under the new or proposed currency legislation, can be used by the bank for securing additional circulation.

Helps to Credit

Some young men, especially those in the West, seem to feel that the best investment is in land or mortgages; but I do not think investments in real estate help one's credit very much at the local bank—while if the real estate is mortgaged it is a distinct detriment. A banker likes to see a young business man own—free and clear—the house in which he lives and the land on which it is located.

It also helps one's credit immensely to own—free and clear—the property upon which one's business is situated; but this is about as far as I would advise the young business man to go. Of course real estate is often considered an asset; but it often becomes a liability—taxes must be paid, repairs must be made; and the care of real estate requires much time and thought.

Therefore I strongly advise the young business man not to purchase real estate as an investment, but to confine his holdings thereof to property in which he lives or does business.

There is, however, a little point in this connection I wish to mention—namely, that the ownership of one's home and business property—free and clear—is today used by many men as a means of borrowing much more money than that to which they are entitled. For instance, a man may own—free and clear—property worth fifteen thousand dollars, and on the strength of this borrow twelve thousand dollars on

his plain note from three different banks, each bank thinking it has the only loan of this man.

If, instead, this man gave a mortgage to one of the banks for twelve thousand dollars, all the other banks would know it and his borrowing capacity therein would be limited to twelve thousand dollars. By putting up a bold front, however, with as little talk as possible, and requesting a loan of twelve thousand dollars on his plain note from each of these three banks, he often obtains two of the loans, if not all three. The directors of each bank think the man must be prosperous, owning his property free and clear, and immediately assume him to be worth much more than he is, carelessly granting the loan without even asking for a statement or further details.

I have heard of a man who owned about this amount of property who went to three banks and asked for a loan from each, on a certain July first, of ten thousand dollars on his plain note. Each of these banks endeavored to be specially careful and thus asked him what he owed elsewhere, and the man replied that he owed nothing. By simultaneously applying for all three loans for the same date and using an india-rubber conscience, this man probably thought he was both smart and honest. At any rate he obtained the three loans and still has the thirty thousand dollars.

On the other hand he consumed his entire borrowing capacity, so that when one of the banks insisted on either money or security he was obliged to mortgage the property to this one institution. As soon as he gave such a mortgage the other institutions saw that they had been fooled, and at once demanded payment. Of course the man could not pay them; and feeling that they would gain nothing by forcing him into bankruptcy they are still carrying the loans.

This young man, however, who had brilliant prospects as a business man, sold himself for a mess of pottage. His credit today is nil; and, though only forty years of age, he has ruined his reputation among the banks of his community, has lost his credit among the trade, and probably will never amount to anything in a business way during the rest of his life.

Keep Off Directorates

I am not defending banks; in fact I believe that many of their methods are both unbusinesslike and unjust. But I strongly advise all young business men to do right themselves, and be honest and just with banks irrespective of how their banks act, and especially the directors connected therewith.

It truly is unfortunate that the directors of many national banks do not set a better example to the young men of their respective communities; but two wrongs do not make a right, and the young business man who determines to obtain credit by developing his character, intelligence and collateral will usually win out in the end, while those who cut corners and follow the customs of the day are sure some day to be found out and end up in disaster.

Speaking of bank directors reminds me that I am often asked whether it helps one's credit to be a bank director. I will close this week's article by answering that question.

It may temporarily help a man who has no conscience to obtain loans from a bank by being a director of that bank; but to the man with a real conscience it will not be a help, but probably a handicap.

The reasons for this are as follows: If one has no conscience, and is on the board primarily to get loans, he will not object to the loans of other people, but devote his energies to working for loans for himself. This method makes no enemies for him among the other directors, but rather puts the other directors under obligation to him, and consequently they vote for his loans.

In other words, if he helps his codirectors to obtain loans for themselves and their friends they will help him obtain loans for himself and his friends. Certainly they will not have the courage to object to his loans in his presence. Therefore a director attending every meeting and playing this game can usually obtain loans from an institution up to the limit. This limit, in the case of a national bank, is ten per cent of the capital and surplus, though in many trust companies and state banks it is twenty per cent of the capital.

A man, however, who has a conscience and assumes the position of bank director as a matter of trust is compelled to work for what he considers the best interests of the depositors and stockholders. This immediately brings one into conflict with other directors who are endeavoring to get the bank to discount notes for themselves or their friends, which notes may not be for the best interests of the bank.

Thus, instead of developing friends among one's codirectors, the conscientious man begins to develop enemies, for no man likes to have exception taken to his notes or, in fact, even to be asked to pay or reduce them. Under these circumstances the codirectors are not one's friends; and, moreover, they are continually looking for opportunities to criticize.

The directors of a board with india-rubber consciences seem to be able to do what they wish without bringing criticism upon themselves; but the man with a good wrought-iron conscience is watched as a cat watches a mouse.

The natural result of this is that the director with a real conscience not only refrains from working for loans for himself but, after getting into one or two squabbles, begins to consider it wisdom even to pay up the small line of credit he may have had at the institution when he assumed the directorship.

The Man With the Club

If I were in business simply for money I should follow one of two courses—namely, either join no organization and hold no public offices or directorships, or else I would join all that were possible; but in the latter case I should always agree at the meetings of these organizations and institutions to what my codirectors wished.

In other words, the easy but cowardly way to get on in this world is either to have nothing to do with other people or else to agree with all that other people say and propose! The fact that this is true is one of the greatest curses of business, and explains why many of the keenest business men keep out of public offices, bank directorates and similar positions. They know that to do this outside work properly and attend to it well simply makes enemies, who will eventually seriously harm their businesses.

Such men have too much conscience to assume these positions of trust; and they either agree to all that is said or else say nothing. Therefore they unfortunately feel compelled to choose the other alternative of keeping out of public offices, bank directorates, and similar public and semi-public institutions.

Of course this should not be so, as there is no finer way in which the Christian or public-spirited man can serve the community than by becoming a conscientious public servant or bank director.

In addition to the above reasons it may also be said that becoming a director of the bank with which one deposits tends to restrict one's borrowing capacity with other banks.

For instance, if you are a director of the Second National Bank and apply to the First National Bank for a loan, the directors of the First National Bank at once become suspicious and think you have already borrowed all you possibly can from your own bank. Hence the First National refuses your request.

Thus a man who is a director of a bank is usually limited to accommodation from that one bank alone; while the man who is not a director of any bank is free to apply to all—at least to all in which he carries some deposit.

This leads me to my third rule for borrowing money:

The way to obtain loans from banks is to give them good deposits, because deposits are the greatest and most powerful levers for obtaining loans.

Bank presidents who apparently fear no living man, who cannot be bluffed, bullied or coaxed, and who are seemingly devoid of both sympathy and judgment, fear to offend a good depositor. The man who has the biggest deposit has the greatest club; but every man who has a fair deposit has a useful club.

Therefore I say that, instead of endeavoring to be a bank director and wasting your time at such meetings, you should spend the time in making money and leaving it as a deposit in the bank; for if you are an honest man this deposit will be much more useful to you than anything else.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
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In making sausage we cling to the methods we employed 26 years ago when we began to make sausage to sell. We use only the best portions of young pigs that are raised in and around our neighborhood. We buy our neighbors' pigs because we know what they have fed on. In our sausage are put only this good meat, home-ground spices and salt.

Now if you want real sausage—sausage made on a farm by farmers, ask your grocer if he sells Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. If your grocer can't supply you now, we will fill orders direct by express—even if you are remote, we can reach you. Please write us for further information about the size of the packages, our methods of shipping and our other products: lard, ham, bacon, maple syrup.

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The name of our dealer in your town may not appear in this advertisement for lack of space, but write us and we will tell you who he is. The names of dealers at other points will follow in a later advertisement

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MILO C. JONES (Jones Dairy Farm), Ft. Atkinson, Jefferson Co., Wis. Box 805

We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm. In the old farm house (pictured below) where Jones Dairy Farm Sausage was made in the kitchen for many years, you will find us living still. Just across the pasture to the left you will find the building in which we now make it

The Farm in Winter

STAG SMOKING TOBACCO

A New Quality In Tobacco

Just a year ago Stag was first put on the market, and it proved an instant Sensation.

For years, smokers had been waiting and longing for the tobacco of PERFECT FLAVOR.

Stag took the wonderful Burley leaf, found new perfections in it, and gave the world a tobacco whose fragrance and flavor touched new heights.

It seemed impossible that any tobacco could go further. But Stag has gone further.

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The past year has shown this is NOT TRUE OF STAG.

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This is why a Stag Smoker smiles when you talk to him about other tobaccos. Or he replies, in the words of the immortal Kipling:

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"Then you don't heed nothin' else."

This is the ONE GREATEST QUALITY ever possessed by any tobacco.

CONVENIENT PACKAGES

The Pound Humidor
The 10 Cent Tin
and
The Handy ½-Size 5 Cent Tin

EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Hardened Fats as Food

VEGETABLE butters, such as solid olive oil and a whole list of new foods from hardened oils, are made possible by the method of solidifying oils by treating them with hydrogen and a small amount of some metal, such as nickel. The new process is already being used in soapmaking, but has had only its beginnings in the food line.

The old schoolbooks told of tallow candles being eaten as candy by Eskimo children; now it will be possible to give them assorted bonbons of hard fat.

The new products are called hydrogenated oils. The only objection to them so far, for food purposes, is that slight traces of nickel may be left in the mass unless much care is taken. But it is possible to eliminate most of the nickel, and the pure-food experts of the Government are investigating the possibilities of harm from tiny quantities of the metal.

Why Not?

BOB DAVIS has a literal friend who is a Tammany district leader on the East Side; and the Tammany man went to Buffalo once to attend a Democratic State Convention.

After the convention adjourned a citizen of Buffalo took the Tammany man out to see the Falls.

"Isn't Niagara wonderful?" chortled the native. "Isn't it wonderful that all those millions of gallons of water should go over that cliff every second?"

"Well," said the Tammany man, "whut's to hinder 'em?"

Mr. Hearst's Goat

THE first time William Randolph Hearst ever made a public speech was when he was nominated for Congress in New York some years ago.

He was nervous about it and spoke to Timothy D. Sullivan.

"Sullivan," he said, "that convention of yours is going to nominate me for Congress and I suppose I've got to make a speech to the delegates. I never made a public speech in my life and I'm scared. What shall I do?"

"It's simple enough," Sullivan replied. "The thing to do is to pick out one man in the crowd and talk to him just as you would talk to him if he was alone with you in a room. Select one man and make your speech to him, and forget that there is anyone else in the audience."

Sullivan was curious to see how Hearst would make out, and sent one of his men down to watch the proceedings and report. The man came back.

"How did Hearst do?" Sullivan asked.

"Well," said the scout, "he lost one good vote. He talked all the time to one man in the crowd, and that fellow got mad and nervous and left the hall, cussing Hearst for making a goat of him!"

The Providential Fly

COLONEL TOM KELLER of New York, a famous old-time pistolshot, now Eastern manager for one of the big cartridge companies, in January entertained a party of New York newspaper men on a hunting trip at Camp Bryan, in North Carolina.

Dave was the cook. Now Dave is a small, yellow person, with a quick and roving eye, a ready tongue and a miraculous thirst. He excelled as a cook, but in the matter of liquor it was decided to keep Dave on strict rations—four large drinks a day at regular intervals.

One afternoon Colonel Keller forgot and left the locker unfastened. A few minutes later, when Dave came to bring him his slippers, an unmistakable aroma of rye accompanied him.

"Look here, Dave!" demanded Colonel Keller. "Haven't you had a drink?" Dave was caught with the goods on him.

"Yas, suh, boss," he confessed. "I had one."

"How did you get it?" asked the colonel.

Dave's eyes rolled about the room seeking an excuse. Then an inspiration came to him.

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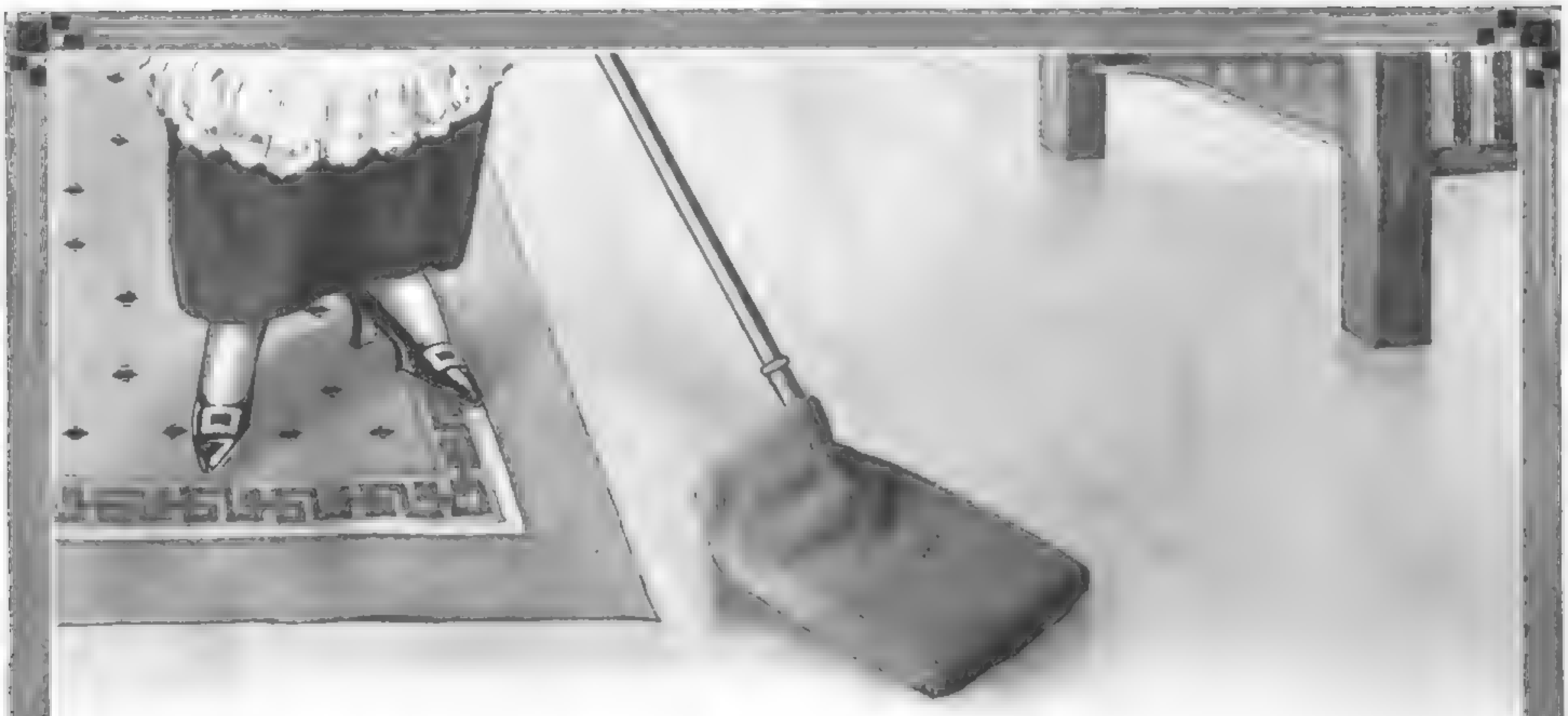

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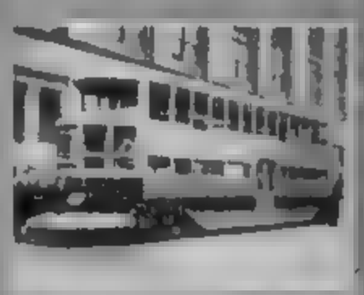

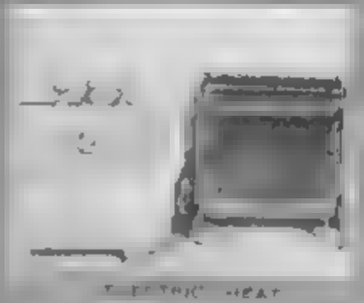

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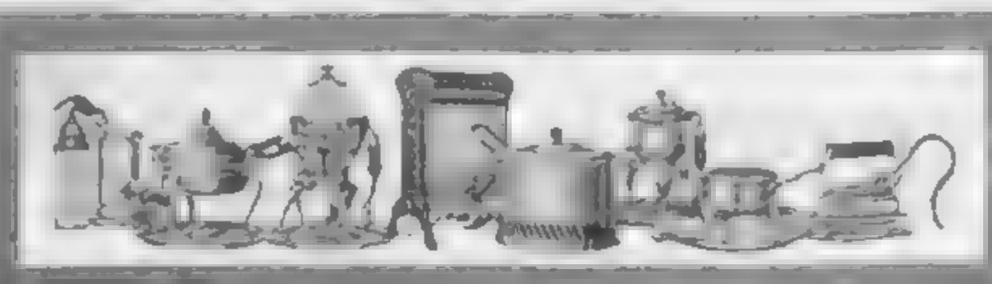

BILLY FORTUNE AND THE GIFT-O'-GOD

(Continued from Page 15)

I got my turn next day though. Steve and me were cinchin' up, right after breakfast, to strike out again after the bunch of mares, when Hemingford come over to us.

"Boys," he says, "would you mind if we ride out with you for the morning? We'll not bother you. Dorothy wants to go, and Rathburn. I'll promise we won't make you any trouble; you can leave us behind whenever you like."

I was the one that helped her up into her saddle. I beat Rathburn to it by just one short step. The satisfaction didn't last long though, because, while I was usin' up the time with gettin' her fixed and takin' a last look at the cinch, he was climbin' up on his own horse; and before I could get straddle of mine there he was beside her. And there he stuck, tight as a bur to a sheep, when we started off from camp. I rode up on the other side of her for a minute or so, and she turned round and smiled at me; but that's as far as I got with it. He had a nasty trick of seemin' always just ready to say somethin' to her whenever I'd start to get my mouth open; so it kept me just perfectly dumb. It made me hot too. I didn't get a chance to say a blessed word for a quarter of a mile.

"That's all right, smarty!" I says to myself. "My turn'll come—you see if it don't!" I was right glad when her brother and Steve come up alongside and took me along ahead with 'em, talkin'.

It was the ranch business we talked about, with Hemingford askin' questions and the other two of us tryin' to answer 'em. He was one master hand to ask questions. Bright, too, with a quick way of gettin' right at what he wanted to know and pushin' the rubbish off to one side.

"It's just this way, boys," he says. "I think I'll tackle cattle; but I haven't more money than enough—not a dollar to waste. I've got to be tolerably sure to start with. That's why I'm finding out all I can. Now will you tell me ——" And there he'd go with another string.

He was keepin' me so busy I was pretty near not able to turn my head round to keep track of what was goin' on behind me. I didn't like the looks of it much from what I could see. They'd dropped back a hundred yards or so; but Rathburn didn't appear to have dropped back any with his talk. Every time I'd take a peek he'd be right at it steady, with her just listenin'. She wasn't lookin' at him much; she was ridin' with her head bent over, playin' with the bridle or strokin' her horse's mane. The last time I looked they'd stopped still in the trail and he was makin' motions with his hands, sittin' close and stoopin' over toward her as if he was terrible earnest and all worked up. It bothered me. And then I saw 'em straighten up in their saddles sudden; and here they come, with the girl in a long lead, on a lope, and Rathburn trailin' behind, not seemin' to be tryin' much to catch up.

I pulled out and let her ride in between her brother and me, where I could have a chance to study her face. I couldn't make it out. She wasn't payin' attention to us; she was lookin' straight ahead of her, far away. The color had come up in her soft cheeks strong, and her eyes were shinin'; but it wasn't just exactly what you'd call a joyful look. It struck me more as if somethin' was troublin' her. That's the way it seemed to be with the Rathburn boy too, when I sneaked a look at him, hangin' back behind us. He had his head down, with his hat pulled low over his eyes and his lips shut tight. He was doin' some thinkin', that man was; and it was about somethin' that didn't tickle him any too well. It made me feel better. And I felt a heap better yet when the girl sort of roused up pretty soon and turned to look at me.

"I've been lagging behind for miles," she says. "I'd like to ride ahead for a change. Do you want to come?"

She didn't appear to have got her mind loose from what had been worryin' her. She'd speak a couple of words to me once in a while, but it sounded to me like just bein' polite; and in between-times she'd be away off from me, meditatin' to herself, and only smilin' absentminded if I tried to say anything. After a bit I quit tryin' till she'd be through. It was all right with me, so long as I had her there beside me.

It was a piece of scenery that shocked her awake, by-and-by, when the trail took us to the top of a bare divide, from where the whole country seemed to be spread out and sort of opened up to us. I heard her give a little gasp with the surprise of it.

"Oh, look! Look!" she says.

It was worth lookin' at. I let her look a while before I tried to say anything—to explain it to her. The loveliness didn't need any explainin'.

"Listen!" she says almost in a whisper. "The silence! All my life I've been hearing scuffling feet and rattling wheels in the towns—hurrying and hurrying, and never seeming to stop—and never seeming to get anywhere, in spite of all the hurrying. Do you understand? This is so different!"

"There's been wheels here too," I says. "The old Salt Lake Trail followed the river once, down there below. It's there yet where the wheels ground it out—deeper than my head. But they've all passed on. Do you reckon they did any good? I've wondered about that to myself sometimes. There was fightin', and blood and starvation, and fire and murder, from one end of the trail to the other—years and years of it. Do you reckon it was worth it? I don't. Anyway, it contents me better the way it is. It strikes me this is more like livin'."

She wasn't lookin' at me, but she was listenin', kind of dreamy.

"Yes," she says, soft and low; "living—not putting it off, but living! It makes me think of something I read once: 'The present moment is as sacred as any other.' You know what that means, don't you?"

It was out of me so quick it made me jump.

"This one is more so," I says, "because it's got you in it!" Yes, sir—just exactly that way I said it; and then I turned dizzy and cold inside of me. "Now you've done it, you fool!" I says to myself.

She lifted her head slow, with her eyes fair on me. She wasn't scared, nor she wasn't excited a bit. All I could see was a kind of wonder in her eyes and the rest of her face perfectly quiet. I'd never had one of 'em act that way with me before It made me glad; and then all of a sudden I felt my courage come to me.

"I mean it just that way," I says. "You've got to know it sometime. I'd better tell you now, so you'll understand. I've always promised myself I wouldn't take any chances by puttin' it off if I should ever meet the right one. And you're that one. I know you are. There can't be any mistake. I knew it before I even knew your name and I couldn't know it any better if I waited a hundred years. There wouldn't be any use waitin' to tell you. It's honester to tell you now."

She listened just the same way, without a sign except in her eyes. She hadn't looked away from my face the whole time; nor she hadn't tried to stop me. It was mighty comfortin' to me somehow to have her take it just the way she did.

"Wait!" I says. "I don't want you to say anything. I don't want you to answer me a word, one way or the other—not yet. You can't, because you don't know me. But you're goin' to. That part can come afterward. I ain't the kind of a man you've been used to and you've got lots to learn about me. I'll tell you everything, and I won't keep back one thing from you. We can put off that part; but the main part's what I'm tellin' you now. It can't do you any hurt to tell you this much. I had to do it. And there's just one thing I want you to tell me now: If you'd find the right man—whether it would be me or somebody else—would it be too late?"

She kept still for ever and ever so long. Part of the time I thought she was studyin' me close; and then sometimes it would seem as if she wasn't even thinkin' about me at all. It begun to make me uneasy.

"Can't you tell me that?" I says. "There hasn't anything happened, has there, to make it too late?"

She looked away from me then, off over the big view.

"No," she says, so faint I could hardly hear it. "No!" Just that one word.

"I'm mighty glad," I says. "And now there's just one thing more—if you'll tell me. I'd like to keep thinkin' about it. What kind of a man would he have to be to be

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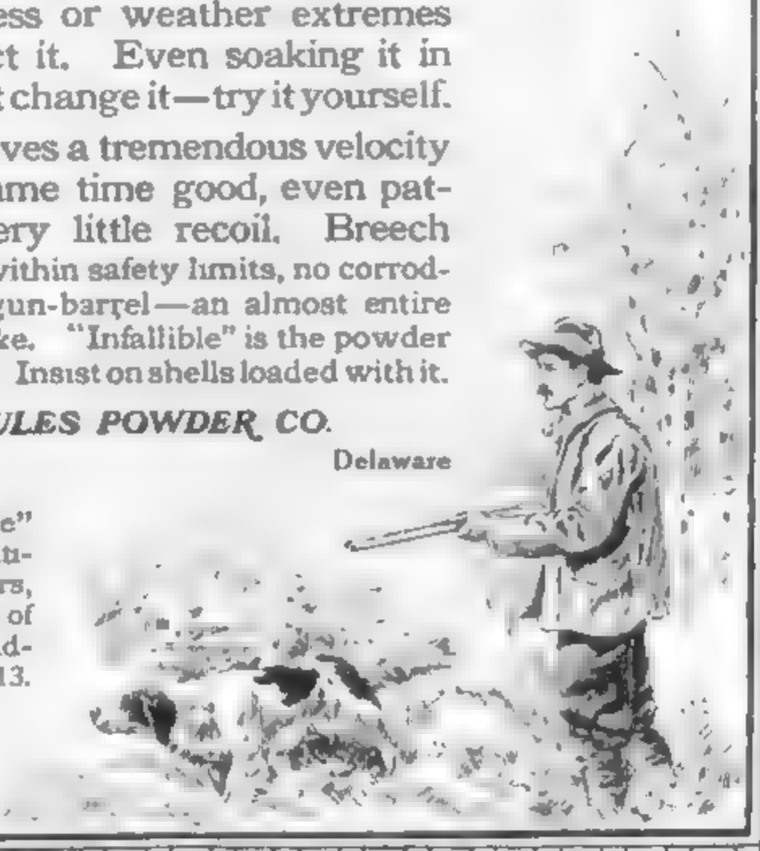

the right one? I'm goin' to try bein' that kind for you - if you'll tell me. You needn't be afraid to say it. It can't hurt anything for me to know."

She came alive all in a quick flash at that, turnin' back to me with the color flamin' up over her face.

"Oh!" she says, like a cry. "It's so simple and plain! I wonder why it's so hard! To know right from wrong, and not to be afraid! Is that impossible to a man?"

Simple and plain, she'd said. It does sound that way, don't it?

"What?" I says. "'To know right from wrong, and not to be afraid!' And is that all of it?"

"That's all!" she says. "I'm not leaving anything out. That's all of life to me."

"You mean he needn't have been anything or done anything?" I says. "Nothing but just that?"

"Nothing but just that," she says after me. "Why, have you known so many such men?"

"Hundreds of 'em," I says. "Thousands!"

"I haven't known one," she says. "Not one! You said you wanted something to think about, my friend. Think over that a little."

Well, I've been thinkin' it over ever since. You'd better think about it some, too, if you think it's so easy. But it seemed awful easy to me then. I said it over again to myself, to get it in my mind: "'To know right from wrong, and not to be afraid!' Shucks!" And then I swung back to where I'd started. "And you're goin' to think about what I've said to you?" I says. "And after a while I'm goin' to tell it to you again. I certainly am. And you'll listen. I can't ask you to do any more than that."

We got interrupted then, because right over the next little rise we come upon the mares. They were down in a kind of a dish between the hills, grazin' quiet with their colts, and with the stallion standin' a ways off on higher ground, watchin'. He'd heard us and he had his head and tail up. He hadn't started to run yet, but he would in a minute. There wasn't a speck of time to waste. Steve had got his eye on 'em, too, back behind us a ways, and he stuck in his spurs for some ridin', yellin' to me over his shoulder.

"Get between 'em, Billy!" he sung out. "I'll head the mares east. You fight the horse off till I get 'em started, so he won't lead 'em to the hills."

It was goin' to be quick work if we made it. Steve had got a good flyin' start of me, and he was down on his horse's neck, fair burnin' the grass. My pony was goin' some, too, and I was workin' my rope loose and aimin' to turn the stallion back the other way if I could, till Steve got the mares to movin'. I don't know whether I'd have been soon enough or not if that Rathburn man hadn't broke into the game. I heard him poundin' behind me, and in a minute he come up alongside. Ride? Yes, he could ride. He sure could! He was on the Boss' big sorrel, too, that can outrun anything on the range. I couldn't keep ahead of him, but I hollered to him when he went past.

"Look out!" I says. "He's bad!"

He didn't pay any attention to me at all, but just flew on by, quarterin' across. The stallion was commencin' to move—not runnin', but dancin' along light and easy. Steve had got his bunch to goin', but the horse wasn't tryin' to get to them—he was makin' straight for the sorrel. It happened awful quick after that. I saw Rathburn stop dead still, swingin' his hat. I put my pony down to the last inch he was worth. I didn't have a bit of a notion of what I was goin' to do; but just when the stallion lifted up to strike I went sailin' in between 'em, lettin' my rope go up over my head in a wild throw.

It was just a piece of rank luck—but I caught both front legs in the air. I didn't know about that till afterward though. All I knew then was feelin' the rope snap tight, and then goin' up out of my saddle like a skyrocket. And by-and-by I commenced to come down. It was certainly one tumble. I felt my head hit the ground; and then it seemed as if pretty soon my legs come along behind and piled up on top of me, all confused.

I reckon I must have been quite a while wakin' up. I didn't know what to make of it at first, because my head was in somebody's lap and there was a soft little hand fussin' with my hair. I opened one eye and took a look—and there was the girl's face bendin' over, right close.

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"Oh, thank God!" she says. That suited me fine. I just shut my eyes again and stayed right the way I was.

III

WELL, then spring work come on us like a cloudburst, with forty thousand different things to do in forty thousand different places all at once. Hands were hard to find, too, that spring. We hadn't more than got back home before I had to go right straight to work, haulin' down a carload of cement from Lusk to the Chimney Rock place, and helpin' with the new tanks, and gettin' the corrals fixed for brandin', and ridin' round lookin' for more help—till it looked like we wouldn't ever commence to get through.

There was two weeks of it when a man couldn't tell at breakfast but what he'd be eatin' his dinner forty miles off and his supper somewhere else, and droppin' down to sleep wherever he happened to be. I didn't get to go near to Raw Hide all that time. I couldn't do a bit of lovemakin'; all I could do was to think. I was certainly doin' some thinkin'. It was the first time in years and years that my attention had had anything to cinch itself on to, instead of just wanderin' round. I liked that fine!

Then there come an evenin' toward the end of the Chimney Rock job when it all oozed out of me, all at once. Hemingford was at the camp when I got there for supper. I knew there was somethin' comin' as soon as I got my eyes on him. He wasn't like he'd been before—just full of the cow-business. It was somethin' else and somethin' serious—and somethin' that had me in it, because he just sat and mooned over his plate, lettin' the talk go past him, only once in a while droppin' into a deep study with his eyes on me. No, he wasn't unfriendly; he was just bothered. It begun to give me the fidgets, till when supper was done he came over and put his hand through my arm and walked with me over to the windmill, where we'd be away from the rest.

"I want to talk with you, friend," he says. "Will you let me talk plain English?"

"You'd better," I says. "That's the only kind I can understand."

He went right after it.

"It's about my sister," he says. "She's told me of what you've said to her. Don't misunderstand. She's broken no confidence of yours. I'm all she has, she's all I have. We have no secrets between us. You mustn't feel queer because I know. It's sacred between us three. I want you to talk to me as plainly as I'm talking to you. I want you to tell me just what you're thinking about."

His steady, cool eyes were eatin' right into me. I couldn't have looked him if I'd tried, and I didn't want to try.

"I'm goin' to ask her to marry me," I says, "I guess she's told you that—and that's all there is to it."

"Is it?" he says. "Oh, no, it isn't. She might do it. What then?"

"Why, then," I says—"then I expect—mebbe——" I had to stop. I knew what he was gettin' at better than if he'd said it.

"You see——" he says. He waited a minute or so after that, watchin' me, never takin' his eyes off of me.

"Well," I says, "what is it you want? You want me to pass it up, don't you?"

It didn't seem to ease his feelin's any, givin' him that easy chance. He didn't grab at the chance the way I'd figured he would.

"It's hard to say it," he says; "but—well, yes; I wish you would if you can."

"Let's have the rest as plain as this part," I says. "What is it you've got against me?"

"Nothing," he says—"as a man, nothing. You're no saint; but that isn't it. I'd rather trust her happiness to a man of common human decency and goodness of mind than to a white saint. It's safer. But——"

"Go on with it—why don't you?" I says. "You needn't though. I can say it for you. It ain't because I ain't as rich as some. You wouldn't care about that; nor it ain't any other common thing like that. You'd rather she'd pick a man of the sort you've been used to. You'd like it first-rate if she'd pick Rathburn."

He took that just the way I meant it.

"If she loved him—yes."

"Well, I wouldn't," I says. "That's plain too. Nor I won't let her do it if I can help it. I'm not a little bit like him—you're right about that; but I know what love is just as well as he does. Lovin' her the way I do, it wouldn't be in me to let it go—not for Rathburn or anybody else. I might as well tell you that straight."

He didn't take that the way I expected him to though. He reached out his hand and got a grip on my shoulder, with a queer short sort of laugh that sounded as if it stuck in his throat.

"There's the rub!" he says. "I'd not be the man to stand in the way of great love—no, I wouldn't! There's nothing else real. But, oh, man! A lifetime is a long, long while; and her happiness——"

"Does she love Rathburn, do you reckon?" I says. "Does she know?"

"He has asked her to be his wife," he says. "I think she would have married him if—well, if we'd stayed at home."

"If she hadn't run across me, you mean," I says. "And you're sorry. You don't know about me. I can tell you all there is to know right quick. I've got pretty near forty cows ramblin' round on the range. Grade Herefords they are, with some spring calves. And I've got my homestead and my desert claim, with both of 'em proved up on. I can make a livin' and get ahead some if I put my mind to it. And the man-part of me ain't a bit complicated. I've broke all the rules but a couple. I never did a thing in my life to hurt a woman or a kid. I never lied for money. I've done everything else, I reckon—unless it's somethin' I've overlooked. That's about all you need to know about me of what's past. I can't tell you about what's comin', only that it's goin' to be different. And I love her. And there you've got it all."

He'd sat down on the windmill bed and picked up a handful of little rocks, and he was poppin' 'em out on the ground one at a time, slow and absent-minded. He didn't answer a word after I'd finished with my oration; but he wasn't drowsin' over it—his mind was right busy.

"Listen," I says in a minute: "Have you told her you'd set out to talk to me this way?"

He shook his head.

"No," he says; "I wanted to talk with you first."

"Well," I says, "don't you tell her. That wouldn't help her to be happy. It would hinder. I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I ain't goin' to quit. I've said I'm goin' to tell her—and I sure am. I'm goin' to do it the first chance I get; but I ain't askin' you to let it be if you don't like it. You go right ahead and argue her out of it if you can. If you can it'll be all right with me. I won't have any hard feelin's against you. If she ain't sure enough so that talkin' won't change her I'll know I oughtn't to have her. But I'm goin' to put it up to her; and I'm goin' to keep at it till I know she's sure. How does that suit you?"

He didn't balk at it.

"I can't ask anything more than that," he says. He put his head down in his hands and sat that way a while; and the next thing he said to me sounded as if it came hard: "We know so little! With our best trying, we seem only to clog the wheels. But let me tell you something, friend: We're a selfish lot—we men. We mistake our own desires for God's intention. I know! I've been through it myself and I've learned a hard lesson. It's taught me that some of the richest gifts of God are those we've courage enough not to take—richest in lasting good. You know what I mean? To take for ourselves isn't all of life."

I knew what he meant, all right. I took a spell of studyin'; but it didn't seem to get me anywhere. All I could make out of it was seein' her face and sayin' over to myself: "Dear little Gift-o'-God!" Not take her if I could get her! Me?

"I'm goin' to tell her," I says. "You'll just have to be satisfied with that."

The waitin' wasn't near so joyful as it had been though. I didn't aim to pay a speck of attention to what he'd said to me—to let it change me; but I couldn't get it out of my head. It had been a new notion to me—givin' up and just watchin' things go past! I'd always been a stubborn man that way, and I'd never wanted any but little things before. This was the first big thing I'd ever set myself to in all my life. Givin' her up didn't seem so awful satisfactory to me. I wasn't goin' to do it. But the notion stayed with me just the same; and it worried me. I didn't seem able to get loose from it.

"Well, gee-whiz!" I says to myself. "What's the matter with you? I thought I could depend on you!" I could see I was goin' to have to talk with her quick if I was goin' to get any peace.

(Continued on Page 38)

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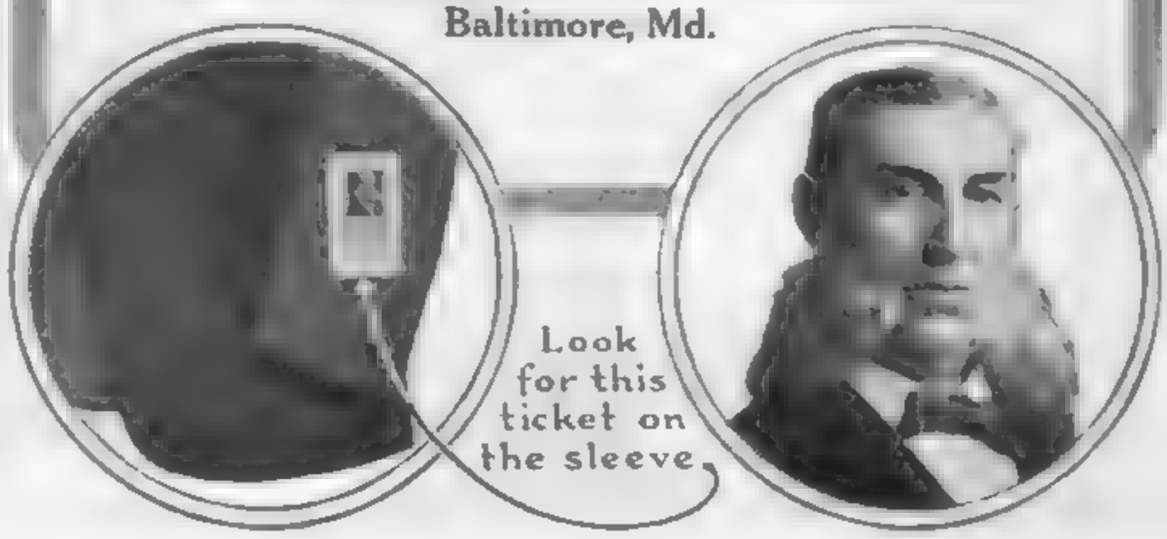

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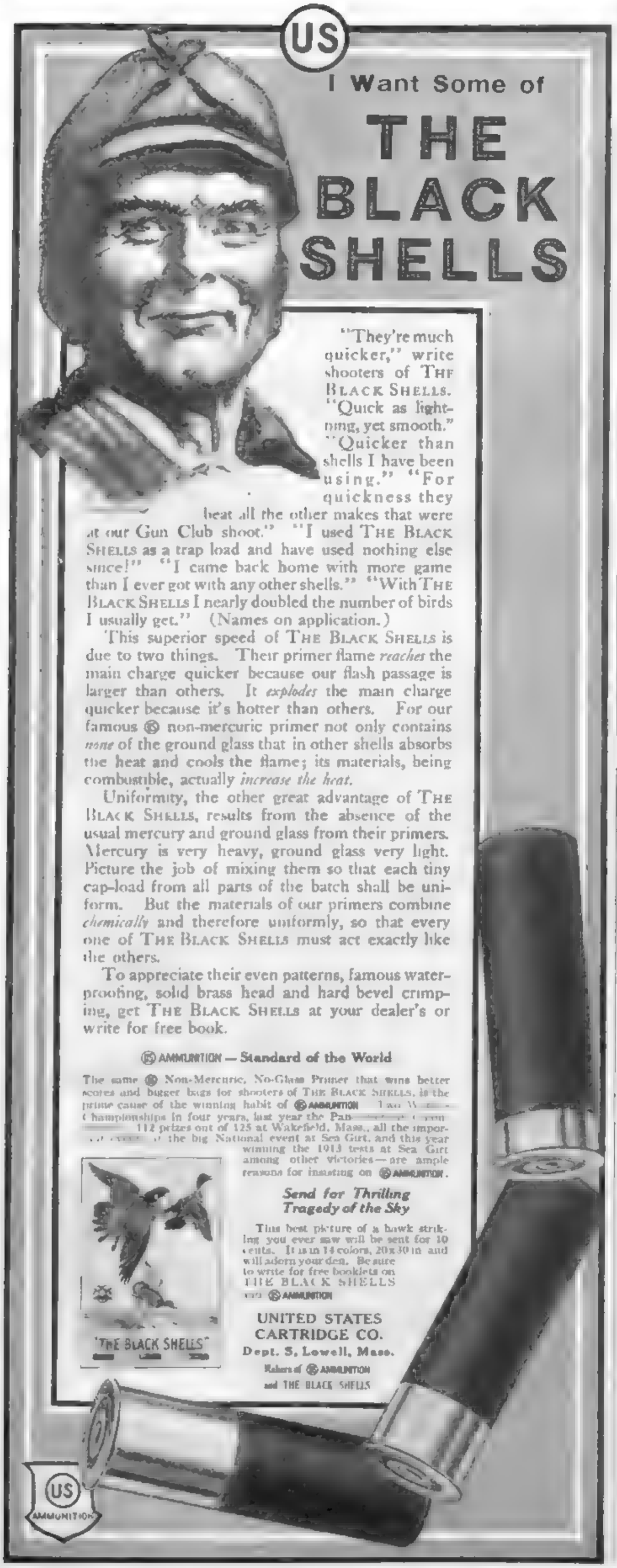
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US AMMUNITION

(Continued from Page 35)

It was Sunday mornin' when I rode over. I hadn't let her know I was comin'. Right early it was, so I'd be there before the folks would start anything for the day. I had it all made up what I was goin' to do.

"I want to show you a place you'll like - back here on the Buttes - that you wouldn't ever find for yourself," I says to her. "It's an awful pretty place. If we start right soon we can be back for dinner."

She give me a bright little laughin' nod. If she had a suspicion of what was liable to come she didn't show it.

"I'll be ready in no time," she says. "Bob, will you get my horse for me?"

It was Rathburn that put her in the saddle; and then he stood for a minute holdin' her bridle and lookin' up at her. It was a look a body would be bound to notice; it was a look that's meant just one thing on a man's face since the beginnin' of the world.

"Why, Billy," I says to myself, "that man loves her, don't he? You've got to own up to that." "Yes, sir," says I. "If we have any luck with it today I'm certainly goin' to be sorry for that lad, because he's goin' to take it hard."

It was clear up to the very top of the big North Butte I took her. A stranger wouldn't have been able to find the place, likely, or the way up to it. From down below he wouldn't have had any notion there was such a place there at all. It took us pretty near two hours' hard ridin' and climbin' to get to it, wormin' our way in and out among the big torn litter of rocks, and stoppin' every little bit for breath. There wasn't any trail. I reckon there'd hardly ever been anybody go there but me. I'd just blundered into it once, a couple years back, and I'd always remembered it. I'd made up my mind I was goin' to take her there to have my talk with her. I'd kind of figured it would make her forget all the foolish little things that don't matter, and listen to me with her mind wide open. That's the way I wanted it.

"Goodness!" she says by and by. "Isn't this a deceitful old hill? I shouldn't have guessed at such ruggedness from the bottom. The world must have had a terrible time of it when this was happening. Where are you taking me? Are we ever to get there?"

"We're pretty near there," I says. "Here—let me take your bridle, and you shut your eyes a minute till I tell you to open 'em." And then, when we'd made a sharp lift over the last ledge and gone in through a torn gap in the rocks, "Now you can look!" I says.

She sat for a long, long while, just perfectly still, with her eyes wide. I knew she would. She couldn't help it. It was a place that was bound to make a person feel that way. Don't ask me how it happened to be there; but there it was—a deep, wide basin, openin' up and spreadin' out, rimmed in with gray walls of rock as if it was just meant to shut the world away. Right down in front of us a little spring crept out between the stones, makin' a cool dish for itself, and then goin' whisperin' away through a tangle of thick grass.

It was the trees, though, that made you look. Pines, they are—big pines. They look like they must have been standin' there ever since the ground cooled off—away back yonder. Tall and straight, with the tops lifted so high that the sound of the wind movin' in 'em seems far off and sort of still and solemn. I don't care what kind of a man goes there—he's goin' to do some wonderin' about it. I can't tell it right; but it's peaceful—and it sort of makes you patient with things. I was lettin' the girl take her time.

"Oh! Oh!" she says just above her breath. I don't know if she meant to, but she moved over closer to me. I knew how she felt. It don't scare a person—not exactly—but he don't feel like jokin' about it.

"We'll get down here for a while," I says. "The horses can graze round; and we can rest till it's time to start back home."

She sat down beside me, where I'd fixed a place; but she did it as if it was in a dream, with her face turned up and her eyes strainin' at the wonderfulness. I let her be that way—not tryin' to interrupt her, but just leanin' back and watchin' her. My sinful soul, but she was beautiful! It came over me like a swift fire; and every bit of me was stretched tight with wantin' to reach out and take her. I wasn't breathin', I wasn't thinkin'; I was just wantin' her. I'll never tell you why I didn't do it. I couldn't! There was somethin' that held me back. "Wait!" I says to myself. "Not yet! That would be takin' advantage. Wait till she's got used to it a little."

"Oh! Oh!" she says again pretty soon. She moved and took a deep breath as if she was wakin' up; and then she turned round to face me. "I've never seen anything like this," she says, "or felt anything like it. Such a strange feeling! It's like being in church. That's it! It makes me feel as though some good man were praying in the stillness—and as if God might be listening!" She couldn't hardly have said it any better.

"I brought a man up here once," I says—"a man that knew things—he claimed he did anyway. He told me this basin used to be just a spouthole for the fire, back when these hills come bulgin' up from down below. Then the fire died down and the hole got all choked up; and then this part grew on top of it. Do you reckon he might have been correct?"

"Like a great, burning wound—healed over with beauty," she says. "If only all wounds healed so!"

"Mebbe they do," I says, "if you only wait long enough. This took millions of years, the man said. It's hard for most folks to wait that long, ain't it? Anyway, ain't it right curious the different places you'll find in this little old world? There's some where a man just can't think about anything but meanness and devilment; and then there's others like this, where he couldn't think of a mean thing if he wanted to. Don't that seem curious to you? Wouldn't you rather have it all like this, so you could feel safe?"

She looked at me straight.

"Would you?" she says.

"Not me!" I says. "It wouldn't suit me to be just safe all the time. I'd rather have it the way it is, so a man can have a chance to take his pick. Bein' just perfectly safe all the time would be too much like playin' the cards stacked for you so you'd be bound to win. I'd rather be liable to lose sometimes—for variety. It makes me enjoy the winnin' more when it comes."

She didn't answer that for a minute or so. That was a sweet way she had—of not talkin' just to make talk. She stooped down and pulled a blade of grass from beside the spring, and began drawin' it through her lips, lookin' far off, with her eyes gentle and dreamy. I didn't want her to stir. I caught myself wishin' that things could stay right that way forever, with that look of her never changin', and me beside her, and nothin' ever comin' to make it different. I'd been awful fond of variety before. I wanted this to last.

"Yes, sir," I says to myself—"just this way, world without end, amen!"

Honest, right that minute I didn't want her the way I'd been wantin' her—to have for mine. Can you explain that? I couldn't. But it was true. It couldn't last though; and when she got ready to talk to me it seemed as if it settled things for good.

"Would you like to know what I think is the greatest quality in a man?" she says. "My brother has taught me to know it. It's restraint—being able to hold one's hand and tongue and heart. A great many men hold back through fear or weakness: so their lives are clean enough and harmless enough. That isn't what I mean. I detest the cowardly little virtues—that aren't virtues at all. I like blundering strength more than any weakness. Oh, but there's the sort of strength that doesn't blunder! To be strong enough so that one may fairly blaze with great passion—that's part of it! But to be able to keep the passion from scorching and destroying—that's the great part. To feel oneself alive with every desire a man may know; and then to be able to master them all—that's it! Do you remember that I said something to you the other day about being afraid? I think the cowardliest fear we know is the fear of being hurt by giving up what we have or what we want."

Yes, that settled it. I took my turn at lookin' away through the trees and hummin' my tongue. "What do you think of that, Billy?" I says to myself. "Why," says I, "there ain't but one thing to think: If that's the kind of man she likes she couldn't ever be suited with you, could she?" "Well, but what am I goin' to do?" I says. "Am I goin' to try to fool her by lettin' on I think so, too, and then let her find out after it's too late?" "No," says I; "don't let's do that—not with her. We're goin' to play a square game with her." "Well, all right, if you say so," I says. "But I reckon the game's about over—ain't it?

(Continued on Page 41)

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Violet Dulce Toilet Goods are sold to you under our positive guarantee that if you do not find them entirely satisfactory, you can have your money back. This guarantee is good in any Rexall Store, of which there are more than 7000, one leading druggist in each important city and town in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. By their co-operative manufacturing and distributing arrangement, these stores can give you the advantage of very moderate prices on Violet Dulce Toilet Goods, as will be seen from the following list:

Violet Dulce Talcum Powder 25c	Violet Dulce Dry Rouge (Theatrical No. 18) 10c and 20c
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Violet Dulce Extract—the ounce 50c	Violet Dulce Toilet Soap—the cake 25c
Violet Dulce Complexion Powder 50c	Violet Dulce Cold Cream . . . . 25c and 50c
Violet Dulce Liquid Complexion Powder 50c and $1.00	Violet Dulce Vanishing Cream 50c
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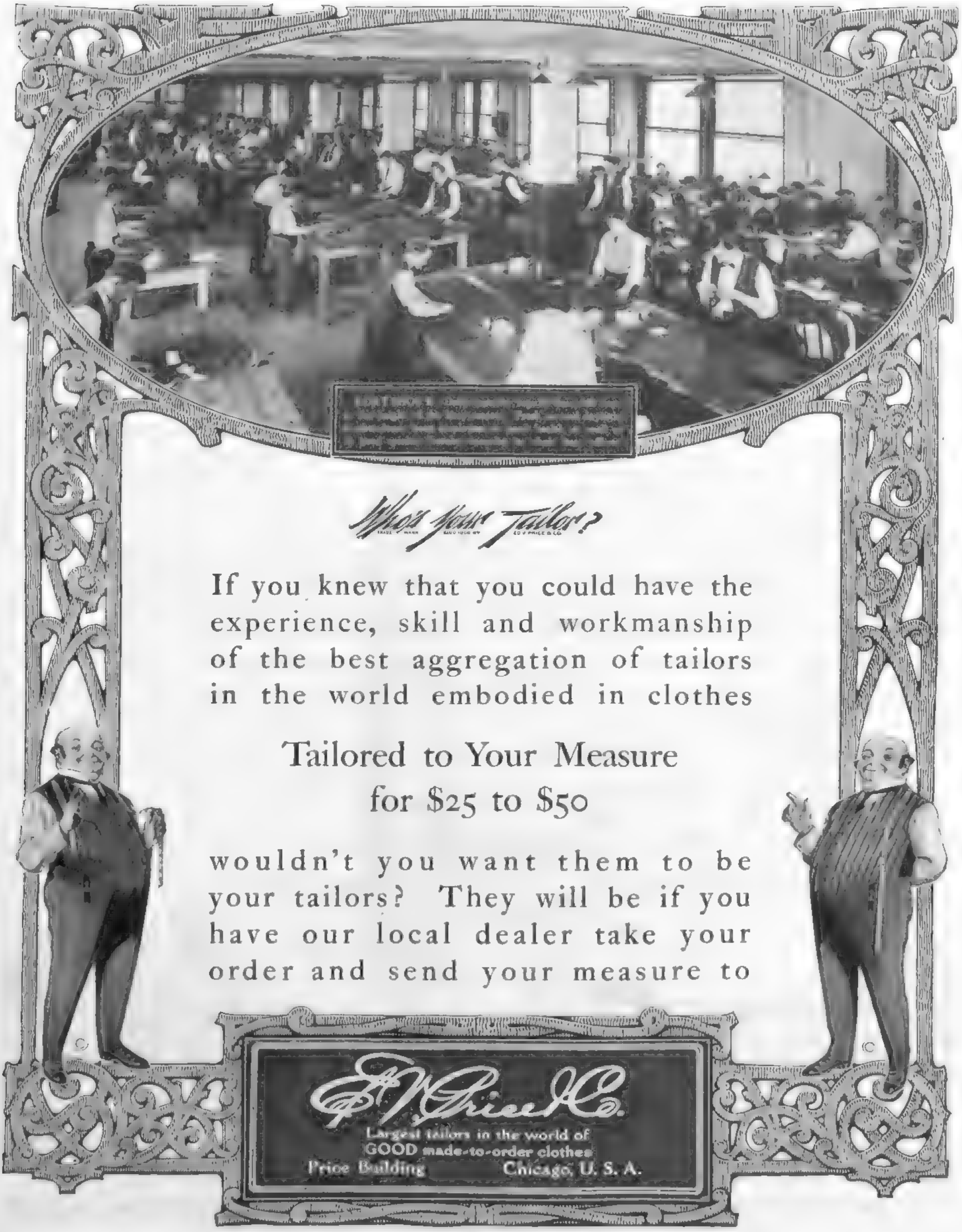
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(Continued from Page 38)

And we lose! And I don't feel so sorry for that Rathburn boy as I did a while back do you?" "Anyway," says I, "it's like I've told you: You had no business thinkin' about her in the first place. Even if you'd got her the very best thing you could have done for her would have been to disappoint her. She don't deserve that. I'm glad you didn't get her."

I quit my arguin' then. I'd been so busy with it I hadn't noticed; but now, away off down the mountain, I heard a big bass mutterin'. I wouldn't have been able to see it comin' anyway, with the rocks wallin' us in. I hadn't more than begun to look round before the tops of the trees felt the first touch of it, rockin' away over in a wide slow sweep, and then swingin' back; and the basin begun to fill up sudden with a thick gray mist.

"There's a thunderstorm comin'," I says to the girl. "It'll come quick, too—but don't be scared! I'll take you where we can keep dry—and it'll be somethin' new to watch. I expect you've been used to seein' thunderstorms up above you; but we'll be in the heart of this one. It's going to drag the top of the Buttes—runnin' up the west side and then droppin' back down after it's crossed over. You don't need to let it scare you."

I took her across the hollow to where the rocks shelved back, makin' a little sort of cave, all perfectly snug; and we stood under there together, watchin'. It was certainly worth lookin' at, too, while it lasted. It came on us with a swift rush—just crazy-wild, tearin' and screamin' and ragin', ready to rip the heart out of things. The lightnin' didn't drop down out of a cloud in streaks, as if we'd been lookin' at it from underneath; it was just flickerin' and snappin' all round us, makin' a steady, cracklin' roar. The ground and the rocks seemed to be flamin' with it—blue and red and purple. A dead, dry old pine, a little ways off from us, broke out on fire all at once, from the bottom to the top; and another livin' one came smashin' down under the wind.

I'd thought it would make the girl afraid; but it didn't. When I looked at her she was laughin' up at me, and I saw her lips movin', tryin' to say somethin' to me. I couldn't hear a word in all that whirl of noise. I stooped down close—to listen better—till I caught the sweet smell of her soft hair and felt her warm breath on my cheek. I had to straighten up and turn away from her!

It was all over as quick as it had come. We could hear it go tearin' its way down the east side, with the roar gettin' farther and farther off. There wasn't anything left of it up there in the basin but some tangled ends of mist; and then in a minute the whole place was just flooded full with golden sunlight.

"Come!" I says. "Let's go and wave it good-by."

We went over to a gap in the rocks, where we could look down. There it was, a far way below us, with the top of the cloud all rosy-red in the sun, and not a sign of the way it had been. We watched it go driftin' off over the level plain till the sound had sunk to nothin' but a whisper.

"Wasn't it a fierce rascal though?" I says. "But its fierceness didn't come to much, did it? And now look at it! It looks pretty near as if a kid could play with it now, don't it?"

"Just like most of the things that trouble us," she says. "If you only get far enough away from them they don't trouble any more."

"Far enough away!" I says after her. I didn't listen to the rest of what she was sayin'. I just leaned my head against the big cool rock, so as to think it over. "Far enough away!" I says to myself. "Yes, Billy, that's somethin' we'd better be figurin' on. Far enough away! I expect we'd better pick out some other place for a while, hadn't we?" "Well," says I, "where would you say? How would Arizona suit you? It's a long while since we've been in Arizona. It would be a change from Wyoming." "Yes," I says; "but there's my cows and my little bit of land." "Well," says I, "the Boss would buy what you've got and you could have the money to start over with, or doin' whatever you'd take a notion to. It would give you quite a little stake." "But I hate to run off from it," I says, "just as if I was licked." "You are licked," says I. "You know you are. You're plumb licked! There's no use lettin' on like you don't know it. If that's all that's keepin' you we might as well say it's settled." "All right!" I says. "I'll talk with the Boss about it as soon as I get back. And we'd better be startin' back right now."

Hemingford came out to meet us when we got to Raw Hide. He was makin' a big try to hide it, but he was terrible anxious. He looked up in the girl's face first and then over at me. I guess he saw what he wanted to know quick enough, and it made the color come up over his cheeks good and strong.

"Come in, Billy!" he says. It was the first time he'd ever called me that. I liked the sound of the way he said it too. "Come in! Dinner's nearly ready—and I want to talk with you a bit."

"No," I says; "I reckon I'd better not. I'd better be goin' on home now. Some other time."

"But this won't keep," he says. "Listen a minute, anyway. Rathburn and I have decided this morning that we'll buy the Carnes Ranch and go right to work with cattle. We'll need a good foreman of course. What's the matter with your taking the place? The land you own joins the Carnes land. Why couldn't you throw that in with ours and run your cows with our herd—and take stock in our company? We could fix it to suit you. What do you think about that?"

IV

I DID stay to dinner; and then I stayed most of the afternoon too, talkin' the business over with Hemingford and Rathburn. No; it was Hemingford that did the talkin' with me, Rathburn sittin' by and only puttin' in with a couple of words once in a while. He was one savin' man with the language when it came down to talkin' business; but he certainly knew how to make it count. I never knew anybody that could keep from wastin' a word the way he could. I'd made up my mind that he wasn't carin' much about cattle; but he sure showed me I'd been wrong. I've found out those still, cool men are the ones that fool you most when it comes to a showdown.

The talk was perfectly pleasant. Hemingford said they'd give me a hundred dollars a month till we'd got things to goin', besides the interest I'd get for my cows and my land. The talk strung out till pretty late before we got through with it, and there wasn't anything we didn't seem able to fix up. And then, at the last, the girl came out from the house with a big mess of lemonade and a dish of candy she'd been makin' in the kitchen.

"Well, Gift-o'-God," says Hemingford, "we've got him tied hand and foot! He's ours!"

I was all sort of confused in my mind ridin' over to Nine-Bar. "You Billy," I says to myself, "just what kind of a man are you anyway? I wish you'd tell me that, so I can be sure. I thought you told me you'd go to Arizona with me! It seems to me you're gettin' terrible changeable. And sittin' up on a porch on a Sunday afternoon, eatin' candy and drinkin' lemonade! What do you reckon the boys would say to that? And now you're feelin' just as if nothin' had happened to you this mornin'—up there on the Buttes."

That made me begin to get melancholy again—rememberin'. It had been a queer sort of a day. It seemed a long time since I'd rode across the other way after breakfast. It wasn't the least bit like the days I'd been mostly used to, strung out humdrum for weeks and weeks.

"Well, and now what are you figurin' on?" I says. "Haven't you got any ideas at all about it?" "No, I haven't," says I. "What's the use of havin' ideas? They don't ever get you anything. Look at this mornin'! That was the best idea you ever had in your life—and all it got you was a throwdown! And this thing this afternoon wasn't your idea at all. Don't it strike you that the best way for you and me to do is just the way we've always been doin'—just lettin' things happen whichever way they're goin' to? You can't change 'em in any way."

I hadn't made up my mind about it when I got home and hunted up the Boss to tell him. I'd thought he'd be surprised; but he wasn't. All he did was to shake hands with me and grin.

"I've been expecting something of the sort," he says. "I'm glad of it. It's fine! They're a good pair. If I can help, Billy, let me know."

Steve didn't take it that way, though, when I told him. I'd kind of dreaded goin' through the séance with him, on account of

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Fifty years makers of Superior Revolvers

his havin' those triflin' spells of his. But this time he didn't start anything. He didn't even grin. There was just the two of us in the bunkhouse toward suppertime. When he knew about it he didn't do anything but sit right still on the edge of his bunk and put his head down in his hands.

"What next?" he says, sort of dreary. "Say, Billy, how things are changin'! The deer all killed off in the country—and the dry farmers squattin' on the free range; and they're startin' to talk prohibition up at Lusk. And now this! The first thing we know, you'll be one of these prominent citizens and havin' a say in how the country's goin' to be run. Billy, it pains me!"

"Shucks!" I says. I couldn't think of anything else right then. I'd a good deal rather he'd have joked me about it. What he was sayin' sounded like jokin', mebbe, but he was terrible serious.

"Yes, sir," he says—"things are all breakin' up. There ain't goin' to be any more of our whirls, with the gang gettin' so scattered. One man can't whirl all by himself. Think, Billy: It ain't goin' to be long before you and me will be havin' to begin gettin' our teeth fixed up; and combin' our hair over the tops of our heads careful, so as to hide our bald places; and goin' to bed early in the evenin's, so as to get our rest. Are you goin' to like that?"

"Shucks!" I says again. "Just so we don't begin worryin' about our souls!" I meant that for a joke—but it sounded awful feeble.

I was afraid he was goin' to work round to sayin' somethin' about the girl. I didn't want to talk about that. But he passed that up. After a while he laid back in his bunk and stretched his arms up over his head, starin' at the ceilin'.

"Souls!" he says, as if he'd been studyin' over the thing I'd said last. "Souls—and the next world!" I thought he was goin' on with it; but that seemed to be all he wanted to say. It wasn't like him at all.

"You might say you're glad for me anyway," I says. "I would for you, Steve."

"I was just wonderin' if I'd ought to say it," he says. "I don't feel glad. I've got a notion just to quit bein' glad or sorry about anything any more." He certainly did have it bad!

It was along in the next week that we set to work on the Carnes place. Hemingford and Rathburn both had been doin' some hard studyin' about it. It had always been a good ranch, with plenty of water and grass, but it hadn't had care taken of it; and it needed a million things done to it—thinnin' out the scrubs from the cow herd, and gettin' men to cut posts and bring down wire for the new fencin', and puttin' down wells in the pastures, and the like of that—more things than a spry man could keep in his mind all at once.

Hemingford wasn't aimin' to run the place just for sport; nor he wasn't goin' to take chances on anything he could be sure about. He had me spend hours and hours with him, drawin' little maps on paper and addin' up figures, and discussin' the best ways. Most of the cowmen would have laughed at him; but he was dead right about it. He was just chock-full of his ideas. That was his part of the job. Rathburn was buyin' the stuff and makin' the contracts. He was a master hand at that, too; I never saw anybody any better at gettin' his money's worth. He could do it without a speck of fuss too. I was learnin' to know him for a different kind of man from what I'd thought he was at first. You couldn't say that things were warmin' up any between him and me. He hardly ever talked to me at all—only a word or so; he seemed as careful of his words when he was talkin' business as he was of his money; he made every one of 'em get hum somethin'. No, we couldn't ever get to be good friends—the way it was with Hemingford and me; but I wasn't hatin' him. I could get along with him.

Listen, though: The part that caught me was bein' responsible myself in that brand-new way. Honest, I hadn't thought it would be in me! A gang of seven men we had at the start; and most of 'em I'd been knowin' for years—and raisin' the dickens with 'em when I was just a hand myself. I was scared for fear they wouldn't take me for anything but a joke. But you'd ought to have seen 'em! We just whizzed with it till it got to be talked about all up and down the country. It tickled me. I'd take spells of laughin' about it to myself when I'd be alone.

It was pretty near two months since I'd had my last little drink—that night at Lusk with Steve; and when the boys would start a game of quarter-limit in the bunkhouse after supper I'd be sittin' by with my hands in my lap, just lookin' over their shoulders. Don't you think that was funny? Me goin' dry and watchin' after my two-bit pieces! Yes, sir, it sure did tickle me when I'd think about it.

We hadn't got the house fixed up yet fit to live in; so the girl was stayin' down at Raw Hide till a place could be got ready for her, and I'd hardly see anything of her for a week at a time—only when she'd ride up once in a while and get dinner with us, or help her brother settle somethin' about the house, or lookin' after fixin' a way to turn water into the front yard so she could have her flowers. I wasn't tryin' to have any more times with her. I didn't seem to want 'em somehow. I don't know why. I wasn't even tryin' to explain it to myself.

Forgettin' her? Do you think that's likely? Yes—I know I'd forgot hundreds of 'em before. You needn't to poke that at me. A man can forget the flowers he'll pass along the trail; but after he's once set his eyes on Glory is he goin' to forget? That was the way it was with me. I wasn't forgettin', or tryin' to, or wantin' to. My life had opened up with knowin' her. I can't tell you any better than that. It didn't even make me sad to think about her or about not havin' her. She'd given me something that nobody could ever take away from me. I couldn't have let go of it if I'd tried for all the rest of my life. Mebbe you can figure it out so you'll understand.

It was a couple of months or so before her room was finished in the house, so she could come and live with us. It was one evenin' when she came, after our supper was over. We hadn't been expectin' her till the next day, and there wasn't anybody round the house but me. I was out in the front yard fussin' round, because I'd been the one mostly that had kept tinkerin' with her flowers—seein' to waterin' 'em and scratchin' the dirt loose; and movin' some different, curious things down to plant that I'd find growing wild.

I'd got her a wild rosebush; and I'd been doctorin' and nursin' it along, tryin' to make it do somethin' before she'd come, so as to make it look sort of homelike. It had worked, too, partly because there was a bloom on it that evenin' just openin' up and showin' its pretty pinkness. I took her round and showed it to her after I'd turned her horse out.

"It's the first one," I told her. "Are you goin' to let me pick it and give it to you? It would look awful nice in your hair."

She shook her head, with a funny little laugh.

"No," she says. "That's to be yours—for a reward. Don't you believe in rewards? Let me pin it on your shirt."

I wouldn't let her though.

"No," I says; "we won't either one of us pick it. Let's just sit down on the steps and look at it."

It was close to sunset, and the hills back of us were commencin' to make long strings of shadows that went flowin' out across the flats, makin' blue rivers, and spreadin' out like lakes in the hollows, shiftin' and changin' and driftin' slow and swift, both at once. There'd been a wind durin' the day; but it had gone down till there wasn't but barely enough to keep up a sort of rustlin' shiver in the quakin'-asps over beyond the creek. The birds were gatherin' in home, makin' a sleepy chirpin' in the cottonwoods and box-elders. You could just feel the night comin' on. The girl drew a long, contented breath.

"Home!" she says. "It doesn't seem possible that this is to be home! Oh, I love it so! But day after day I keep wondering if it can be really true. You've been here a long time, haven't you? Have you grown used to it?"

"So it gets old, you mean?" I says. "No; and I never will. I'd want to feel sorry for the man that could ever get tired of it—only I'd feel as if mebbe he wasn't worth bein' sorry for."

We hadn't got a fair start at talkin' nor we didn't, because Hemingford came round the corner of the house hummin' at a tune.

He stopped short when he caught sight of her; but then he come on quick and gathered her up in his arms and kissed her, over and over, with her huggin' him round the neck and laughin' up at him.

"I couldn't wait another day, Bob," she says. "I've waited so long; and I've wanted it so—just this—home! Did you ever in your life see a perfectly happy girl? Well, look at her now!"

(Concluded on Page 45)

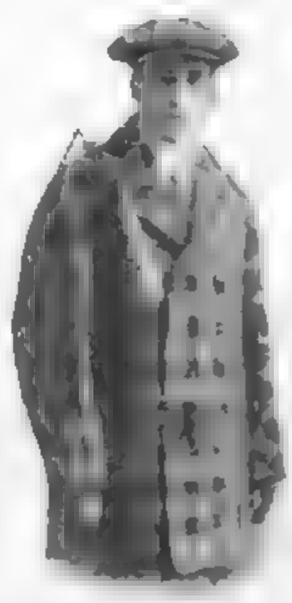
See *Yourself* in the GORDON Great Coat

See yourself in this big, roomy, comfortable Coat and you will buy it.

As stylish as it is good looking. Made from Genuine, Northern Mackinaw Cloth—the Cloth that has stood the test of our severest winters. More coat than could ever have been bought before at the same price $15.00

GORDON MACKINAWS

Like the Gordon Great Coat only shorter



GORDON MACKINAWS are sold in preference to all others in the Northwest where the Mackinaw Coat had its origin. They come in about 50 patterns in checks and plaids and vary in price.

The Gordon Mackinaw is without a question *the* over-jacket of the year.

Long enough to keep you warm,—short enough to leave the legs free.

Made as a plain coat with a belt, or Norfolk Style with plaits and belt,—with or without yoke.

Collars either shawl or notched.

Gordon Mackinaws are real Mackinaws, made by a Mackinaw house in the Mackinaw country.

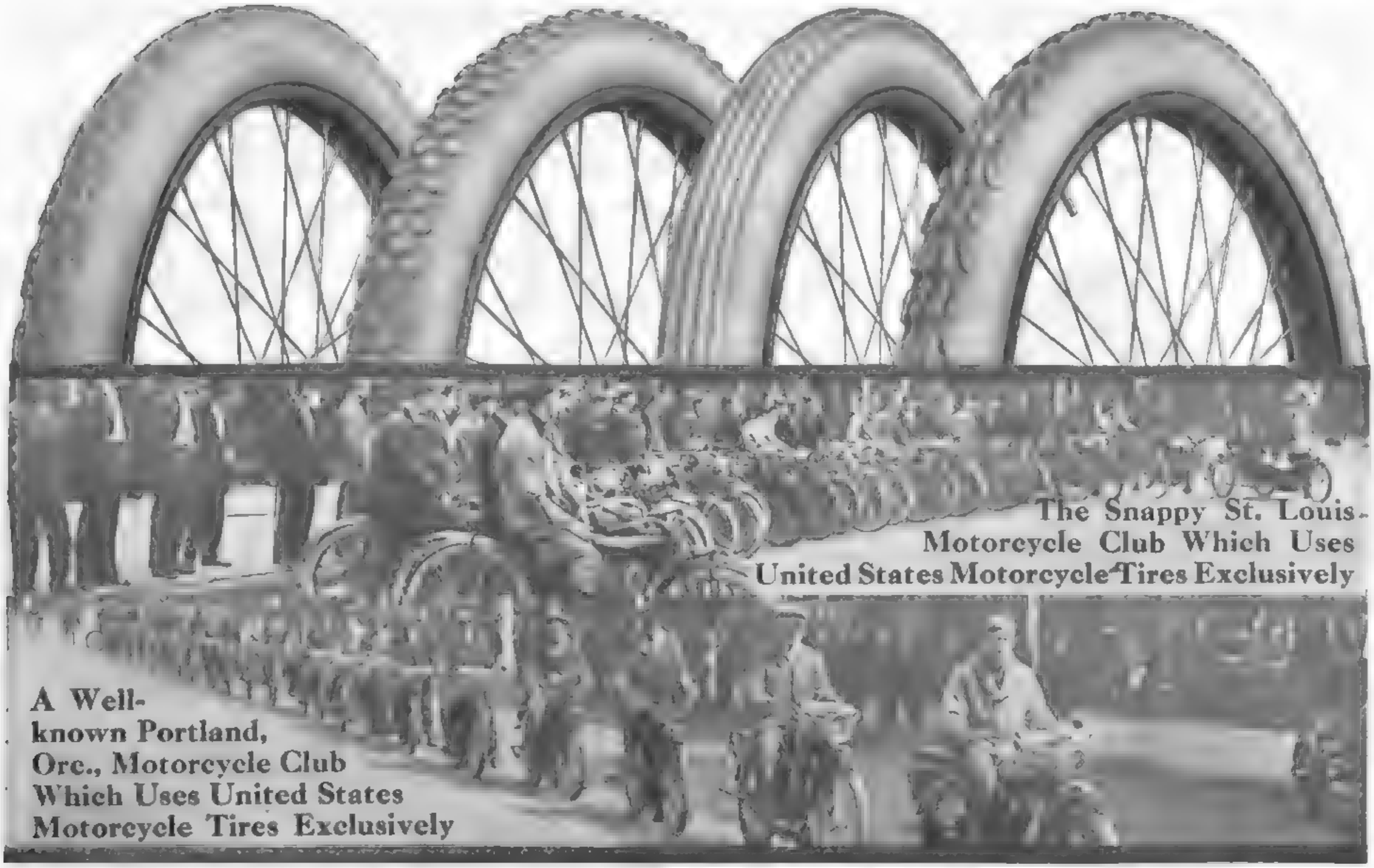
Ask to see style Derby, a Smart Norfolk Coat at $10.00

DIRECTIONS
for seeing yourself in the GORDON Great Coat

TAKE a pair of scissors and cut out the head on the right hand side of this page most closely resembling yourself in type and then lay it just over the collar of the coat shown at the left of the page. You will then know how you will look in the Gordon Great Coat.

Gordon & Ferguson, St. Paul, Minn. **Makers since 1871 of**

GORDON Pure Fur Law Furs


The Snappy St. Louis Motorcycle Club Which Uses United States Motorcycle Tires Exclusively
A Well-known Portland, Ore., Motorcycle Club Which Uses United States Motorcycle Tires Exclusively

The Increase of 139 Per Cent. in the Sales of United States Motorcycle Tires in One Year is Without a Parallel

This Fact is Convincing and Sweeping Proof of the Great Superiority and Popularity of these Famous Tires

It isn't a matter of records but of actual performances year in and year out, on the most rigorous roads, that has made these famous tires the greatest motorcycle tires in the whole world.

The fame of the motorcycle—the healthfulness and usefulness it affords—the practical advantage it is giving to thousands of men to get to their places of work—is demonstrated by the ever increasing numbers and the new uses reported by the motorcycle manufacturers every day.

You will find the vast army of motorcycle riders demanding the famous United States Motorcycle Tires because they *know* the tires that stand the gruelling wear and tear of the very worst roads every day.

These popular tires have demonstrated on almost impassable roads the severe punishment they can stand. They have shown the degree of fitness that means true motorcycle comfort and economy—absolute tire satisfaction to the thousands upon thousands of motorcycle riders.

Note This:—Dealers who sell **UNITED STATES TIRES** sell the best of everything.

REAL UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY SERVICE BRANCHES IN THE LEADING CITIES

ATLANTA, GA	21 Houston St	DAYTON, O	Second and Jefferson Sts.	LOUISVILLE, KY	904 So. Third St.
BALTIMORE, MD	1102 Cathedral St	DENVER, COL.	[illegible]	MILWAUKEE, WIS.	454 Milwaukee St
BIRMINGHAM, ALA	421 So. 20th St	DES MOINES, IOWA	Masonic Temple	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	1522-1524 Hennepin Ave
BOSTON, MASS.	560 Commonwealth Ave	DETROIT, MICH.	243-245 Jefferson Ave. E.	NEWARK, N. J.	[illegible] Raymond St
BUFFALO, N. Y.	733 Main St.	FRESNO, CAL.	[illegible] K St	NEW ORLEANS, LA.	609 Baronne St
BUTTE, MONT.	Cor. Park and [illegible] Sts	GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	17 [illegible] St	NEW YORK, N. Y.	Broadway at 50 St
CHARLOTTE, N. C.	14 So. Church St	HARTFORD, CONN.	Allyn and [illegible] Sts	PHILADELPHIA, PA.	[illegible] N. Broad St
CHICAGO, ILL.	1222 Michigan Ave	HOUSTON, TEX.	[illegible] San Jacinto St	PHOENIX, ARIZ.	Cor. 1st and Van Buren Sts
CINCINNATI, O.	1121 Race St	INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	527 N. Capitol Ave.	PITTSBURG, PA.	[illegible] Penn St. E. E.
CLEVELAND, O.	1908 Euclid Ave	JACKSONVILLE, FLA.	304 Main St	PORTLAND, ORE.	84 Broadway
COLUMBUS, O.	[illegible] N. [illegible] St	KANSAS CITY, MO.	1815 Grand Ave.	PROVIDENCE, R. I.	[illegible] Dorrance St
DALLAS, TEX.	2109 Commerce St	LOS ANGELES, CAL.	923-925 Grand Ave	RICHMOND, VA.	709 W. Broad St
				ROCHESTER, N. Y.	195 East Ave.
				SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	132 E. Second South St.
				SAN ANTONIO, TEX.	[illegible] Main Ave
				SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	636-646 Van Ness Ave
				SAVANNAH, GA.	307 Bull St
				SEATTLE, WASH.	814-820 E. Pine St
				ST. LOUIS, MO.	3139 Locust St
				SYRACUSE, N. Y.	117 W. Taylor St
				TOLEDO, O.	218 N. Erie St
				WASHINGTON, D. C.	1405 H St
				WILKES-BARRE, PA.	60 N. Main St
				WORCESTER, MASS.	Graphic Arts Building

United States Motorcycle Tires

Made by the

Largest Rubber Company in the World

(Concluded from Page 42)

For a whole hour we sat together on the big porch—just the three of us. Rathburn had gone up to Lusk for somethin' along in the afternoon and wouldn't get back till mornin'. There wasn't a thing to bother me; there wasn't anything on my mind at all but to sit there and listen to the happy talk go on, with me puttin' in when I felt like it. That wasn't often. I liked listenin' better. By-and-by the lights flickered up in the bunkhouse, over across the yard, and I could hear the boys beginnin' some piece of foolishness, laughin' and carryin' on. There'd been a time when you couldn't hardly have kept me from goin' over to see what it was about; but this time I didn't care a speck. Listenin' was all I wanted in the world.

I lit out early next day—long before sunup—to measure out a piece of ground where we'd figured on puttin' ditches for irrigatin' alfalfa the next year. I was goin' to be gone all day and do the work by myself; but along in the middle of the afternoon Hemingford followed me down. I'd been gettin' along fine and I was feelin' pretty good over it.

"We can get in a hundred acres in one patch here," I says, "with only a mile of ditchin'; and there's forty acres more below. We'll have plenty of water, too, the way I figure, with only a little dammin'."

"That's good!" he says; but he didn't say it hearty. His voice sounded as if he hadn't got what I'd said to him. The look of him, too, showed he wasn't thinkin' about it. He looked worried and tired. He tried to get interested; but he'd ask me the same question over two or three times—and then he'd have the answer wrong. He quit before long and didn't even pretend to care. "All right, Billy," he says; "I'll go over the figures with you tomorrow. I can't now. I'm going back home. Will you come along?"

It was just the same all the way goin' back. I couldn't get the trouble located. He'd take spells of tryin' to talk; but it would be about first one thing and then another—just scraps that didn't mean anything. And all the time I knew he wasn't mentionin' the real thing. Once or twice he'd straighten up and square himself in the saddle as if he was goin' to get to it; but he never did.

All evenin' he didn't work round to it. Things didn't seem right at supper. Mostly we'd been used to havin' some talk at the table, and Hemingford had generally been the one that would lead off with it and keep it goin'; but this time there was nothin' but eatin'. He wasn't even doin' much of that part. And when supper was over he went right off with Rathburn, walkin'. They didn't get back till away late, after everybody else had gone to bed. I hadn't got to sleep yet; and from up in my room I could hear 'em keepin' at it, out in front, by fits and starts. I waked up once after a while and they were still rumblin' at each other. I don't know what time that was.

I was just gettin' my clothes on in the mornin'—real early—when Hemingford came up to my room. He looked as if he hadn't been asleep at all. He hadn't got through with bein' worried, but he'd got to where he could talk to me. He came right out with it, too, plain.

"Billy," he says, "Rathburn is leaving us!"

It caught me up short. That was the very last thing I'd have suspicioned might have been it.

"What?" I says. "Leavin' us! You mean he's goin' away?"

"Going away," he says after me; and then he stopped.

"Well, gee-whiz!" I says. I had to sit down on the edge of the bed. "Well, for pity's sake!" I says in a minute; "you don't mean he's goin' to stay? Why, where's he goin'?"

"Back to Omaha," he says. "Yes, I'm afraid he's going to stay. He says he's made up his mind. I've been trying all night to get him to change it; but he insists that he's going up to town this morning."

"Well!" I says. I'd had one boot in my hand ready to put on, and I caught myself holdin' it up that way. I put it down on the floor real careful. "Well!" I says. I couldn't seem to get my mind to workin', except for a few little flickers of notions that would go through it. There wasn't one of 'em I could have put in words, hardly. If Hemingford had any idea of explainin' things to me he was terrible slow about it. We just sat and looked at each other for a long while. But a man can say things—and understand 'em too—with his eyes, if he knows how. Before he'd got ready to say a word I'd been gettin' sort of prepared for it, a little bit at a time.

"He wants to have you drive him to Lusk," he says.

"Wants me to?" I says. "Why, what in this world! You don't mean ——" But that's where I had to stop. My head was commencin' to whirl and I could feel my heart goin' wild. Hemingford didn't wait for anything more; he just got up and went out.

It was one curious ride we had. For five miles after we'd started Rathburn didn't do a thing but sit there and stare straight ahead of him and smoke. No—he was mostly just lightin' his cigars and lettin' 'em go out again, and chewin' the other end to rags. He must have ruined one every mile. And all the time he wasn't lettin' on that he even knew I was there. He mightn't have said a blessed thing to me the whole of the way in if only he'd happened to bring more matches with him; but his give out on him.

"Got a match?" he says to me then, and I passed him one. He hadn't more than got a light before his cigar fell to pieces; and he threw the tatters away and got another one.

"Got a match?" he says. I gave him a couple that time; and the next time gave him all I had left. It would save askin' if he didn't want to talk.

Another five miles farther along he made another remark.

"Grass is good here!" he says.

"Fine!" I says; and that was all till we'd topped the last hill and had started down into town. Then he kind of stirred himself.

"I brought you along because I meant to talk with you," he says; "but perhaps it wouldn't have done any good."

"Mebbe not," I says. It would have been comical—if either of us had felt that way.

It was quite a while till train time after I'd helped unload his couple of trunks from the wagon. I wasn't anxious to be hangin' round with him. I was mighty glad of the next word from him.

"You needn't wait," he says. It sounded short, as if he wanted to be rid of me too; but then he put out his hand and took a grip of mine that hurt. "Goodby!" he says. He had to fight hard to get out the last part; but out it came. "Goodby," he says again, "and God bless you!"

The ride back was just as curious as the other one. Part of the way I was puttin' the whip to the team and workin' 'em to a white lather; and then for miles I'd drag 'em back to a slow walk. Not to save my soul could I have told anybody what I was hurryin' for or what I was loafin' for! My head didn't appear to have a thing in it at all. I was too dazed even for tryin' to talk to myself. I wasn't thinkin' a thing or seein' a thing or hearin' a thing; I was just goin'.

Hemingford was the only one in sight when I got to the house. He came down to the fence to meet me. I jumped out of the wagon over the wheel and let the lines drop to the ground.

"Where is she?" I says.

"She's gone for a walk," he says. "She's down by the big spring, I think. I'll attend to your team for you."

I found her standin' beside the water, lookin' down into it—still and white. She heard me comin'; and she turned and lifted her head, waitin'. I broke into a run; but when I'd got a little ways from her I stopped, and we stood and looked at each other. Body and heart and soul were hurtin' with the pain of wantin' her, but I couldn't go on—not yet. It seemed like hours before I was able even to speak to her.

"Listen, girl!" I says. "I won't come any nearer if you don't want me to. If I come I'll take you—and I'll never let you go! But I'm able not to if you'd rather. It would take the life out of me; but I can do it—I can go away from you and let you be."

She waited, not tryin' to answer me—lookin' at me. She didn't move, but I could see her eyes beginnin' to flood with light like sunrise. The things I wanted to say were crowdin' in my throat till they choked me; but I waited, too, till I couldn't wait any longer.

"Oh, Gift-o'-God!" I says. "Let me come!"

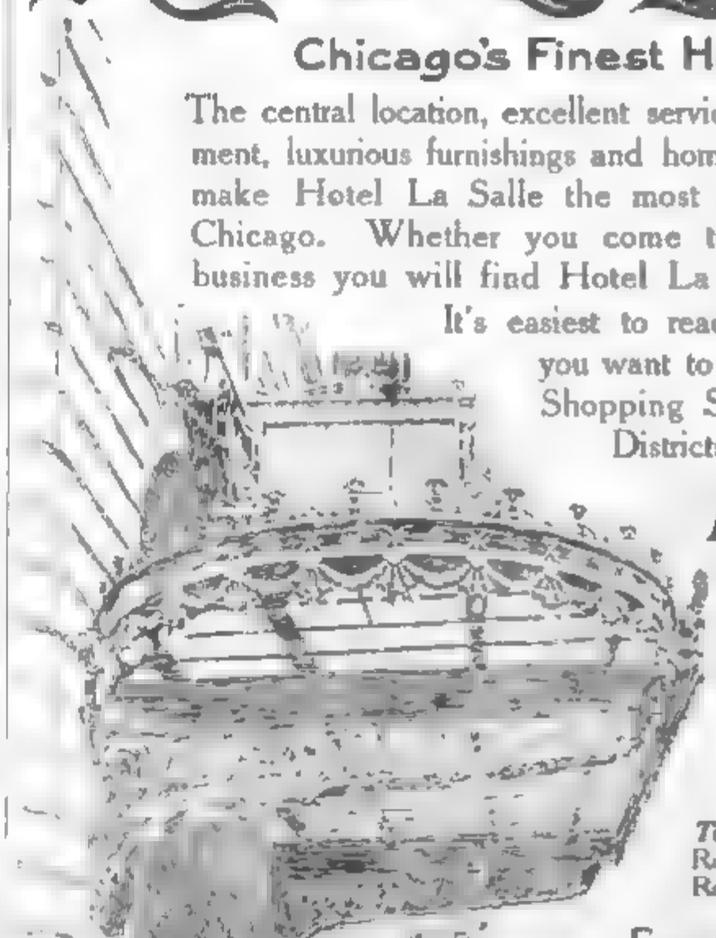
She put out her arms to me—slow—with a little, soft cry, full of all the sweetness that ever was:

"Yes, boy, come!"

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

The central location, excellent service, modern equipment, luxurious furnishings and home-like atmosphere make Hotel La Salle the most popular hotel in Chicago. Whether you come to Chicago on pleasure or on business you will find Hotel La Salle the ideal place to stay. It's easiest to reach—and closest to every place you want to go—Theatres, Public Buildings, Shopping Streets, Financial and Business Districts lie at its very door.



Everybody Likes Hotel La Salle

RATES:

One Person	Per Day
Room with detached bath	$2 to $3
Room with private bath	$3 to $5
Two Persons	Per Day
Room with detached bath	$3 to $5
Room with private bath	$5 to $8

Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. & Mgr.

La Salle at Madison Street

The only Hotel in Chicago maintaining individual floor service throughout.

MEN change—customs change—fashions change—but THE L SYSTEM Standard of Quality is invariable.

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes for Young Gentlemen

are the most originally designed and skilfully tailored garments to be had. Leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada are now showing the new Fall Styles.

Send 2c for THE L SYSTEM Style Journal and 24c for a set of College Posters.

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H U P

WE believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world—and we also believe it to be by far the best car for the average American family.

We believe it is the best for the American family because we believe its life is longer and its cost of maintenance less.

Somewhere near you are numerous Hupmobile homes.

See if it is not true that they cherish the car as a family friend.

See if it is not true that the Hupmobile home is free from the haunting fear of excessive expense.

See if it is not true that the Hupmobile is a tie that binds together, in happiness and health, every member of the Hupmobile household.

Just a Word or Two About The Hupmobile Coupé

On the opposite page is the Touring Car all ready for wet and wintry weather.

But some of you prefer perhaps even more of cosiness and warmth.

To these—pictured and priced on this page—comes the comforting thought of the Hupmobile Coupé.

Just as good a car, of course—we're speaking of the chassis—as the standard Hupmobile.

With the added charm and elegance of the closed carriage—in its most economical form.

Advantages in This Car that Don't Stop Short

For the round-town trips of the head of the house in sharp weather—a blessing and a boon.

For the shopping tour or the trip to school on wet and windy and wintry days—too obvious a comfort to need pointing out.

We all know the advantages of the electric.

You've got them all in this Hupmobile Coupé—and they **don't** stop short

Hupp Motor Car Company,

Hupmobile "32" Three-Passenger Coupé—$1350 f. o. b. Detroit, with Westinghouse Two-unit Electric Starting and Lighting System.

Black and nickel finish. Upholstering [illegible] whipcord over 10 inch [illegible] Extra wide seat, 52 x 22 in. We[illegible] [illegible] (Westinghouse) Electric Starting and Lighting System with [illegible] per cent Magneto Ignition [illegible] High and low candle power head lights [illegible] combination dash and tonneau tail lamp Speedometer with [illegible] lock Oversize 33 x 4½ tires, with demountable rims and extra rim and tire carrier at rear Electric horn, 100 ampere hour battery 200-mile gasoline capacity

The car of The

mobile

TWO or three weeks ago Hupmobile dealers from all parts of America and Europe as well came together in convention at the factory to see this new car.

And one man swept the convention by saying what everyone else had thought but had not said.

For ten minutes he had been telling of the hold of the Hupmobile on his big Western territory; and the crowd went wild when he suddenly drawled, by way of climax:—

"Boys—when yuh talk to me about competition—I—don't—know—what—yuh—mean. I never met up with it!"

And do you know, my dear sir—you who are thinking of buying a car—that this dealer merely expressed a condition that exists everywhere?

Stop and think—have you ever heard any but kind words of the Hupmobile?

Isn't it always spoken of separately—by itself?

Isn't it always singled out, and not grouped, as other cars are grouped together in a low priced class?

And do you know why?

Why This 1914 Car is Unique and Alone

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself because it has a sturdy pressed steel frame.

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself because it has a pressed steel Pullman body.

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself because it is the biggest user of aluminum of any moderate priced car.

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself because it is the biggest user of high priced steel of any moderate priced car.

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself because it has a powerful long-stroke motor, 3¼ in. x 5½ in.

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself because it has an individual, distinctive design.

We believe that the Hupmobile is in a class by itself, in other words, because of the careful and exhaustive attention to the most intimate details of construction—and by the use throughout of the finest materials obtainable, no matter what the cost—it has justified its right to be compared to the costliest cars as "a perfect small diamond compares to a large one."

1229 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"32" Touring Car or Roadster—$1050 f. o. b. Detroit

SPECIFICATIONS

Four-cylinder L-head long-stroke motor, 3¼ x 5½ inches; cone clutch; selective sliding gear transmission, sliding gears. Center control. Full floating rear axle. 106 inch wheel base. Tires, 32 x 3½ Q D. Rear wheel brakes. Magneto cover.

EQUIPMENT

Electric horn, combination gas and electric lamps, gas tank under cowl. Prest-O-Lite; all lamps and tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"F" Touring Car or Two-passenger Roadster with 45 inch wheel base, 32 x 4 tires, demountable rims; extra rim and tire carrier at rear—$1200 f. o. b. Detroit

American Family

Barrett Specification Roofs

Economy *and* Protection

THE fire standards for theatre buildings are especially rigid. It is significant, therefore, that a large number of theatres throughout the country carry Barrett Specification Roofs.

These roofs are acceptable to fire underwriters everywhere and always take the base rate of insurance.

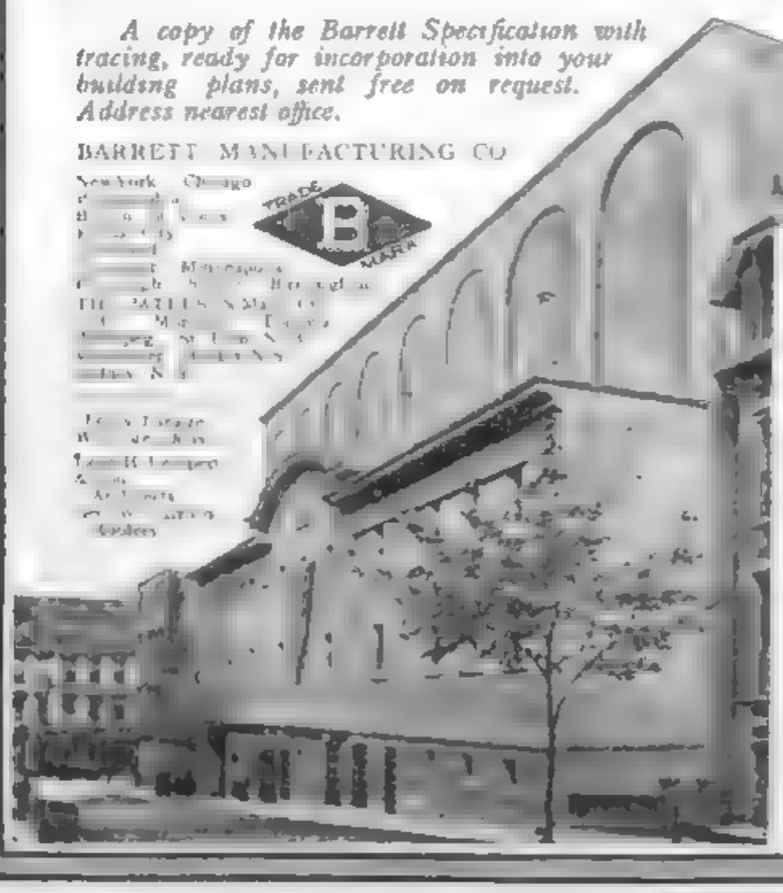
Their cost is less than that of any other permanent roof covering; they require no expenditure whatever for maintenance and usually last about twenty years.

A Barrett Specification Roof consists of five plies of tarred felt and pitch with a top covering of slag, gravel or tile. Being one continuous sheet with no laps or seams, it blankets the flames in case of fire and will last until the supports beneath are entirely destroyed. From the standpoint of both economy and protection such roofs should be used on all permanent buildings.

A copy of the Barrett Specification with tracing, ready for incorporation into your building plans, sent free on request. Address nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO

New York Chicago



Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

The Guaranteed Flour
OCCIDENT
Costs A Little More Than Others Worth It
OCCIDENT
Russell Miller Milling Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

DEADBEATS AND BAD DEBTS

(Continued from Page 11)

like the attitude of one keen jobber, to whom he owed eight thousand dollars. Wherefore there was a green persimmon in his plum pile! So he had written to the jobber whence Kenny had come; and, but for the green persimmon of eight thousand dollars, with which to get the suspicious wholesaler out of the way, he would have been given unlimited credit. All that remained for the Fox then to do was to sell the stock in those five stores, rake in about half a million dollars and fade from the country. But figuratively that one green persimmon disarranged his plans completely and the Fox suddenly found his clever scheme nipped in the bud.

The deadbeats that deal in smaller figures, however, are quite as troublesome to the wholesaler as the larger operators of the Fox type. Their very pettiness helps them to get past the credit desk when a large account could not squeeze by

A jobbing house in the hat business turned over to a clever collector an account of about six hundred dollars against a merchant in a manufacturing town in the West. The debtor's name was not Schiff, but it might as well have been. His statement showed a stock of thirty-eight hundred dollars' worth of goods. When the specialist arrived on the spot he followed his invariable rule of calling on the debtor and then making an appointment at a later hour, in order to give the man an opportunity to adjust himself to the shock. Meanwhile he looked through the stock with a quick, appraising eye and reached the conclusion that the place did not contain more than six hundred dollars' worth of goods. He then studied the storekeeper until the appointed time for their session arrived.

"I've been watching you," was the opening sentence, "and I've come to the conclusion that either you are in the hands of some crook who is bleeding you, or else you're trying to put a fraud over on your own account and haven't the stamina to see it through without letting it get on your nerves. Certainly there's fraud in this thing here—I could fairly smell it the moment I entered the store; and there's no dodging the fact that you've been a mighty worried man for weeks, perhaps months. You show it. I'm inclined to the opinion that there's somebody else behind this game who's putting up the job and using you for a tool. If that's the case now is the time to come out with the whole story. Maybe I can help you out of your scrape as well as help my clients out of theirs. Think it over for a few minutes while I go and get some cigars."

Schiff's Strange Story

On his return the storekeeper was ready to make a clean breast of the situation. His revelations made even a hardened hunter of deadbeats listen with the interest of a novice. The retailer had once been employed in a store with a man who will be called Isaacstein—though that was not his name. It was through Isaacstein that young Schiff had been given his opportunity to get into business for himself.

About three years before, the alert Isaacstein had made the acquaintance of a fellow countryman, named Golden, who had not been long enough in the United States to understand American goods and trade conditions. Golden had loaded up with a stock of shoes valued at nearly five thousand dollars, on which he owed only one bill of six hundred dollars; but trade was dull and the proprietor had visions of seeing the complete dissipation of the little fortune he had brought with him from the old country. In a moment of frenzied depression he confided his situation to Isaacstein, whom he had heard spoken of as a wise one. Isaacstein was sympathetic rather than cheering. There was no denying that poor Golden was on the road to ruin unless something could be done quickly.

Isaacstein intimated that Golden was altogether too innocent to be in business in the United States and that it was a wonder that some sharper had not taken his money away from him on the way over from the old country; but he would see what could be done by way of devising a scheme to save one of his own race from ruin.

The scheme of salvation devised by Isaacstein was this: A small store was to be rented in another manufacturing city not far distant, the lease to be taken in the name that Golden would thereafter assume. The jobbers' labels on the packing-cases in which the stock was to be transported were to be covered by false labels. The new location of Golden was represented by Isaacstein to be a sure winner, and the same authority assured him that the firm which held the six-hundred-dollar claim would never be able to trace him and he could get a new start in life. When he had grown prosperous in this new location he might do something substantial for his adviser—but not until then.

The plan was carried out by the two conspirators—the store was rented and the goods were shipped and installed. Then Isaacstein went to Chicago, called up from a public telephone, gave a false name and notified the credit department of the firm holding the six-hundred-dollar account that Golden had tricked them, and that he could be found at a certain address doing business under a fake name.

Isaacstein was on the ground—making a friendly call!—when the terrified Golden was arrested. His show of anger against the officers and his sympathy for his hysterical friend were proofs of his splendid dramatic genius. As a finale he secured the release of Golden at the very bars of the jail by giving bond. Then he took the half-crazed man to his own home.

The next step was to call in an attorney, who had first been carefully coached.

Before the consultation was over the wretched Golden, with an Old World terror of the law, did not know whether he would be hung or imprisoned for life. All that he was sure of was that if he could escape to Canada he could not be hauled back to his doom. And his good friend was ready with money enough to get him out of the country.

Isaacstein's Surprise Party

Moreover, Isaacstein would also have the bond to pay. The amount of this bond and the hold of the unpaid creditors on the whole stock were properly magnified to the understanding of Golden; and, in consideration of the money for the flight to Canada, the sum of the bond, the uncertainty of the remaining assets and the general desirability of life and liberty, Golden was induced to execute a bill of sale to Isaacstein. He embraced him, into the bargain!

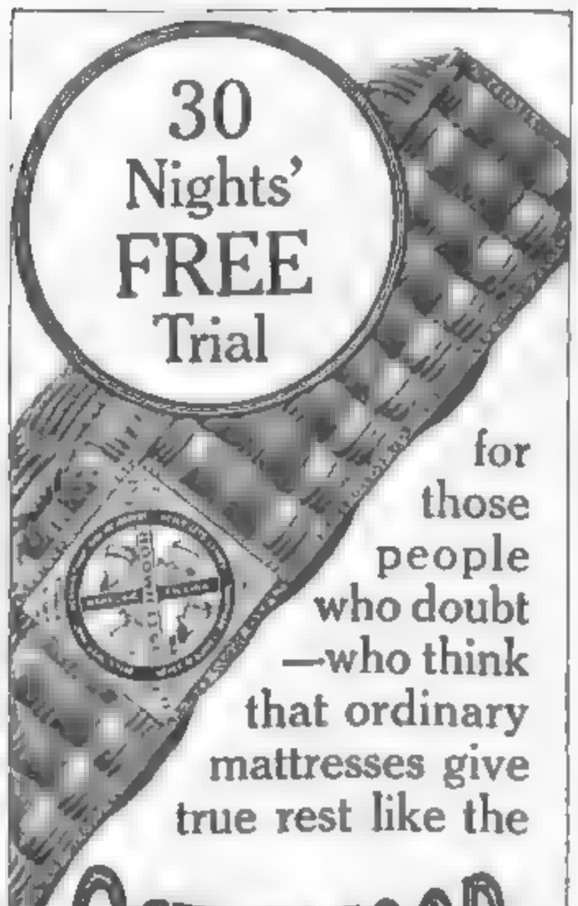
Isaacstein then settled the claim of six hundred dollars and found himself, at a cost of not more than eleven hundred dollars, the owner of a thirty-five-hundred-dollar stock of goods. But legitimate merchandising was altogether too tame a life for this energetic and highly gifted deadbeat. He looked about for another victim and young Schiff answered to the rollcall. This thrifty and ambitious clerk was led to believe that no young man ever had quite such an opportunity. Isaacstein made it clear that time was the essence of this contract; that he must leave within a few hours for Chicago and the West to close up the most important transaction of his life.

Young Schiff decided not to lose his great opportunity by hesitation; he signed the conventional bill of sale prepared by Isaacstein, providing that the purchase price should be the amount of the invoice; that Schiff was to pay two thousand dollars in cash and make a monthly payment of two hundred and fifty dollars; and that in any month he failed to pay Isaacstein this amount Isaacstein was empowered to recover the stock.

Isaacstein's haste to get away to his important engagement in the West gave excuse for the manner in which he foreshortened the work of invoicing, the process of which amounted merely to checking up an invoice already prepared. Packing-cases and boxes were not opened—there was no time for that—and the checking was done against the markings on the cases. Then Schiff was induced to sign his name to the invoice of forty-two hundred dollars.

When the young merchant actually opened the boxes he found that a very exciting surprise party had been prepared for him. Many a box contained only one shoe! The stock, in a word, had been distributed so as to pad out all the empty shoe boxes Isaacstein had found in the store.

Of course Schiff could not do business with such a stock; he was obliged to sort up. He also decided that he could do well with a small line of hats, and he found a firm willing to give him six hundred dollars in goods on sixty days' time. Then Schiff defaulted on a monthly payment to Isaacstein, who promptly took a mortgage on the



30 Nights' FREE Trial

for those people who doubt —who think that ordinary mattresses give true rest like the

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS $15.

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The famous Ostermoor Mattress is built up layer upon layer, with absolutely uniform softness and resiliency from one end to the other.

Have You Had Our Book?

The book with over 200 illustrations—about some things you will wish you had known long ago. Of course, it also explains the merits of Ostermoor Mattresses. This book costs you only a postal card; with it we send free samples of ticking.

A handsome full size mattress 4 feet 6 inches wide and 6 feet 3 inches long, full weight of 45 pounds, best blue and white ticking, will be sent to you by express, prepaid, same day we receive your check or money-order for $15. This amount will be

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

A C A T [illegible]	$15 00
[illegible]	16.50
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Alaska Feather & Down [illegible] Ltd
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The only Shur-on is made by Kirstein

You need a Shur-on if you need glasses

Write for "How to Buy Glasses intelligently"

As your eyes are only as good as your glasses, if you have to wear glasses, you should have properly adjusted Shur-ons. You need Shur-ons if you need glasses.

Test Your Own Eyes

Read with each eye at thirteen inches. If the type blurs have your eyes examined by the best man you know. Say to him, "I want lenses in a Shur-on Eyeglass or Spectacle [illegible] Remember the name Shur-on [illegible] grips to protect you.

LOOK FOR Shur-on THE NAME IN THE BRIDGE OR THIS MARK IN FINGERGRIPS

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Ave. H
Rochester, N. Y.
Est. 1864

store furnishings. The next month Schiff was again unable to meet his payment. He made a strong poverty plea to Isaacstein, who promptly offered seventy-five dollars in cash for the one-carat diamond in the tie of his debtor; but he no sooner placed the money in Schiff's palm than he demanded its return on account of the belated payment. Three days later Isaacstein demanded the balance of the delinquent installment—one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Schiff could not pay and his creditor made the generous proposal that, as the young merchant owed him about thirteen hundred dollars, with considerable interest, he should be allowed to take fifteen hundred dollars' worth of goods from the stock on a basis of eighty cents on the dollar. This procedure gave Isaacstein two thousand dollars in goods, which were removed to another building in the same city. They were there awaiting another victim when the bad-debt specialist arrived on the scene and forced the confession from Schiff.

Isaacstein was immediately located and made haste to settle the six-hundred-dollar claim. The collection expert, not being concerned with the ends of justice, gladly accepted the money and allowed the crafty Isaacstein to go into another state, seeking fresh victims and no doubt contributing generously to the visible supply of desperate accounts demanding the services of a deadbeat specialist.

So long as deadbeats of this character are at large—and their name is legion—the credit and collection force of the wholesale house is not likely to become altogether stale from lack of something to do. The deadbeat of the Isaacstein type is a deadbeat by instinct—he follows the profession because his instincts are predatory, and money made by his wits is far sweeter to him than more money gained in the pursuit of an honest calling.

A Special Service Wanted

The Isaacsteins are the masters of their crooked craft and take as much pride in their achievements as does the expert safe cracksman with an international reputation. They are perpetual thorns in the flesh for the desk credit men and can be successfully dealt with only by the collection expert who is on the ground—out in the field. Both necessity and artistic pride spur them to variety and originality. No credit man who sits at a desk remote from their operations can keep pace with them in any protective way. The best he can do is to classify their feats for future reference. One of the shrewdest jobbing-house attorneys in the country puts the problem this way:

"The best we can hope to do is to hold bad-debt losses down to a reasonable percentage. Of course that is increasingly difficult as the general public becomes more and more expert in the art of extravagance. We look at bad debts as we do at breakage and repairs—an item of inevitable expense that must be reduced to a standard minimum. The cost of compressing that expense must always be considered; the compression must show a profit.

"Undoubtedly the credit machinery of the average jobbing house could be immensely improved. If we could afford to maintain an adequate force of collection specialists in the field all the time no doubt our percentage of losses could be cut down wonderfully; but it now appears that the cost of such a force would be too high.

"We are all looking for some bright man to invent a special service, widely distributed at a cost that will not be prohibitive, and honestly and efficiently operated, that will reduce losses and discourage deadbeats. There has never been a lack of collection agencies claiming to be able to do this; but it is no secret among wholesale credit men that a large percentage of these concerns are fakes and as crooked as the deadbeats themselves. The court records of the country offer conclusive proof of this.

"On the other hand, there is a tendency toward better service—toward real service. This is a natural development. Merchants have become familiar with the artful contracts of the 'skin' collection concern. Again, the opportunities in the field of legitimate, expert collection have become so apparent that they can be seen by men of capital and business integrity. Though the pioneer type of fake-collection expert has done a thorough job of fouling the whole collection nest, the situation is by no means hopeless for an organization of large capital and nation-wide scope, officered by men who are above suspicion on the score of integrity.

—the standard blouse of the world-once adjusted always adjusted—incomparable in quality, practical features of quick and permanent waist fit without the bunching of material at one point—not a button or band to move or lose—no dangling drawstrings—

K&E KAYNEE K&E

LOOK for the LOOP

(PAT FEB. 7, 1911)

BLOUSE for BOYS

Recognized and demanded by wise mothers of boys the world over—distributed by merchants who sell only merchandise of earned repute—

There is no other "just as good"

"Getting Together"—A book by Edna K. Wooley—tells an interesting story—A copy for the asking.

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K&E Blouse Makers

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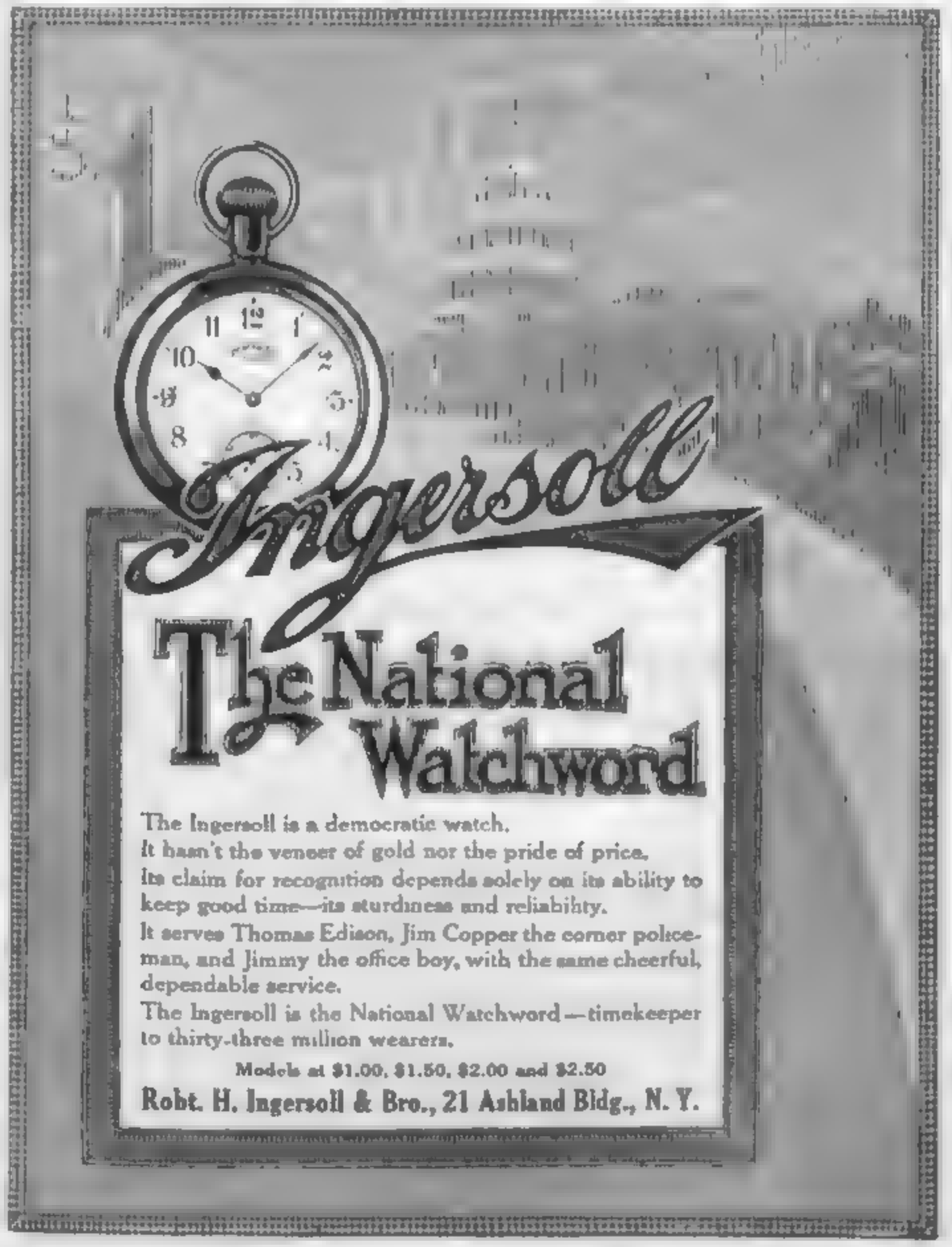


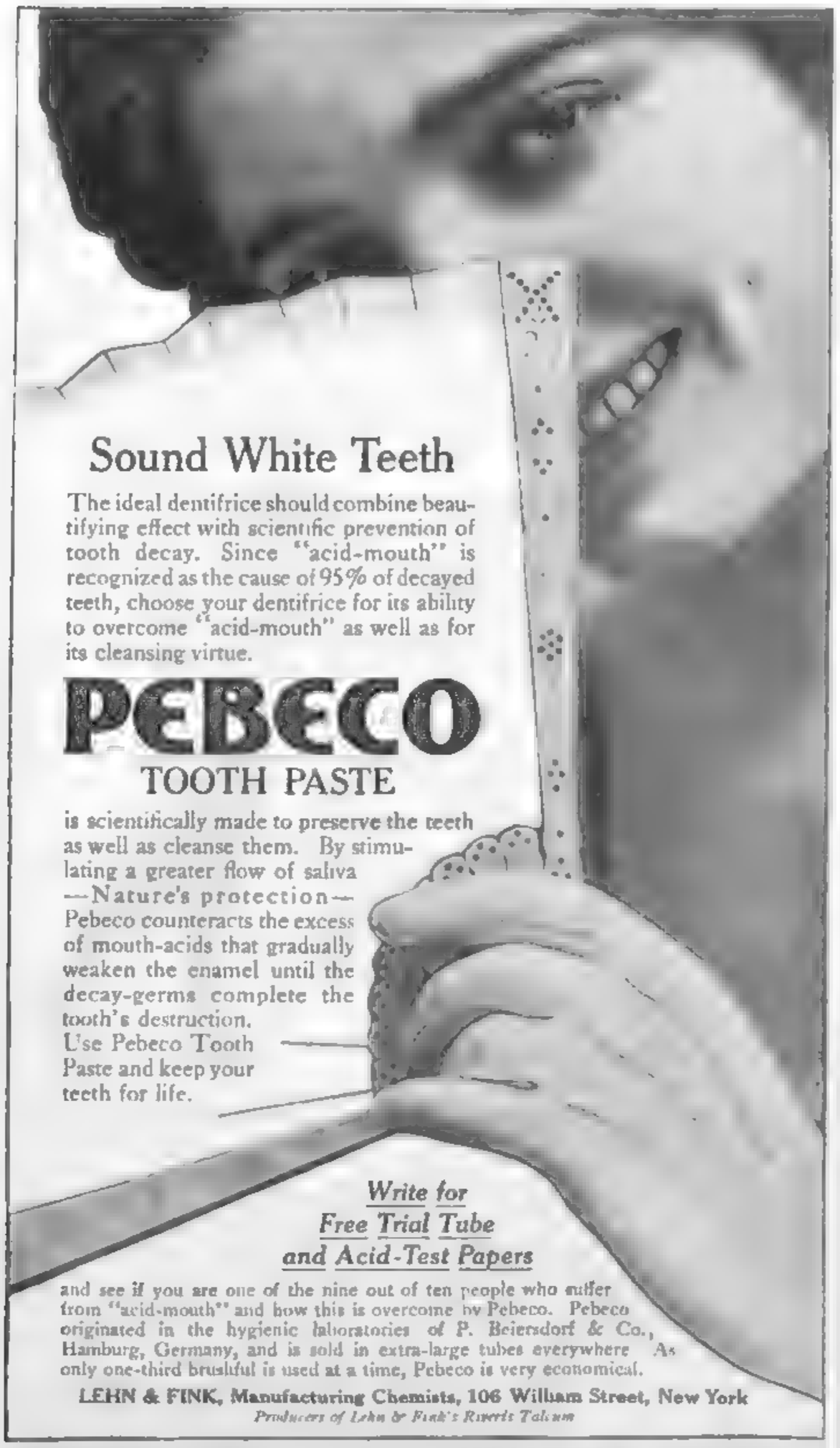
Ingersoll

The National Watchword

The Ingersoll is a democratic watch.
It hasn't the veneer of gold nor the pride of price.
Its claim for recognition depends solely on its ability to keep good time—its sturdiness and reliability.
It serves Thomas Edison, Jim Copper the corner policeman, and Jimmy the office boy, with the same cheerful, dependable service.
The Ingersoll is the National Watchword—timekeeper to thirty-three million wearers.

Models at $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 21 Ashland Bldg., N. Y.



Sound White Teeth

The ideal dentifrice should combine beautifying effect with scientific prevention of tooth decay. Since "acid-mouth" is recognized as the cause of 95% of decayed teeth, choose your dentifrice for its ability to overcome "acid-mouth" as well as for its cleansing virtue.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is scientifically made to preserve the teeth as well as cleanse them. By stimulating a greater flow of saliva —Nature's protection— Pebeco counteracts the excess of mouth-acids that gradually weaken the enamel until the decay-germs complete the tooth's destruction. Use Pebeco Tooth Paste and keep your teeth for life.

Write for
Free Trial Tube
and Acid-Test Papers

and see if you are one of the nine out of ten people who suffer from "acid-mouth" and how this is overcome by Pebeco. Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold in extra-large tubes everywhere. As only one-third brushful is used at a time, Pebeco is very economical.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William Street, New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieerls Talcum

EDWARDS FIREPROOF STEEL **GARAGES**
For Automobiles and Motorcycles

$30 and Up

Easy to put up. Portable. All sizes. Postal brings latest illustrated catalog.

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CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many [illegible] yearly. Both sexes. No [illegible] and [illegible] classified positions. [illegible] recent. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESP. COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings—we guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically.

Certain-teed Roofing
Rolls Shingles

When ready roofing was first put on the market, the public demanded that it must prove its value by actual wear on the roof. *Certain-teed* Roofing has stood the test for years—it has made good in all climates and under the most severe conditions. When artistically laid it makes a roof you can well be proud of. You can't tell how long roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure the *Certain-teed* Quality Label is on each roll.

Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company
E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill.

"If the wholesaler, however, needs such an organization the retailer needs it a hundred times more. The weakness of the whole retail business today is its inability to deal with the constant drain of bad debts. The deadbeat is to the retail trade what the boll weevil is to the cotton industry."

Occasionally the expert in desperate accounts is assigned to a case that palpitates with human passion and is pitched in a key high above mere commercialism. These are the assignments that put the hunters of deadbeats on their mettle, challenge all their powers, and invest the chase with a personal element wholly lacking in the pursuit of the ordinary claim.

A master trailer of the deadbeat was once called to a small city in the heart of a famous farming district of a Western state. Incidentally he met the leading merchant of the town, who, on learning his profession, led him to tell stories of the desperate collections he had made.

Suddenly the storekeeper pointed to a man who had just driven a handsome team in front of the post-office and exclaimed:

"If you could collect a claim I have against that man I'd feel that there is still a God in Israel and that human justice is something better than a byword. But you never can!"

"Tell me about it," suggested the collector.

"He came here," went on the merchant, "years ago, when the whole country about here was in the raw. It was hard enough for those of us who had a little something, but it was worse than that for those who had nothing. All he had was a wife and baby. She was as nice a woman as ever came into a pioneer country and the kid made a place with everybody in the town. Women and children were scarce enough with us in those days, so that this mother and her baby were appreciated.

"There was something taking in the appearance of the man himself. I rather liked him on his own account. He seemed frank and friendly, and there was no doubt he was in hard luck. He said he was at the end of his rope and was going to settle down among us and try to make a home for his wife and the baby. We became friends. He hadn't a dollar or any property that was security for a hundred dollars, but I thought he'd pull out all right if he had a little backing; so I let him open an account for his household supplies. Anyhow, I couldn't see the wife and the baby starve—and that's just what they would have done if I hadn't handed out their supplies."

A Plausible Document

"His bad luck stayed with him for several years and I kept on carrying him. Of course he paid some from time to time, but when he quit paying me his balance was two hundred and fifty dollars. He gave me his note for it—that was twenty-four years ago. The note drew interest compounded at two per cent a month; that was legal and customary in those days.

"Then he began to get on his feet, though he succeeded in fooling me for a long time. He always had a good plausible excuse to offer. But the minute he got his affairs rigged up in shape so that he could safely do so he gave me the laugh, and he's kept it up ever since. Right now he has three thousand acres in wheat and could buy and sell me twenty times over. He's one of the rich men of this whole region, but he's fixed things so that I can't collect on that note. Nothing gives him so much satisfaction as dodging the payment of that note.

"That money kept him and his wife and baby from actual starvation. He knows I need it and that he doesn't. It takes some degree of devilishness to get satisfaction out of deadbeating an account under those circumstances—eh? I'll bet there isn't another case equal to this in America."

"That's something worth going after!" exclaimed the collector. "I'd rather get that money for you than go fishing for a month! You turn the note over to me, give me power of attorney, and I'll see what can be done; but don't expect anything of it. An outlawed note against that sort of customer is about as dead collection timber as any one could ask for."

Before leaving town the collector learned all he could of this debtor's personal and mental habits, and found that he prided himself on not needing to employ a lawyer. On the way back to his own city the collector had an inspiration that made him smile. He visited a manufacturer of seals and rubber stamps, and had a special seal designed and made that bore a family resemblance to the seal of the state and looked as impressively official as the letters of an ambassador. The most conspicuous words of the design were: Recorded and Renewed. Following this legend was a blank space for a dateline.

"That looks as plausible," commented the collector, "as a pan of gold-dust."

He then pasted the note at the top of a long attachment blank and made twenty-four impressions of the seal along the margin of the legal document. His special dating stamp was then set for the first year of the life of the note and each impression of the seal was decorated with a dateline in annual succession.

Armed with this ingenious device and a face as inscrutable as that of the Sphinx, the collector one morning appeared at the big ranch when the champion deadbeat was supervising threshing operations. He introduced himself with the statement:

"I'm an officer of the Hare & Hounds Collection Corporation and I'm here to collect a note for two hundred and fifty dollars, with interest, that you gave Mr. Blank twenty-four years ago."

"Twenty-four years ago!" laughed the big rancher. "Say, are you so green you don't know that a note outlaws in this state in ten years? Why, that note's been outlawed for fourteen years!"

A Crook In a Corner

"I'm not so green as I look," was the quiet response. "That's only a part of our business—to look greener than we are. Perhaps you'd like to take a look at the note and see whether it's outlawed. Here it is. You see it has been renewed and recorded every year. Perhaps you're not familiar with the old statute that enables the holder of a lawful note to renew its life every year by having it officially recorded. I've met several people who overlooked that old provision; in fact, some lawyers don't seem to be familiar with it. But our lawyers are—they're up on every statute that has any relation to the loopholes by which a deadbeat hopes to crawl out. This hole happens to have been plugged—and there's a bit of interesting history connected with the plugging.

"About twenty years ago Mr. Blank was hard pressed. You'll remember that, because he urged you to pay something on this note, which was given for one year only. He had to raise some money and our corporation bought certain claims from him—among them this note; but he told us the circumstances connected with the debt that it represented flour and bacon and food necessaries to keep your family from starvation. He said he'd be glad to have us keep the note until the interest amounted to something substantial and then make you settle. You've had a chance to pay this before, but didn't avail yourself of the opportunity. We knew you had overlooked the old renewal-by-record provision, and so we let this thing run along.

"Mr. Blank is a good friend of ours and we were willing to help him square accounts with you. This note was given when compound interest was legal. The amount of interest and principal today is $74,759.48. If you care to check it up here's the sheet showing the figures by which the total interest has been arrived at. You will pay this today or every dollar's worth of property you have will be attached."

The rancher's face went white. Still, he hesitated. The collector turned and started toward the top-buggy waiting for him.

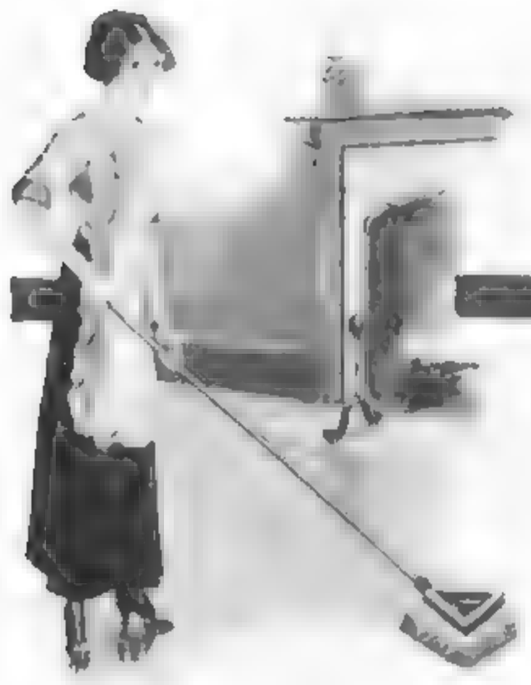
"Tell you what I'll do," the rancher called out: "Make it straight seven per cent interest and I'll pay it."

"Your old friend, the storekeeper, wouldn't do it," retorted the collector—"I know that; he'd stick for every cent of it. He wants satisfaction—not money. But I never refused a reasonable concession to any deadbeat and I'm not much on carrying personalities into business; so I'll take your proposition!"

When the money was paid the collector was careful to hand the rancher only the note itself. The attachment blank with its seals was returned to his own pocket.

No matter what miracles of collection the deadbeat specialist may perform, he has only scratched the surface of the science of collecting until he learns that it is the greater part of his art to build one desperate account customer into a discounter than to outwit a dozen deadbeats.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Forrest Crissey.

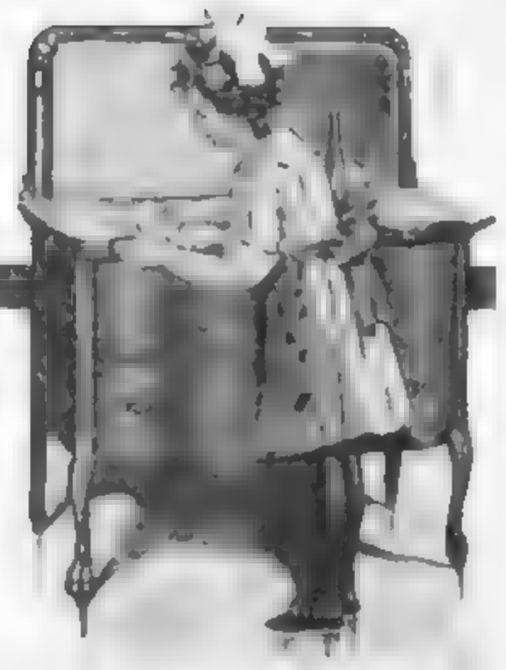


Gets-in-the-Corners

WIZARD TRIANGLE POLISH MOP

The triangle shape "gets-in-the-corners."
Spread of mop, 8x8x8 inches.
Mop comes already treated with Wizard Polish—enough for 3 to 8 months.
Padded frame protects furniture and woodwork.
54-inch handle reaches everywhere.

Light, strong and durable.
Weight, complete, only 2 lbs. 8 oz.
No stooping. No getting down on hands and knees—no discomfort whatever.
Fine also for use on woodwork and linoleums.
Mop can be stood in tin container when not in use. No [illegible] floor.



Still Time to Accept This Great Offer!

WIZARD TRIANGLE POLISH MOP

The Mop that "Gets-in-the-Corners"

Thousands of women all over the country have saved money by taking advantage of this money-making offer on the **Wizard Triangle Polish Mop, and Wizard Polish.**

The **Wizard** is the mop that "gets-in-the-corners." The triangle shape does it. No stooping—no back-breaking exercises—no kneeling—no discomfort whatever. The long, strong, light handle reaches everywhere—from the remotest corner to the tops of doors and moldings. All done while you stand.

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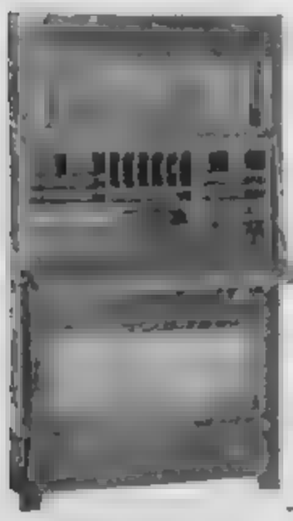

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THE BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 21)

when she wanted to, as in this case, when she was lured on by the whiff of that sausage, she could get into her clothes almost as quickly as a fireman.

I'll abridge considerably the account of the two unforgetable hours that we spent in my rooms, from half past eleven to half past one. Really, there is just one fact to chronicle, though it will require some explanation.

That fact is that I did not fall in love with Elaine.

She was simply lovely all the time, fascinating, bewildering—in some moments almost unbelievable. The only thing about her that did not change was her gay friendliness. And the sweetness of that and of her impulsive, caressing little demonstrations of it was something I had never known the like of before.

All the way up to my rooms, while we walked along, the three of us, arm-in-arm, with Elaine in the middle, I experienced occasional tremors lest when she saw how really Spartan my quarters were—she gets more in a week, you see, than I do in a year—she might turn a bit sniffy.

The injustice which that fear did her was the result of my abysmal ignorance. Really she was one of the simplest persons in the world. I began to realize that only after the exiguities of my culinary department were revealed to the full and Elaine, deliciously enveloped in a big apron which my housekeeper keeps hanging on a nail in my closet, was to be seen crouching before my open stove, toasting the sausages herself. I had only two coffee cups—Carrington wanted coffee and I needed it—so Elaine drank her buttermilk out of my shaving-mug, after we had boiled it and taken due precautions against soap.

After she had eaten quite an appalling number of sausages and some soft-boiled eggs it appeared that food had the same effect upon her that it has upon a young dog or a small boy. She wanted to romp, and she did.

Her eye fell upon my grand piano—the one luxury that I possessed. "How well do you play?" she asked.

"Just about decently," I told her, whereupon she ordered me to the keyboard.

I have just ruined a day's work trying to tell you what she did—and coming to the conclusion that it cannot be done. They weren't things that you could enumerate like a menu or a vaudeville bill; not recognizable stunts which are introduced by some old friend's saying, "Oh, I tell you! Do the Cubist lady coming downstairs." If you will try to combine in your mind the riotous exuberant grace of a kitten, the deliciousness of a six-months baby, and the plain funny simplicity of a pup —— No, that won't do, because, after all, the major wonder of her was a sort of electrical emanation, a personal thrust that gave carrying power to everything she did. Her slightest, most inconsequent movement somehow came across, made a dent in you.

I don't know whether what I have been saying means anything or not. I am doing my prosaic, unimaginative best to give you a glimpse of what Carrington and I sat there and watched and felt for more than an hour—I on the piano bench and Carrington over in a corner in a Morris chair and a cloud of pipe-smoke and silence.

Why had he left us like that—almost as much alone together as if he hadn't been there? Presently I saw the reason. And the reason explains why I did not fall in love with Elaine.

Do you remember the little flower that Mercury gave Ulysses to smell in order that the charms of Circe might not prevail over him? Well, the little flower whose sanative fragrance kept my wits from spinning into a vertigo was the flower of an illuminative understanding. I knew suddenly what I was to her—why she was putting forth all her powers upon me. I was a new toy that Carrington had given her to play with. I was probably the first college professor who played the piano that she had ever known, the first person who grilled his own sausages for breakfast over a Franklin stove, and she couldn't be happy about me until she had opened me up and seen my wheels go round. Once she had seen, it wouldn't matter greatly to her whether my works could ever be properly replaced or not. But even if they could, their placid, normal ticking would have no power to excite her.

When the flood of her charm had gone by I suspected there would remain upon me a thin deposit of her regard, which might with cultivation prove fertile for a friendship.

The floods had gone over Carrington, probably more than once, and the deposit lay thicker on him than ever it would on me. Yet how it must feel to see it raging somewhere else!

The whole thing came upon me at once. A poignant flash of sympathy for him and a realization that my own feet were securely on the ground again, that I was permanently safe from her, from the scorch and dazzle of the lambent beauty of her that burned before my eyes, from the lure of her naïve blandishments and her almost childlike caresses. I could always like her. I could never possibly fall in love with her.

The odd thing is that she seemed to perceive almost as quickly as I did that the electrical tension had somehow gone out of the air that the spell she had been weaving was broken. In the full tide of her career she stopped short, indulged in a long, lazy stretch, dug her knuckles into her eyes and yawned. I know a man who said once that he would rather see a certain girl he knew yawn than any one else smile. It wasn't Elaine he said it about, but it might have been.

"I'm getting sleepy, Maurice," she said, turning to Carrington. "Take me back to the hotel."

Then she turned back and looked at me, came over to me, took my face in both her hands and turned it up toward her. She gave me a rather puzzled look, that hadn't a grain of resentment about it, and dealt me a friendly pat on the head.

"You're all right," she observed.

Well, I was inclined to agree with her. I felt I had done pretty well.

Quite as an afterthought she asked me to go back to the hotel with them. They both had on their outdoor things and were on the point of leaving. The suggestion, I saw, had reference not to myself, but to Carrington.

I shot an inquiring look at him, which he answered with one of full understanding and full meaning.

"Yes," he said, "come along. I wish you would."

So, arm-in-arm again, we made our way back to the hotel at half-past one in the morning.

An unsuccessful attempt to motor to Monroe from a nearby city had once before landed me at the Palace Hotel at that immoral, impossible hour, and I thought I knew what we should find there. The outer door would be locked, the bell wouldn't work, the night-clerk would be asleep behind the counter, and when we had roused him and got inside we should be told that the elevator stopped at one and that to get to one's room one must walk.

So, though Elaine and Carrington took it as a matter of course, I was profoundly astonished to find the door open, an automobile outside, the lobby fully alight and a little group of men, including the night-clerk and the proprietor himself, discussing matters in low tones.

No one paid the slightest attention to us at first. Presently one of the group detached himself and walked briskly to the telephone booth. It was young Dorgan, the new District Attorney, and his presence there gave me an inkling that something was up.

The proprietor saw us in a minute or two and came over to us.

"I'm very sorry that this should have happened tonight, while you were here, Miss Arthur," he said. "I hope you won't let it make you uncomfortable."

Oddly enough Elaine paled a little. I didn't quite see why she should, because Dorgan's presence could have suggested nothing to her.

"What is it that's happened?" Carrington asked.

"Haven't you heard?" the proprietor exclaimed incredulously. "I'm sorry to say it's murder. My first in twenty years' experience," he added with a sigh.

"Your first!" Carrington and I exclaimed it simultaneously like a philopena.

He explained that he meant it was the first that had ever happened in his hotel. And it was then that I felt Elaine give a sort of shudder. She still had her hand through my arm.

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"It happened up in 309," added the hotel proprietor sadly.

"What?" cried Carrington. "That's my room!"

But it seemed he was mistaken about that. His room was on the third floor, but it was numbered 209 because they didn't begin counting till one floor up. 309 was the room directly above Carrington's.

"Who—who did it?" asked Elaine shakily.

It struck me as an odd question to ask first. One generally begins an inquiry like that with the victim.

Either the proprietor misunderstood her question or else he was one of those persons whose mind never can shift to meet the unexpected, because he said:

"It was an oldish woman who came to town only this afternoon and registered here under the name of Robinson. So far as we know she never left the hotel. About nine o'clock tonight the lady in the next room heard sounds of a quarrel going on in there that ended in an outcry and a thud as if some one had fallen. Unfortunately she waited a while to see if anything else followed, and then notified the office. If she had acted promptly we might have caught the murderer red-handed. As it was, when the clerk and the porter reached her room there was no one there but the old woman, dead upon the floor. She'd been struck upon the head by something blunt and heavy."

"But—but who did it?" Elaine persisted.

"Why," began the proprietor, "it was a——" And then he stopped. Dorgan presumably had coached him to be discreet about that. "A certain person," he said more guardedly, "came to the hotel a little before nine and, without inquiring at the desk, went up in the elevator and got off on Mrs. Robinson's floor. He came down again and left the hotel just before the lady in the next room telephoned to the office. He was traced to the theater, but got inside before the officers could overtake him. They were afraid of starting a panic if they attempted to search the house while the performance was going on, so they watched all entrances as the people came out and, unluckily, they missed him. We've every hope, however, of catching him before morning. He can't possibly get away."

The proprietor's story gave me something to think about. I knew now why they wanted the little hunchbacked gentleman with the crutch, and the method by which he had disappeared from the theater without his crutch would bear a little thinking out.

But I hadn't any leisure for the process just then, because Elaine's clutch on my arm became suddenly almost convulsive. Her words were almost exactly what they had been on the earlier occasion.

"Take me out of here!" she exclaimed excitedly. "I can't—I can't stay here with that. Take me away—anywhere!"

Well, it was getting on toward two o'clock in the morning, and the little city of Monroe was shut up tight as an oyster. There was only one thing to do that I could think of—Carrington seemed unable to think of anything.

"We'll rout out your maid," said I, "and take you and her to my rooms. I shan't mind sleeping here in the hotel."

That was the plan we put into operation. And thus it happened that once more, a little after two, we made our way down the street again to my apartments. As we were leaving there Elaine called out to me to get her key at the desk and occupy her room at the hotel.

I didn't think I would, all things considered, but the suggestion brought something back to my mind. Suppose the person who had kissed me by mistake had made the same mistake that Carrington had made a while ago about the room numbers—had mounted three floors and then got off, and had gone to 209 instead of to the room where that old woman had just been murdered?

I told myself that it was a silly, far-fetched idea, but that didn't serve to drive it altogether out of my head.

There was no one in the office when we got back to the hotel, so instead of trying to get a room for myself I went up with Carrington to his—there was a spare bed in it. As the elevator wasn't running, we walked.

It's our perfectly innocent, inconsequential acts that turn out to be last straws and break the backs of our reputations.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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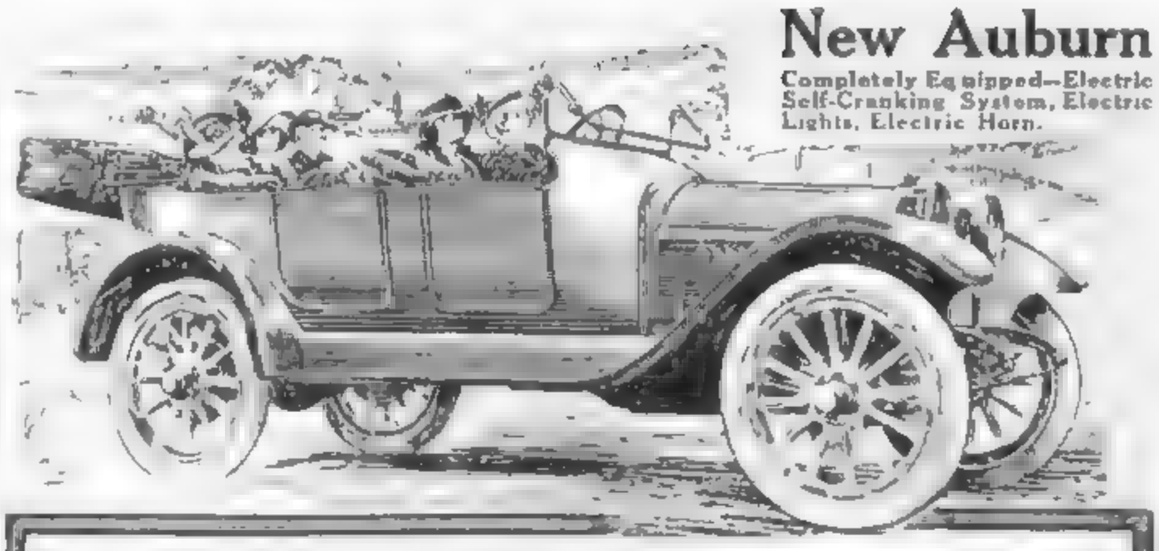

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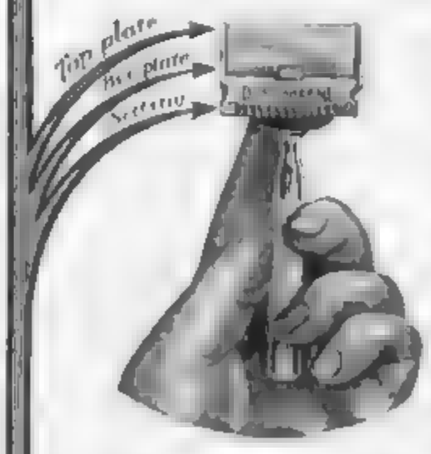

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

THREE NEW VIEWS OF A MAN AND HIS JOB

(Concluded from Page 23)

for the development of a hundred different talents and abilities. It is being learned that all men and women have special tastes and gifts, and that these can be measured and developed. As a professor of engineering puts it, some men cannot tolerate indoor work, while others thrive on it. Some must have roving employment, while others are happy only in a settled place. Some like to fuss over a little piece of intricate mechanism and others prefer a hurly-burly job of big dimensions. Some chafe under accurate specifications that eliminate personal initiative, and others seem to be born to work by rule and direction.

Yesterday the applicant for a job could be given a hammer and a saw and set at carpentering. If he sawed a board wrong or nailed it in place upside down the loss was small. Today, however, the applicant may be given the operation of a trolley car worth more than he would be able to earn in many years, and sent out on the street where he will have considerable opportunity to destroy life and property. That sort of job—and it is a typical modern job—calls for finer adjustment. When railroads began testing the sight, hearing and other faculties of applicants for places as engineers and motormen, they started a measuring development that promises to go to great lengths. The psychologist in his laboratory is refining methods of measurement and gauging faculties overlooked under the old tests, and he is applying his measurements to men in the service as well as raw candidates.

Managers with no training in psychology are arriving at essentials in their own way, learning to distinguish between men who are headworkers and men who are handworkers, those who like responsibility and those who shun it; noting the degree of adaptability the applicants possess, and so forth.

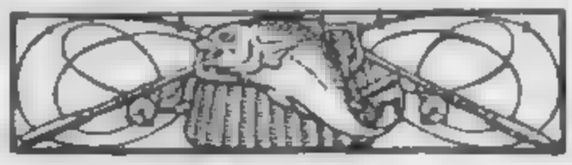
But measurement and classification are only the beginning of modern hiring and assignment to work. There is a popular suspicion that in time the man hunting a job will step into a psychological workshop, have his faculties scientifically gauged in millimeters, and hear the unchangeable verdict: "You can be nothing but a lathe hand," or "You were born to tend a battery of screw-cutting machines." Yet measurement and classification, let them be carried ever so far, are only the beginning. The experts themselves warn against hasty judgment, and hold that in every man and woman there may be buried faculties needing only development. So the chief point is to follow the applicant after he has been set at work.

Once upon a time a man got comfortably through a lifetime at a single trade, and perhaps it served his sons and grandsons too. But today it takes several different trades to piece out a lifetime, so fast do processes shift and methods change. The modern idea in hiring is to gauge the man by his faculties, assign him to a suitable job, follow him, help him develop those faculties, boost him into better places as he becomes fit to fill them, and help him succeed by his individual ability.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of three articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

Motor Music

AN AUTOMOBILIST'S bugle that will play any bugle tune desired if one simply blows in it, and will never strike a false note, has appeared in England. It is a little brother of the perforated-roll automatic piano-player. In appearance it is much like the four-pipe bugles that are now common, but it has a small compartment in which is placed a disk of paper about the size of a coin. The disk has perforations which control the sounding of the right notes, and disks can be punched for any call that can be played on the four-note bugle.



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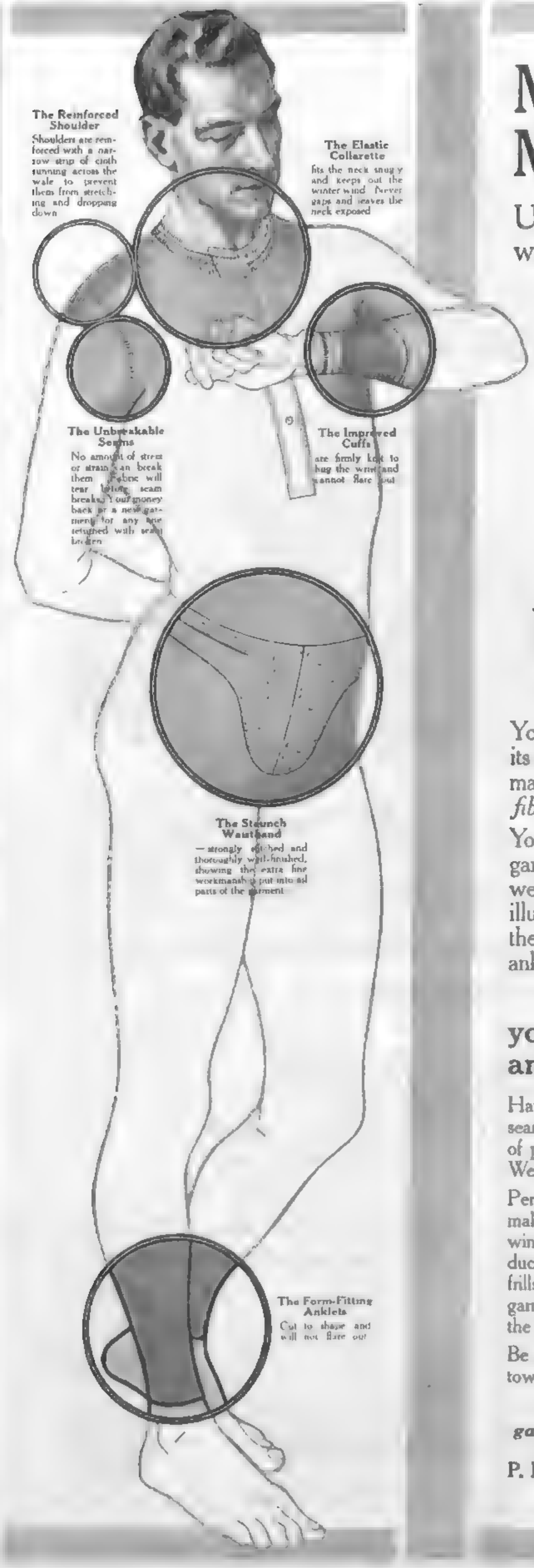
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50c per garment—$1.00 per Union Suit

You will immediately *like* its appearance. *Feel* it. Note its downy-softness, silky-smoothness, fleecy-warmness. It's made of specially processed yarns spun from the finest *long-fibre* cotton that grows—naturally elastic, yet elastic knit.

You couldn't ask for a more comfortable, sightly undergarment. Remarkable value if we stopped right here. But we go still further and add the *extra* values shown in the illustration—the elastic collarette, the reinforced shoulder, the improved cuffs, the staunch waistband, the form-fitting anklets and

the unbreakable seams—your money back or a new garment for any one returned with a broken seam

Have you ever been pulling on your underwear when r-r-r-i-p went a seam in the leg? You know how aggravating that is. Well, no amount of pulling and tugging is going to break a seam in Hanes Underwear. We're so sure of this that we make the above absolute guarantee.

Perhaps you wonder how we can offer so much for so little, but we make no secret of it. For years we have specialized on making men's winter underwear in this one grade. We've minimized the cost of production to add to the quality of material and making. We omit the frills and the furbelows and substitute common-sense needfuls. Every garment is designed to give comfort and fit and wear and satisfaction to the last degree.

Be sure to wear "Hanes" this winter. Look up the dealer in your town that sells it, or write us for his name.

Look for this label in every garment. Buy none without it.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES

Wisdom

It is folly to try to express your feelings through a box of *mere* candy.

It is "wisdom" when the candy is Johnston's. That is because of the Johnston *quality* which makes *more* than mere friends *everywhere!*

"The Appreciated Candies"

T-R-I-A-D
Original Dutch Bitter-Sweets
Chocolates Extraordinary
Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Creams
Assorted Fruits in Cream
Quintette Chocolates
Innovation Sweets
Malted Milk Chocolates
Glacé Cream Bon Bons

Johnston's is famous for freshness, richness and everything that makes for *candy purity* and *highest quality.*

May be had of nearly all enterprising dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send an 80c or $1.00 package of any of the Johnston favorites, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

Look for the mark of good quality—in

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

You'll find it on the back of the shield. The name PARIS is stamped there for your protection.

A. STEIN & CO.
Makers
CHICAGO NEW YORK

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 140 W. 103 St. New York
Select, Home-like, Location
Bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00
Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

THE INCANDESCENT LILY

(Continued from Page 5)

himself sick about that barberry—it slept in such a very exposed place. And even if they did think it was quite hardy, he didn't! And he could hardly wait for spring to see his favorite put out leaves and bloom, and adorn its saucy arms with berries. And he dug into tough books and spent hours over the dried specimens in the herbarium; and gradually the authorities, seeing how in earnest he was, went more and more out of their way to put knowledge in his.

And at last one day in spring he and the Head met by accident among the hawthorns, that had been brought from every part of the world so that they might have the pleasure of seeing each other bloom and fruit; and the first thing Chudder knew he was answering one kind question with the entire story of his life—and the next thing he knew he was being told to keep on as he was going, and that in the near future he would be a botanist to reckon with. And they sat on a wall; and for the Roland of his life Chudder had the Oliver of the Arboretum's. But it was more like the life of a man than the life of a garden; for it was full of grim struggles to make two ends meet, and dreams pigeonholed for want of money, and perseverance in the face of odds, misunderstandings and selfishness.

"And they think," said the Head, "that it's just a sort of Boston Central Park!"

But Chudder stood up for Central Park.

"You can't get away from the fact that it has more Queens of the May to the square inch than any other park in the world; and the squirrels will eat out of your hand. To have accomplished even this with unlimited means was worth while. And, besides, it inspired Davis to write about a ride up the avenue, and about Van Bibber's voyage in the swanboat."

The Head laughed.

"The real reason," said Chudder, "why money in bales isn't showered on the Arboretum is simple. Look at this institution and that! Why do they get so much money? Because they'd rather have the money than anything else. It's their end—not their means to an end. With you, it's different. If I had the root of a blue rose—a fringed gentian-blue rose—in one pocket and a million dollars in the other, and you could have your choice ——"

"Fringed gentian blue," said the Head, his eyes shining, "I think, single—with the habit, foliage and vigor of the Cherokee; hardy in the Atlantic States ——"

"Then I am to give the million to a freshwater college?"

"——Exempt from the attacks of insects ——"

Then they both laughed, though for a moment the blue rose had seemed wonderfully real and—if you know the glorious white Cherokee—very beautiful, and more to be desired than much fine gold.

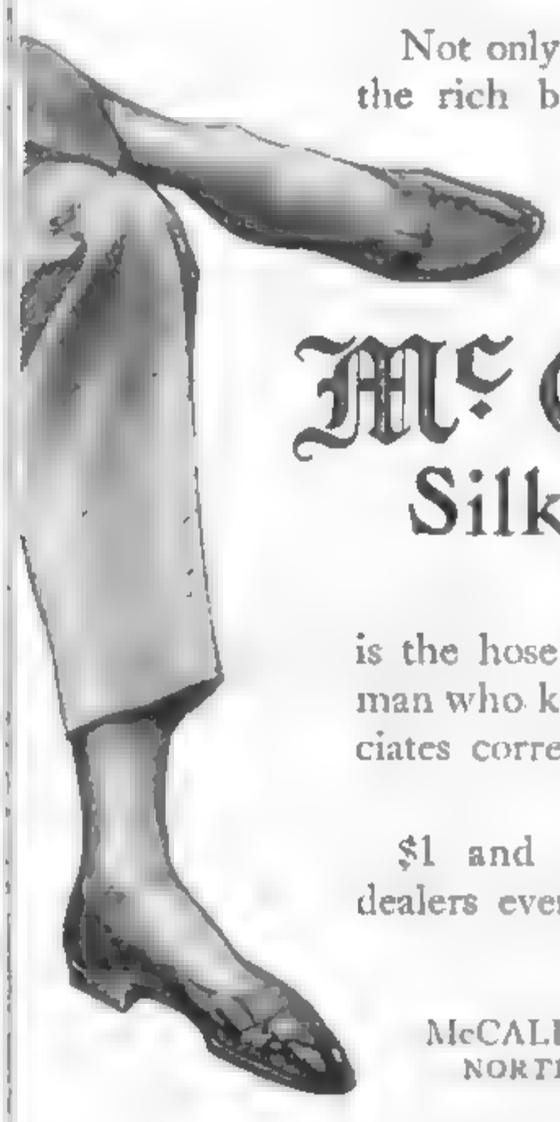
"HEART of my heart"—so Chudder wrote to Dum Dum's kid sister—"there will be after this from me to you no letter for ever so long. From the hither bank of the Ting Lo Ting, which I English Rubicon, a messenger goes seaward with this one as soon as it is writ. And we others, being fourteen yellow men and one white, do forthwith cross the aforementioned Rubicon, and do presently lose ourselves among unmeasured mountains and unplumbed valleys.

"He who shall always subscribe himself always all yours has already happened upon new things, divers and sundry—sometimes by following streams of rumor to the springs, their sources; but more often by good luck. One day, to keep from sliding down a mountain, I did clutch a Viburnum hitherto unknown; and one suppertime Feng, the cook, dished us some delicious greens—and, behold, 'twas a new spinach! And I, unworthy, have found a new pine, and a mauve lily, and an oak with edible acorns, sweet like little Mr. Chinquapin, and a bamboo that should give a good account of itself in harsh New England, and divers rhododendrons and azaleas; and—item—five cotoneasters; item—three Andromedas; item—three heaths; an ilex; a barberry; item—and so on.

"So now, having made upon the botanies a mark—however little—we go forth upon the rumor of a valley into which, so deep it is and so steep the sides, no living man has

Service is the Test

Not only in its durability but in the rich beauty of its materials,



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is the hose which will satisfy the man who knows values and appreciates correct dress.

$1 and upwards at the best dealers everywhere.

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NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

What do you expect

of a fountain pen when you buy one? What features or characteristics influence your choice? The pen you purchase must write with a steady, even flow and must not leak or soil your fingers. There your requirements usually stop. But the "Swan" does not stop. It insures these [illegible] It conserves your time, energy and patience. With a Swan Self Filler your time is never wasted in trying to make an empty pen write. The simple, efficient self filling device here pictured and the "Little Windows," if you heed them, keep your pen full and always ready for instant use. Fill your pen in odd moments by pressure of the bulb when the "Little Windows" warn you that your ink supply is running low and never have an empty pen in an emergency.

The Swan Self Filler is fitted with Mabie Todd & Co.'s Gold Pen, famous for 70 years as the highest grade pen made.

The "Swan" double feed insures perfect flow—no skipping or blotting—writing instantly the pen touches the paper.

Try a "Swan" at your dealers, $2.50 and up. With "Little Windows" $3.00. Write for illustrated folder.

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The Foster Friction Plug positively prevents slipping on ice and wet sidewalks—makes the heels wear longer, too. And there are no holes to track mud and dirt.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

been able to descend; and only now and then the gods drop like shooting stars into the dark place to solace their hearts with the beauty thereof. And among Chinese gardeners the tale passes that in this valley, of the things that grow, not many are new to man—but all; for it has its own climate and its own soil. And 'tis said that at certain seasons, to those standing upon the brim and looking down upon its strange and misty greens there rises the most heavenly odor of flowers, so sweet that Wang Lo, who was gardener to Emperor Ming, or to a Ming emperor—I forget which—swooned like a miss in an Early Victorian novel and fell forward into the place.

"I shall not fall, however, remembering how much sweeter are you than all flowers; and I shall find that the reason men have not descended into the valley is not because its walls are steep, but because men are lazy. Or I shall find that there is no such place, or that it is entirely vegetated with sorrel grass or burdocks. And, anyhow, I shall turn seaward three months from this day and I shall hurry; and—

"'I sent the lightning forth to see
Where, hour by hour, she awaited me.
Among ten million, one was she—
And surely all men hated me!'"

And Chudder covered some more paper with writing—for her alone—and saw his messenger depart. Then he lighted his pipe and took up his knapsack; and, setting his feet upon one bamboo and his right hand upon another, he crossed the Ting Lo Ting, that roared like many lions. And having crossed, he took two steps and knelt before a new iris, and rooted it up from between two stones. And he said: "Oh, kid, this is a good omen!"

And they climbed by a rough, steep path out of the valley of the little Ting Lo Ting, and reached at last a great uplift of country that stretched away and away in rolling levels, and was bounded at last by chains of mountains that were blue and amethyst, and cooled upon their spired heads with snow.

And they went forward for many days through hot noons and cold midnights, through dwarfed vegetation and across beds of shale; and they saw outcroppings of coal and white marble, and wild sheep and wild ponies that were hairy as spaniels. And they ate badly and drank worse—for now springs were hot, and now sulphurous, and now brackish, and seldom sweet and very rarely cold.

Chudder, however, had learned the secrets of Chinese travel, which are: Always appear confident, no matter what the danger; and never fly into a passion over trifles. And he went forward smiling upon sore feet, and smacked his lips over eagle-legs and sulphur water, and pretended that every difficulty which arose was precisely what he had expected. And, all the while hungry or thirsty, he kept his eyes peeled for new plants, and his voice and whistle in cheerful tune.

Things were better when they got in among the mountains—sweeter and greener. And there was shade; and there were delicious wild figs and white-breasted pheasants, and thousands and millions of wild strawberries—white and red. And here they had a stand-up fight with a band of wild-eyed mountaineers and thrashed them—and made friends with them—and asked questions about the valley they were searching for; and were laughed at for not knowing so simple a thing—and then were directed to it as casually as a man is directed to the Metropolitan Museum or to General Grant's Tomb.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Airman's Outfit

WIRELESS distress-call outfits are now available for aviators who may be forced to come to the ground far from a habitation, and French airmen operating in Southern Algeria have been equipped with the apparatus. The outfit consists of a light sending instrument and a balloon to carry wires three hundred or four hundred feet—high enough in the air to give a range of many miles for the messages.

The wires weigh about twenty pounds—so it requires a balloon containing a little over two hundred cubic yards to carry them. Compressed gas is supplied and the weight of the entire outfit is about one hundred pounds. When the aviator is stranded in a strange or lonely country he can fill the balloon and send out a distress message in twenty minutes.

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Guaranteed Against Faucet Troubles

RESIDENCES

Quick-pression Faucets for residences are radically different from others in construction, and proven right by five years of perfect service in thousands of homes. They open and close with quarter-turn of handle, do not leak, never rattle, drum or thump; last for years and years; and are beautiful in design, perfect in workmanship.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

—or other places where faucets are given continuous hard usage and economy in water is necessary—can depend on *Automatic* Quick-pression Faucets. They open with a quarter turn, close automa[illegible] d have the other advantages mentioned above.

Send for free booklet "Faucet Facts," and ask your plumber to show you the faucets. Always look for the name "Quick-pression" and the guaranty tag

The Central Brass Mfg Co of Cleveland
Originators and Sole Manufacturers of
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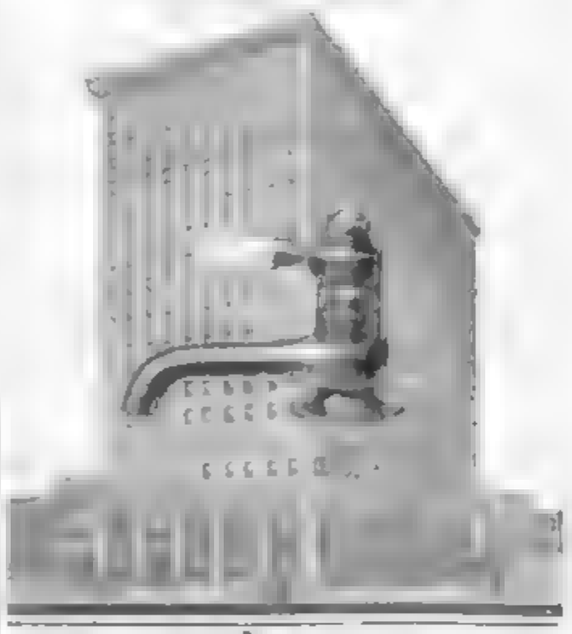
4119 [illegible] Ave S E Cleveland, Ohio



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You can make the old worn-out tin, steel, felt or gravel roof give you as much service as a new roof and double the life of that old shingle roof.

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and keeps them cured. Cost slight. One coat does the work. In black and red. Ready for use. Absolutely guaranteed to do the work. Write at once for the free Roof Book. Address

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That's all we want to know
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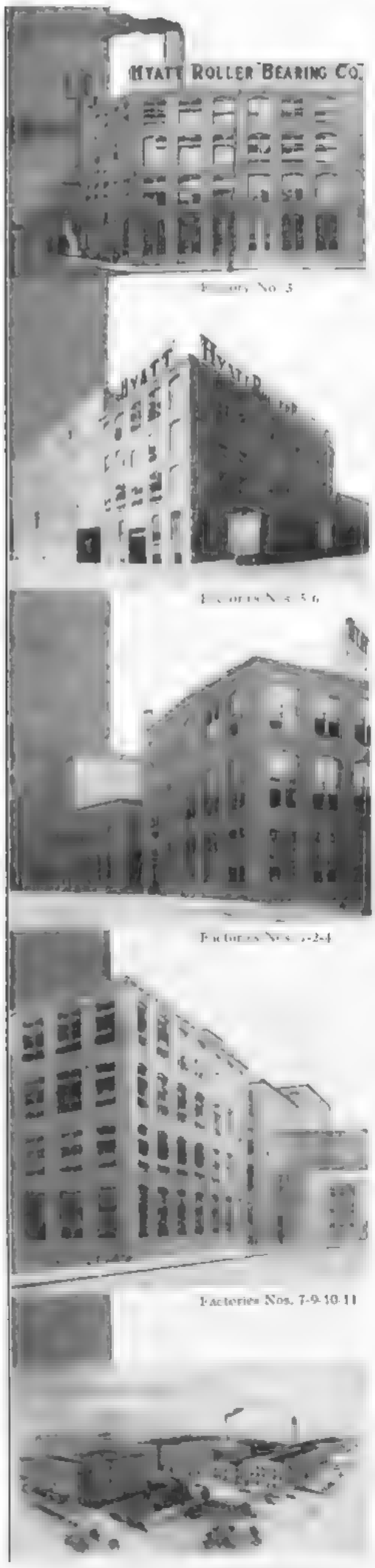
These Hyatt Factories lead the world in production of Bearings!



Birdseye View of all Hyatt Factories

SINCE the beginning of the automobile industry, Hyatt Roller Bearings have led the world in quantity of production. The first successful car was equipped with Hyatt Bearings, and today they are found in practically every car built. They have long ago proven their superiority in luxurious sixes and mammoth commercial trucks as well as in the small, inexpensive, popular cars.

Annual Capacity 3,000,000 Bearings!

Twelve mammoth factory buildings, with a floor space of over 250,000 square feet, are devoted exclusively to supply the demand for Hyatt Roller Bearings. And this demand is increasing so rapidly that we have already drawn up plans which will practically double our capacity. All buildings are absolutely fireproof.

In the enormous equipment of these Hyatt plants are hundreds of machines, including 240 automatics and semi-automatics, 208 grinders and special machinery of every kind and description. 150,000 rollers are produced every ten hours. 10,000,000 pounds of steel are used annually. 130 furnaces operating continuously are required to heat treat this immense production.

A quarter of a million dollars have been invested in the heat treating department alone. It is so modern in methods and equipment that engineers from everywhere come to inspect it and get ideas. A 2,000 horse power steam plant, and a 2,500 horse power gas producer plant are also features of the wonderful Hyatt Factories.

Accurate standards in manufacturing are assured by one of the largest and most efficient engineering departments in this country. And the Hyatt Laboratories, which are, perhaps, the most complete in the motor car industry, make physical and chemical tests at every stage of manufacturing, from raw material to the finished product.

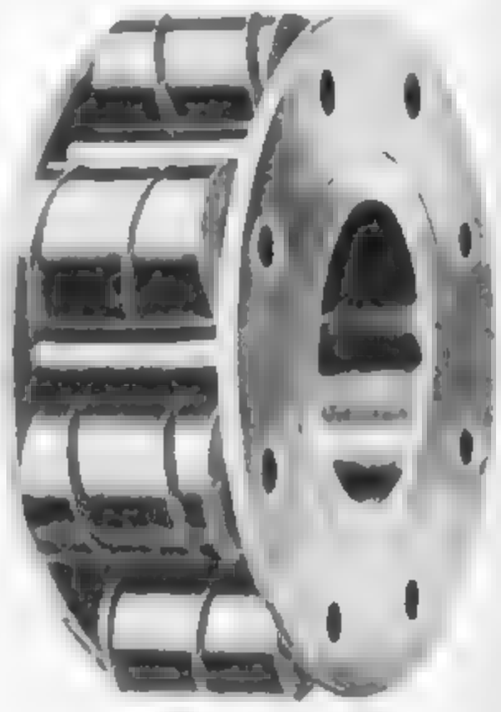
The largest axle and transmission makers in the world have adopted Hyatt Roller Bearings as standard. In addition to those motor car builders who manufacture their own parts, Hyatt equipped axles and transmissions are made by eighteen prominent parts makers. They all realize that, to give satisfaction, axles and transmissions must be *bearing perfect.*

The special construction of Hyatt Roller Bearings makes them quiet, durable and perfectly lubricated at all times. And the flexibility means less wear on all parts of the car, because shocks are absorbed and vibration reduced.

Two books, one telling all about motor car bearings in general for prospective purchasers, the other for automobile owners, will be sent free. Kindly specify which book you desire.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.

DETROIT, CHICAGO
NEWARK, N. J.



Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings

DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION—The Hyatt Roller Bearing consists of a number of heat treated flexible spiral rollers, assembled in a strongly constructed cage. This cage is mounted between hardened and ground inner and outer races or casings. This simple and effective construction, with the high standard of accuracy in manufacture, has proven remarkably successful in automobile service.

LINE CONTACT—Hyatt Roller Bearings afford a full line contact. Ball Bearings only give a single point contact and solid rollers only a series of points. Heavy loads or dead shocks are distributed along this full line contact instead of being concentrated on one or more points.

MATERIALS—Only the finest alloy steels, carefully tested—physically and chemically—and given a uniform and scientific system of heat treatment in the Hyatt Laboratories, are used in the manufacture of these bearings.

FLEXIBILITY—These spiral rollers cushion the road shock, and give under strain just enough to relieve the gears and shafts of excessive duty and are yet rigid enough to carry the load. They cannot possibly crush nor roll out, due to the use of heat treated alloy steel.

QUIETNESS—The hollow flexible Rollers absorb vibrations instead of transmitting them as in the case of a solid roller or ball bearing. This feature materially reduces the noise.

RELIEVE STRAINS—Hyatt Roller Bearings—by cushioning the "dead Shock" and absorbing vibration—relieve the surrounding mechanisms of undue strain.

LUBRICATION—The hollow Roller retains a large quantity of the lubricant in its center and the spirals alternating left and right constantly distribute the lubricant over the entire bearing surface.

SELF CLEANING—Grit and dirt that ordinarily would grind between the bearing surfaces are forced into the hollow center of the rollers through the spiral grooves, keeping the bearing exceptionally free from foreign matter.

NON ADJUSTABLE—These bearings require no delicate adjustments. Given a little lubrication they will give a carefree service that is unequalled.

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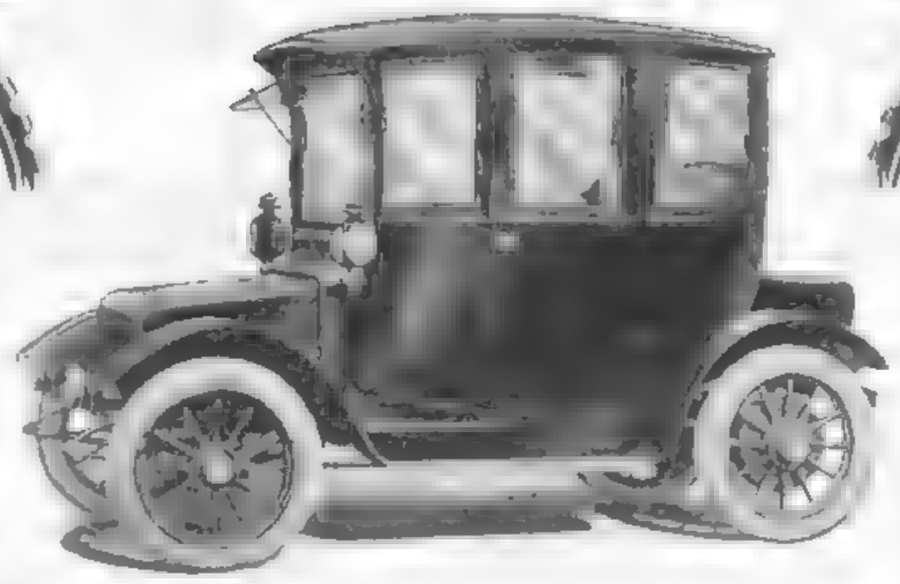
No royal coach builder ever lavished more infinite care and pains on a monarch's equipage. A standard developed through sixty years of unceasing endeavor has given Rauch & Lang Electrics an unchallenged prestige that commends them to those of ultra discernment. It is a matter of "not how many, but how good." Naturally our production is limited.



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For All Driving Necessities

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The New Rauch & Lang Worm Drive

Rauch & Lang leadership in the making of electrics is again emphasized in the adoption of the Worm Drive—the greatest single advancement in the history of the electric car.

As utmost beauty and refinement have always distinguished Rauch & Lang Electrics, so does the worm drive mark their continued supremacy in respect to method of propulsion. It excels the advantage of the double chain over the single—of the bevel gear shaft over the double chain.

It is the engineering world's latest and greatest offering in perfect driving mechanism.

It means utter simplicity in driving, greatest power-economy, greater all 'round efficiency, better riding and coasting qualities, no adjustments, no misalignment, *and lower upkeep cost.* Its silence is soothing.

The worm drive is the practical direct drive in electrics, and the Rauch & Lang Straight Type Worm Drive is the only drive of its kind on the market.

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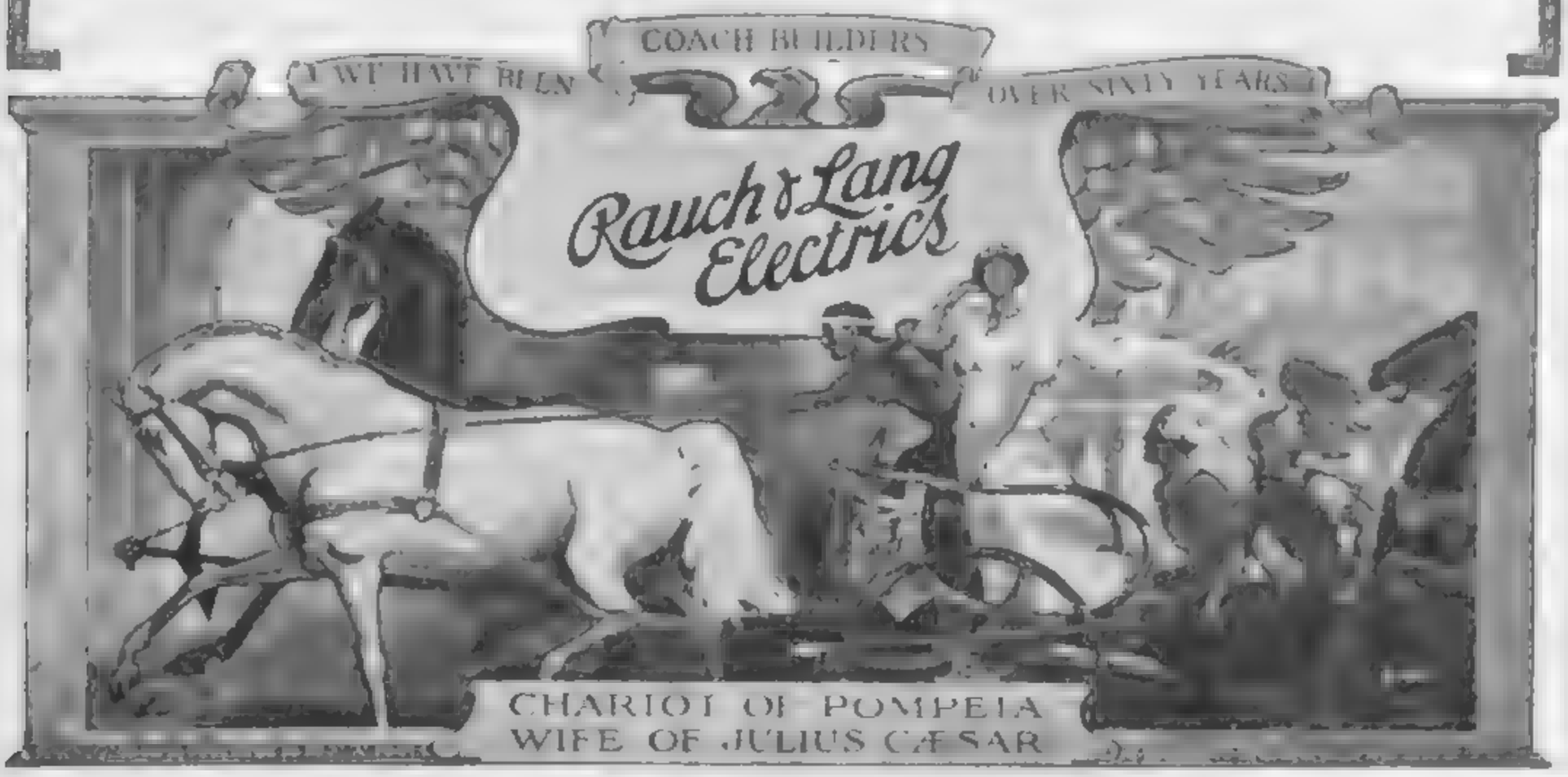

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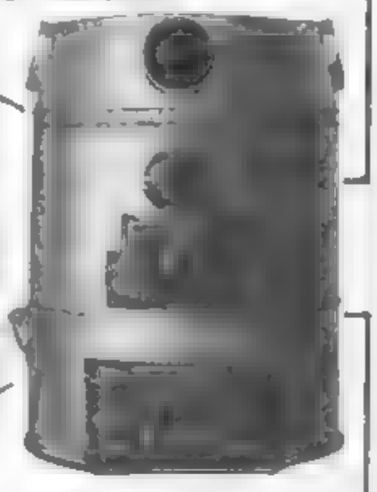
Free Plans made by our heating experts to agree with the construction of your home and the weather in your locality. Let us tell you how you can get these plans

Save Dollars on Your Heating Plant

We'll prove to you a surprisingly large saving on the purchase of a Kalamazoo Furnace. Long time to pay if you wish. The best furnace is the easiest to buy.



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The generous Kalamazoo Offer that has sold 150,000 stoves is now placed on Kalamazoo Furnaces. Any honest person can install a Kalamazoo Furnace—*on trial.* You are the judge of whether it "makes good." You have the reputation of the Kalamazoo Stove Co. and a $100,000 Guarantee back of you.

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We make a full line of Stoves, Ranges, Gas Stoves and Furnaces. We have three catalogs. Please ask for the one you want.

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It's the Quality At the Price which makes

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No. 1650 Socks

For Hard, Daily Wear so Popular with those who desire the Best at a Medium Price

This sock was made for the personal use of our Directors and proved so excellent in quality that it has been put on sale. It's a medium weight hose with reinforced heel and toe of pure linen thread to create extra durability. Comes in black, tan, navy, pearl, sky, lavender and red at 15 cents a pair, or 4 pairs in box for 75 cents.

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Many styles for Men, Women and Children to retail at 15c. and 25c. a pair.

This ¼-Pound Box Without Charge

That you may taste these unusual dollar-a-pound chocolates, we want to send you free this delightful "Satisfaction Box." When you try them you will say they are superior in quality and flavor to any chocolates you ever tasted.

Nobility Chocolates

Send us your name and address and the name of your dealer with 10 cents (to pay postage and packing) and you will receive the "Satisfaction Box" shown here—a quarter pound of Nobility Chocolates—by return mail.

Nobility Chocolates $1 a Pound
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Write for your "Satisfaction Box" today.

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Specify "Blaisdell #202"

The best black lead-pencil made, for general use.

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Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

CHECKMATING MISS FANNY

(Continued from Page 8)

advancement of de Cause as hit was on sumpin else; an' one mawnin' she broke out in de middle of de Cunnel's readin' an' says, crosslike: 'Cunnel Slocum, don't you reckon hit'd be jes' as well to let de readin' wait twel dis evenin', an' you go on down to yo' office fo' a change? You know de law business needs yo' intention now an' den.' An' Miss Fanny suttenly did look sour when she say 'now an' den.'

"De Cunnel was so s'prised he couldn't speak fo' a minute; he jes' sot back an' look' at Miss Fanny. Den he riz up as tall as de ceilin' mos' an' says, sorter hurtlike:

"'Give up de Cause befo' we's got to de end of de fight! Tu'n mah back on de nobles' war whut was evah fit an' walk offen de fiel', leavin' de others to ca'y on de battle! I is shocked at you, my deah—I is wuss dan shocked!'

"Dem was de wu'ds as well as I can 'member dem, Uncle Petah. An' dey was some mo', too, whut I fo'gits; but Cunnel Slocum suttenly did look gran' when he was sayin' 'em, an' Miss Fanny look' so emba'ssed an' swiveled up when he got done talkin' dat she tried to cover up huh feelin's by beggin' him to go on readin'. Hit took a sight er coaxin' to git de Cunnel stahted too!

"Dat night, when Isom come home, he was tellin' me of sumpin dut happen' in town de aft'noon befo', whut set me to thinkin'. He had drove Miss Fanny down to do some shoppin', an', jes' as she was gittin' in de ca'ige to go home, Gen'l Poindextah an' Mistah Tom Clay come up an' commence' plaguin' huh 'bout de Cunnel bein' de onlies' man in town whut had j'ined de petticoat fo'ces—as dey called hit; an' dey cornered huh up so wid dey teasin' dat Miss Fanny los' huh tempah an' drove off all flustrated. Isom said dat, fum whut he could jedge fum whut dey tol' huh, she must 'a' been hearin' de same on all sides; an' hit was beginnin' to mek Miss Fanny as touchy as a so' tooth.

"Uncle Petah, de queeres' paht of de whole thing was dat de Cunnel an' Miss Fanny had swapped places, an' he was de one now dat was chuck full er de suffidge question, an' Miss Fanny had sorter los' ginger. Anybody could see wid half a eye, ef dey knowed huh lak I does, dat she was on'y p'tendin' to keep huh min' on hit; but she had bit off mo'n she could chew, an' she had to keep on p'tendin', er have de laugh on huh good an' hahd.

"Things has to come to a haid when dey gits in a fix lak dat. Dey was to be a gran' p'rade of de suffidge ladies in town; an' Miss Fanny an' Majah Buffo'd's wife, bein' de high muckamucks of de Cause, was to haid de p'rade an' ma'ch all de way down Main Street an' back—not a man in line; not even de brass ban', 'cause de Young Ladies' Sem'nary had offered dey se'vices to p'vide dey own band.

"Dey was all to be dressed in white; an' I heard Miss Fanny say dey was gwine to ca'y banners wid 'vices on 'em; an' wear de colors of de Cause, puzzackly lak de Daughters of Africa do when we has a gran' tu'nout.

"Mistah Frank was up de evenin' befo'—he hadn't been up to de house fo' a coon's age—an' dey was settin' at de table talkin' 'bout de doin's dat was gwine to be de nex' day. Miss Fanny says to de Cunnel:

"'I reckon de bes' place fo' you to see de p'rade fum would be de cou'thouse yahd.'

"'See de p'rade fum!" spon's de Cunnel. 'Why, I's gwine to be in de p'rade mahse'f!'

"'You!' says Miss Fanny, rising halfway up in huh chair wid s'prise an' den settin' down agin. 'I fails to see de joke, Cunnel Slocum!' she says, sorter dry lak.

"Mistah Frank was takin' a drink er water, an' jes' den he choked an' coughed twel de Cunnel had to slap him on de back to git him straightened out.

"'Am dey a rule agin de men enterin' de p'rade?' asks Cunnel Slocum after Mistah Frank was quiet.

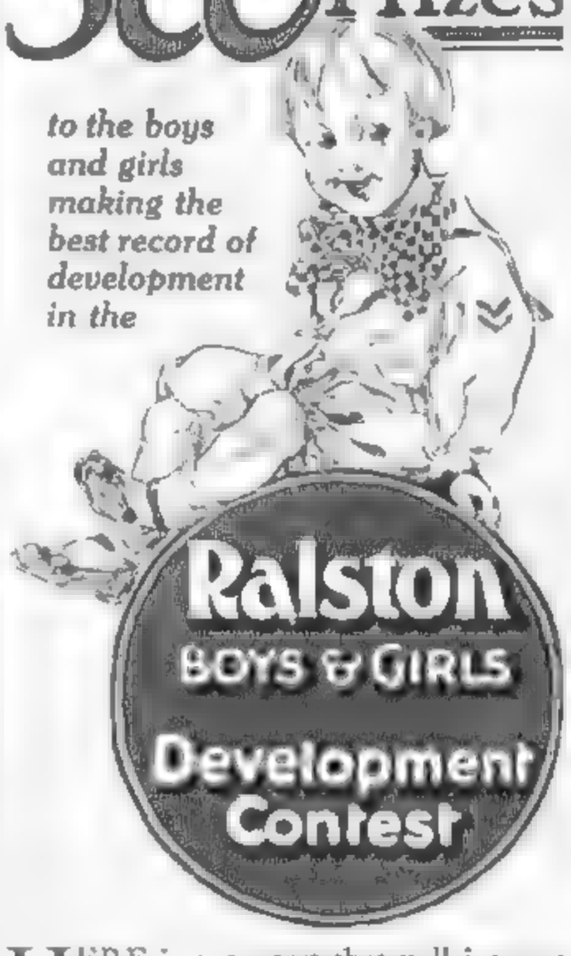
"Miss Fanny stopped fo' a minute. Den she says:

"'Not puzzackly; but de understandin' am —'

"'Well,' says de Cunnel, 'so long as dey am no rule, I reckon dey cain't put me out ef I wants to j'ine hit!'

"Hit look lak Mistah Frank had sumpin wrong wid his swallerin' pipes, 'cause he choked agin; but he overcome it hisse'f, widout any he'p.

$500 in Prizes



HERE is a contest that will interest you. Every mother gets a prize, in a well-developed child, and maybe a cash prize, besides.

It is a simple, straightforward contest—easy to enter. Just measure the children and weigh them at your grocer's, fill out the entry blanks and send them to us, with the top of a Ralston Wheat Food package (either 10c or 15c size) for each child entered—then give the children all the Ralston Wheat Food they want, and watch them develop. Enter all the boys and girls in the family, 1 to 14 years old. If one doesn't get a prize another may. Ask your grocer for entry blank, or send to us for one.

First Prize $100, Second Prize $50, Third $25, Fourth $15, Fifth $10, Twenty $5 Prizes and Two Hundred $1 Prizes

The 225 children who, in the opinion of the judges, make the best record of development will get the prizes. In case of tie prize will be divided equally.

Any boy or girl may enter up to December 31, 1913. Late entrants will be on an equality with early ones as length of time and age of contestants will be considered in awarding prizes. Contestants are not limited to a Ralston Wheat Food diet, but the more Ralston they eat the more they will develop

Contest closes March 31, 1914, when children should again be measured and weighed at your grocer's and result blank sent in at once, with tops of all Ralston packages used. Result blanks received after April 6th will not be considered. The records of prize winners will be investigated to prevent mistakes and misstatements.

The selection of prize winners will be made according to rules followed by authorities on child development, and will be final.

Announcement of prize winners will be made in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 30th

Development Chart

Mothers! Ask for This Chart

Shows height, weight and measurements of average boy and average girl, 1 to 14 years old. Contains many helpful suggestions about diet and care of children and tape measure attachment for accurately measuring them. Also place for recording your own weight and measurements of entire family. Every mother should have one. Write for your *free* chart today

Ralston WHEAT FOOD

makes children sturdy

It contains the very elements that build flesh, bone and muscle—a wholesome, solid wheat food of natural wheat color and flavor, with all the nutriment of the whole wheat left in

It is the kind of food your doctor would recommend for building up growing children

MOST economical—one cup makes a breakfast for six. Two sizes, 10c—15c.

Get a package today and give the boys and girls a start and the whole family a treat. It's delicious.

If your grocer doesn't sell Ralston Wheat Food send us 15c and his name and we will send you a 15c package, postpaid (East of the Rockies in U.S.). We will also send you free our booklet on the development of your children

RALSTON PURINA CO.
811 Gratiot Street
St. Louis, Mo.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour

Makes delicious bread and muffins. Whole wheat flavor, but more delicate and increase choice of eater. Try it. Ask your grocer for 5-lb carton or 6-lb or 12-lb Checkerboard Bag

$1

Smart English Knockabout Hat
Genuine Felt

Cube shaped crown. Narrow brim. Steel-gray shades. A real value at $1.00. Not to be had elsewhere at less than $1.50

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 630 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs" to memorize—no "cold notes" to write from. Speed, accuracy and beauty attained by the first week's practice. Easy to learn, easy to write, easy to read. Used in the offices of the largest corporations and by the leading court reporters. Complete course by mail. Write for booklet.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Illinois

No other shirt gives this real neck comfort.

Faultless Shirts

are made with the patented **Nek-Gard**, so that no button touches the neck

These quality shirts have every other comfort-giving detail; and with the **Nek-Gard** they have the comfort that even custom shirts can't offer you

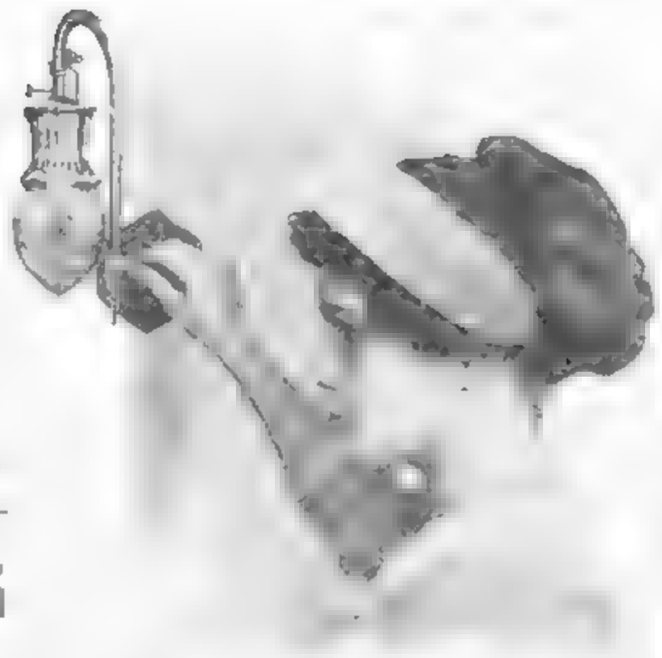
Faultless Shirts $1.50 and up.

E. ROSENFELD & CO., Baltimore and New York
Makers of "Faultless" Pajamas and Night Shirts.

Tested fabrics

GAS LIGHT,

used in the modern way,



fulfils better than any other illuminant the present-day ideals of quality, sufficiency, economy and adaptability.

Welsbach Mantles, Welsbach Lamps, Welsbach Glassware,—these are expertly combined to produce that perfect gas light famous the world over as

Welsbach Light

Supreme in Quality

Restful, agreeable, beautifying. Notable for true color value and absence of eye-hurting rays. Its benefit to the eyes and health alone is enough to warrant its universal use.

Hygienic

It is a fact, backed by the authorities, and quoted in the Encyclopædia Britannica (1913 Year Book), that [illegible] light *ventilates* and *purifies* the air [illegible] rooms.

Economical

Welsbach economy means all the light you want, of the *kind* you want at a saving of 60% and upwards over the cost of other methods of gas or electric lighting.

Convenient

Up-to-date Welsbach self-lighting features make the lighting of gas lamps a mere matter of touching a button or chain.

Welsbach Lamps meet every lighting need from powerful commercial lighting to beautiful home illumination; representing in workmanship, quality of material, artistic appearance and lighting *efficiency*

The Modern Way of Gas Illumination

Welsbach mantles and Welsbach lamps are for sale by gas companies and dealers everywhere. Look for the genuine, marked by the Shield of Quality. No others give the same satisfaction.

Welsbach Company
Gloucester, N. J.

When you *know* Gas Lighting you *prefer* it.

ICE SKATES

Are wanted by every wide-awake boy. A pair of the finest nickel-plated skates you ever saw will be given for 60 brown vouchers to any boy that sells

The Saturday Evening Post

For every five copies sold you make ten cents, and also receive one voucher. Thousands of boys are doing it.

Any manly boy would rather earn his own spending money than have it given to him. The fun and feeling of independence which a boy has in spending "his own money" are quite different things from spending what has been given to him.

They get a lot of fun out of the work, earn their own spending money and get a moral and business training, the value of which cannot be reckoned in money.

Upon request we will send you full instructions how to make money and obtain your choice of 500 splendid premiums.

The outfit includes the Rebate Book in which these splendid premiums for boys are listed.

Any wide-awake boy can be just as successful as the thousands who are already doing it. It doesn't interfere with school duties. For full particulars write to

Sales Division, Box 134

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

"'Hit's a women's p'rade," says Miss Fanny, as stuff as a ramrod an' wid huh eyes snappin' lak dey do snap sometimes; 'an' dat am de understanding all ovah.'

"'Well, bless my time, Fanny!' says Cunnel Slocum, lookin' mos' pow'fully 'stonished, 'ef you ain't aimin' to git de men on yo' side whut in de name o' common sense am you aimin' fo'?'

"Miss Fanny looked stubbo'n an' helt huh haid stiffer.

"'Dat am not de question, Cunnel Slocum!' she says. 'De question am: Is you gwine to ride in de p'rade?'

"'Dat's whut I is!' he 'spon's, sotlike roun' de jaw.

"Miss Fanny didn't answer fo' a minute. Den she says:

"'In dat case, you's gwine to be de onlies' man in de whole p'rade!'

"'Den hit shows how much fu'ther 'long in p'ogress I is dan de res' er de men,' says Cunnel Slocum. 'Sholy you ain't meanin' fo' me to backslide at de importantest time, after you's been an' converted me to de Cause!'

"Miss Fanny look lak she was so mad she was ready to cry.

"'You's jes' aimin' to mek a laughin'-stock out er yo'se'f an' me, Cunnel Slocum!' she says. 'An' I'm expressly askin' you now to keep yo'se'f out of de p'rade, fo' I has tuck as much teasin' on dat subjec' fum de menfolks as I can stan'!' Miss Fanny suttenly looked pow'ful earnes'.

"'Oh!' says de Cunnel, gittin' up fum de table an' walkin' ovah to huh chair. 'Now we's comin' to de p'int!' An' he tuck Miss Fanny's han' in his'n. 'S'pose dat you an' me mek a 'greement right now an' settle de question all roun'.'

"'How?' asks Miss Fanny.

"'Leave votin' an' politics to me,' says de Cunnel, smiling at huh lak a sweetheart. 'Be lak you used to be fo' dis suffidge business come up—a gyahden of flowers where I can come an' enjoy de loveliness an' sweetness, an' res' aftah a day of toil!'

"Well, Uncle Petah, you knows how Cunnel Slocum can talk language when he gits stahted, 'cause you's heard him speak on de Fofe er July at de Confeddick Cemetery. In a minute he had Miss Fanny smilin' an' blushin' lak a seventeen-yeah-ol' gal. Ef dey am a member of de female sect whut could hol' out agin such argyfyin' as dat I ain't nevah sot eyes on her. An', besides, Miss Fanny had nachully los' int'res' in de Cause."

"Did she ride in de p'rade?" asked Uncle Peter.

"She had to do dat much," said Viney, "'cause she'd give her promise; but dat was de en' of de business—fo' aftah dat things sorter simmered down to de ol' way—in de Slocum household. Hit was de day after de p'rade dat Cunnel Slocum sent me dem pullets wid Isom."

"Uncle Petah," said Viney presently, "now dat you's heard de story of how I come by 'em, can you splain de reason?"

Uncle Peter slowly shook his head.

"I cain't," was his answer; "but dey ain't no need of you ticklin' a gif' hoss in de hind feets!"

Machine-Made Tickets

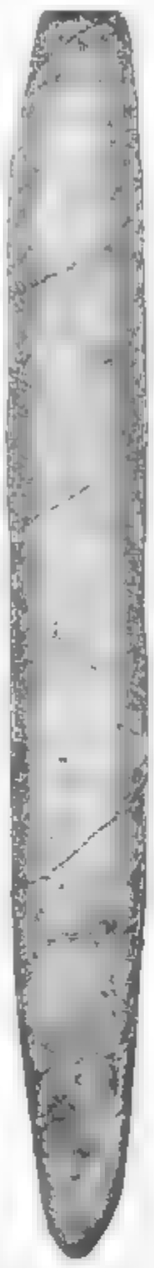
THE very latest way of selling railroad tickets is for the ticket agent, when a ticket to Pittsburgh or to Coscob is requested, to simply push a button and thus set a machine at work picking out the type for that ticket—putting it in place, inking it, placing a piece of cardboard over the type, and then printing the ticket. The machine hands out the freshly printed ticket in less time than it takes the ordinary ticket seller to select a printed ticket from his rack and stamp the date on the back of it.

Ticket-printing machines appeared a few years ago, but it is only within the last few months that a machine has been developed which will do all the work on pressure of a button. The advantages of the machine to the railroads are many; and if experience shows they are always reliable and do not cost too much for their service they will be generally adopted. As it is now, tickets are checked up almost like cash, at a vast amount of trouble and time. A ticket-printing machine is locked, so no one can tamper with it.

Every time a ticket is printed a separate record is made on a slip for the agent to keep his accounts, and one for his superiors, by which his accounts may be checked up—an automatic cash register, in other words.

How I Get My Business

In a game of golf, at the finish of a hole where from drive to putt, no matter how hard you try, you can't hit the ball, or if you do, with the perversity of inanimate things it delights in finding a hiding place in long grass or soft sand—your figures are double, your feelings are warm, and your opponent offers you a cigar.



Next morning you meet him on the train and ask for another one of those cigars—and "Where do you get them?"

My name and address are written on the margin of a newspaper with the remark—"You'll be surprised when you get the bill."

I receive an order from a new and desirable customer for "A hundred of those cigars that Mr. — smokes."

I was surprised when I got that [illegible] I knew [illegible] it would be $10, but it was only $5—was to remark of my new customer when he again met his golf opponent.

Much of my new business comes in this way.

If no one has offered YOU one of my cigars, let me be your "friend" Try them at my expense

My Offer is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. You may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if you are not pleased with them; if you are pleased with them and keep them you agree to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

The filler of my Panatela is all Havana—the wrapper is genuine Sumatra.

Besides my Panatela I make other [illegible] Among the others is the Shivers Club Special, a cigar identical with the Panatela in everything but shape. It is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. It is preferred by some who are not partial to the Panatela shape. I sell it on the same terms as I offer the Panatela or I will take orders for both. Write me, mention the cigar you prefer, Panatela or Club Special, or order fifty of each if you wish.

Shivers' Panatela
[illegible] AND SHAPE

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

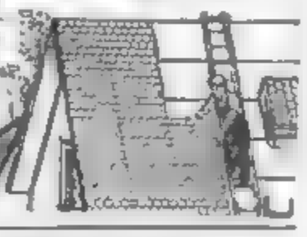
Edwards' Big Offer on STEEL Shingles

FACTORY PRICES Freight Prepaid To Your Station

Write a postal today for the greatest offer ever made on [illegible] (not wood)—four [illegible] roll, roof [illegible]. Indestructible. Guaranteed against lightning loss. Steel [illegible] Nail on sheathing [illegible] Patent Interlocking [illegible]

NOW!—[illegible] No. 1085 and Big Offer at [illegible]

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
1080 Lock St.
Cincinnati, Ohio



Cardinal Gibbons says:—

"I urge upon all Catholics the use of the Manual of Prayers."

A Beautiful yet Inexpensive Gift for a Catholic Friend or Employee is

MURPHY'S
MANUAL OF PRAYERS

In best Morocco binding, gold edges, with a [illegible] gold cross. Rosary [illegible] of Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Canadian Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Turquoise, Opal, Jet or Pearl [illegible]

Both for $3.00

WE GIVE a rolled-gold Scapular Medal with each order for the Manual. Name in gold letters on book 25c extra.
For Weddings: Manual in white leather $5.00, silk lined $6.00

JOHN MURPHY CO. Baltimore, Md.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

[illegible] "Rotterdam" 24,170 tons 16th annual Feb 2 66 days $400 up including [illegible] guides, drives, shore trips, stop-overs. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

The "Touch o' the Shoulder"

There is no one thing that has contributed more to the fulfillment of Stein-Bloch ideals than the spirit of loyalty in daily labor manifested by Stein-Bloch workmen and workwomen.

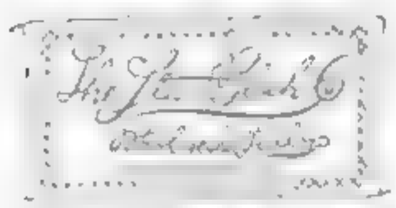
This loyalty is not spectacular. It is the unwavering, shoulder-to-shoulder advance that always wins—the assurance that one steady, understood and understanding workman passes to his neighbor, the loyalty that grips and bears leaning on.

Here is a carefully selected, trained and supervised corps of the most expert tailors and needlewomen ever gathered together in one organization.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

are cut, sewn and fashioned by the highest type of intelligent garment workers. They command respect and return it. The big majority of Stein-Bloch men and women have been living right along with Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes for years. They are not a restless, shifting, shiftless crew. Here are a grandfather, father and son working almost side by side. There and there are men and women with ambitions and ideals who have seen twenty-five, twenty, eighteen or a dozen years of fruitful, contributory service.

Is it any wonder that the Stein-Bloch label means "The Highest Expression of the Tailor's Art"?



THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

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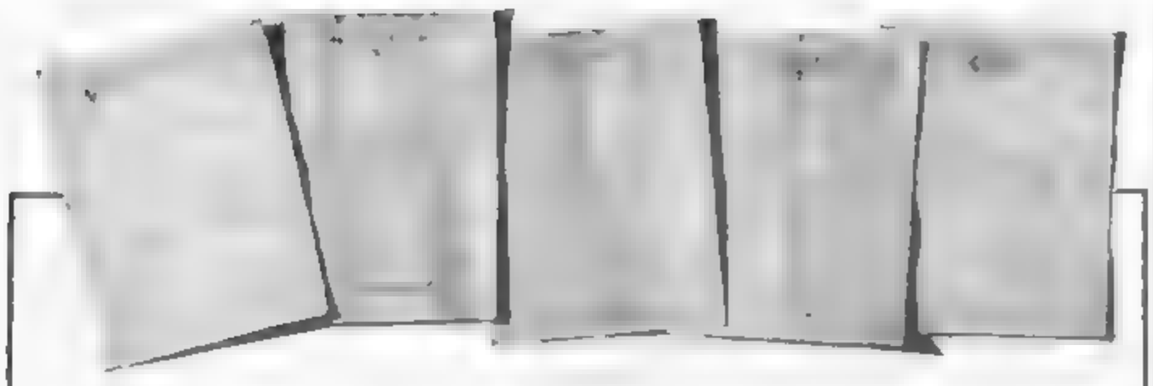


Which Letter Would You Trust?

Here are five letters from five manufacturers to whom you wrote in connection with something you had decided to buy. Their claims being in a measure equal, how may you judge of their reliability? Are their products as good as their word?

If you could visit their plants and meet their officers, you could judge what manner of men they were. This being out of the question, your clue may be had from their stationery. Probably one of the letters has impressed you, though without your having fully realized it. Learn to trust the value of those first impressions.

It has been our experience that a man must be proud of his business and its methods before he feels any incentive to put his letters on such paper as OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

The selection of stationery for a business house is not a matter of chance. There are papers and printers of all kinds, and in the great majority of cases the house that buys good stationery does so because it is its general policy to use the best under all circumstances. There you will find the best men, the best machinery and the best methods. A house that does not skimp on its stationery, will not on its product.

Look in the letters that come to you for the water-mark OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND (hold them to the light) and prove this for yourself. Then (if we may repeat the suggestion) trust the value of your first impressions.

So that you may know OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND, we will gladly send you some sample sheets showing examples of [illegible] Bond with 10 cents in stamps and we will mail you a liberal sample box of *OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND SMALL-BUSINESS STATIONERY* [illegible] are many letters that should express a feeling impossible to secure from business stationery.

Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

"Say—This Ain't No Party!"

The appetites of children for Kellogg's are due to the satisfying Kellogg flavor. It's a fine thing that the crisp, fresh, golden flakes are so good for them

Kellogg's for breakfast and Kellogg's for supper has become a healthful habit in millions of homes where [illegible] attempts to imitate the Kellogg flavor do not [illegible]

Kellogg's is always fresh, always ready, always [illegible] A few minutes in the oven not only warms but crisps it.

W. K. Kellogg

LOOK AT YOUR BUTCHER'S BILL

Then think: Do you go to market yourself? Or do you telephone? Do you know the various cuts of meat? No? Then small wonder the month's total is big. How can you cut it down? By buying the cheaper cuts! Will they be good? Surely, if you know how to cook. How can you know thenr?

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

will tell you in next week's issue. If you are a careful housewife you want to know which steak, which roast, is best and cheapest. If you are the father of the family you want to know how that bill can be cut down. Let us tell you.

Conquering the Stumps—Twenty-five million acres of forest in Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin are giving way to the ax, to the plow, to grass and cultivated crops. Have you the pioneer spirit?

Uncle Sam, M. D.—He is ever watchful of his nephews' and nieces' aches and ills. Do you know the great work he is doing?

Out West—The story of Bainer of Texas and his Ten Beneficial Behests which are improving the farming methods of the Lone Star state.

A Laying House for Winter—You know your hens give you the most eggs in spring. If you can make spring conditions for them in winter, won't you get spring production in cold weather? The multiple-unit system is the one.

The Farm That Must Pay—A great steel corporation has gone a-farming, with mill methods applied to soil. The way it is doing it is worth your knowing.

By-Products of the Forest—Did you ever think of making charcoal from the old woodlot? Here's a story that tells how to do it.

All these articles, and more too, in next week's issue. Isn't there something for you?

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five cents the copy of all newsdealers *$1.50 a year*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 25)

was smiling. I could not bear just then, in view of the circumstances, to see him smiling.

"David, do you find me greatly changed?" I finished with an effort.

"Yes, dear!" he whispered, drawing me to him in a close embrace, turning my head with his hand firmly and pressing my face to his

Appalling admission! Tears overflowed my eyes and divided my cheek from his. Oh, grief unspeakable, I was changed!

"Joy, darling, what is it?" he exclaimed, holding me now away from him and regarding me seriously.

"I should have known it," I whispered sadly, drooping, refusing to meet his eyes.

"Known what?"

"That I'd be changed. The years when you have been so lonely, David, the years, they do change you. But it's hard not to be still the most beautiful woman in the world to you!" I sobbed.

"You blessed child, did you think I meant that?" he laughed. He held my face between his hands, kissing me minutely as if so he would make an end of that doubt forever. "You are, dear, the millennium of the other Joy—that poor homely maiden who was only the most beautiful girl in the world. Now your loveliness exceeds hers, as—as ——" he searched the heavens and the earth for a comparison equal to the emergency "as the fairest day surpasses the dawn."

I was contented. I sighed and, looking at him, laughed through my tears. Of such exaggerations is the making of love composed. The life that we really live never comes up to it. But this is a reflection upon life, not upon love. There is not enough sorrow in a long lifetime, not enough falseness or dishonor or grief or shame, to refute one hour of perfect love. It is the memory of this hour that enables us to endure the rest.

I spent the afternoon alone. I waited for the Gazette to pass from door to door in Millidge carrying the news of our engagement. I wondered how it would be received. It was four o'clock and nothing had happened. I looked over at the telephone, which stood upon the table as if it were holding its breath. I smiled, thinking of the confusion in Millidge at that moment, of the clatter of tongues, as this one and that one recalled the time years ago when David had been my devoted lover. I flushed, remembering the gossip that would be added about Alice and David. Her name had not been mentioned between us. I was sure that if he thought of her at all it was not kindly. As for me, I held nothing against him and everything against Alice. This is the nature of women. It is because they know each other and because they do not know men. For the first time I thought definitely of our friendship as a bitter bondage from which I now escaped. And this was a part of my happiness, this sense of release from an ignoble relationship.

At last the telephone rang shrilly, insistently. It went on muttering and clattering after I took up the receiver.

"Hello! Hello!" I answered.

"Is this Main Double-Six?" came a wheezing old lady's voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Buckhaulter. How do you do?" I answered.

"How do I do! Don't ask me how I do, you sly young hypocrite! What does this announcement in the Gazette of your engagement to David Brock mean?"

"Didn't it say anything about our approaching marriage?" I asked, laughing.

"Yes, and I want to know what it all means?"

"What it says. Aren't you glad for us?" I asked sweetly.

I heard her rattle the receiver. I knew she was sitting back fanning herself, and trying to adjust what she knew of the past to this present bridal-wreath of facts.

"Yes, of course I am glad, my dear," she answered after a pause. "But I think you might have told me, and spared me the spending of so much sympathy upon you these past years that you evidently didn't deserve."

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, resolving that she never should know how much I had needed her sympathy.

"You two have deceived us all. There is not a man or woman in this town that ever suspected such a thing," she complained.

"We always guarded it," I lied happily.

"Where is David? Marcellus has been looking for him all day."

"He was here this morning. I don't know where he is now," I answered.

"Well, do you think you could bring him over to dinner tonight?"

"Thank you, I am sure we'll both be glad to come!"

She was profoundly stirred. She said that her telephone had been ringing incessantly since two o'clock—everybody we knew calling to know what on earth it meant. And that she herself could not be sure until she had seen us. I admitted that she would have no further doubts when she did.

"I'll never have any more confidence in my own eyes again as long as I live. And I must say that you and David might have chosen a more decent way of concealing your interest in each other. However, it serves that woman right!" she added darkly.

Five minutes later "that woman" called me.

"Is that you, Joy?" It was Alice's voice, cool as ice rattling in a glass.

"Yes," I answered dryly.

"I want to see you. Can you come over?" Just that, no more; not even a cup of tea.

I hesitated and answered:

"Why can't you come over here if you want to see me?"

"I am not very well and I must see you. It is important."

"I'll come," I consented.

It was as if I accepted a challenge.

So long as I live I can never forget the scene enacted in Alice's parlor between us an hour later. It will remain a little red stain upon my happiness. Sometimes when I look at David, out of whose mind Alice passed long ago like an evil thought, I see her as I saw her that day, the shades drawn in that darkened room, she the one wild splash of color in it, an emaciated figure in a red gown seated upon the sofa. Her hair, which I thought was so abundant, hung in a thin wisp upon either side of her face. The hairpins were strewn upon the floor. The skin of her face was glistening and drawn, a bright round spot of color in each sunken cheek; her lips flaming like a red line; her eyes wide and staring; her bosom rising and falling furiously.

"Good afternoon, Alice." I greeted her nonchalantly, pretending not to see what she would not conceal.

"Sit down!" she commanded.

I sat gingerly. We regarded each other in deadly silence. Then to my astonishment she threw up her hands and fell back upon her pillows, shrieking with laughter.

I waited.

"Joy, surely it is a joke, this announcement in the Gazette of your engagement to David Brock!" she exclaimed.

"No," I answered.

"Do you mean to tell me that you would marry that adventurer, that—that renegade!"

"I cannot let you call David such names," I answered, rising indignantly to take my departure.

"Oh, don't go!"

She began to weep, her body writhing horribly, her face distorted, the tears making livid lines through the rouge.

"How long have you been engaged?" she sobbed.

"For years and years—I don't know how many," I answered calmly.

"Oh!" she screamed, as if I had stabbed her. Then suddenly she sat up, tried to compose herself. "Listen to me, Joy; you must not marry that man. You cannot. For years and years he was ——"

The door opened. Charlie Archibald walked in. He stood for a moment looking from me to Alice, who leaned back suddenly, still with parted lips, among her pillows.

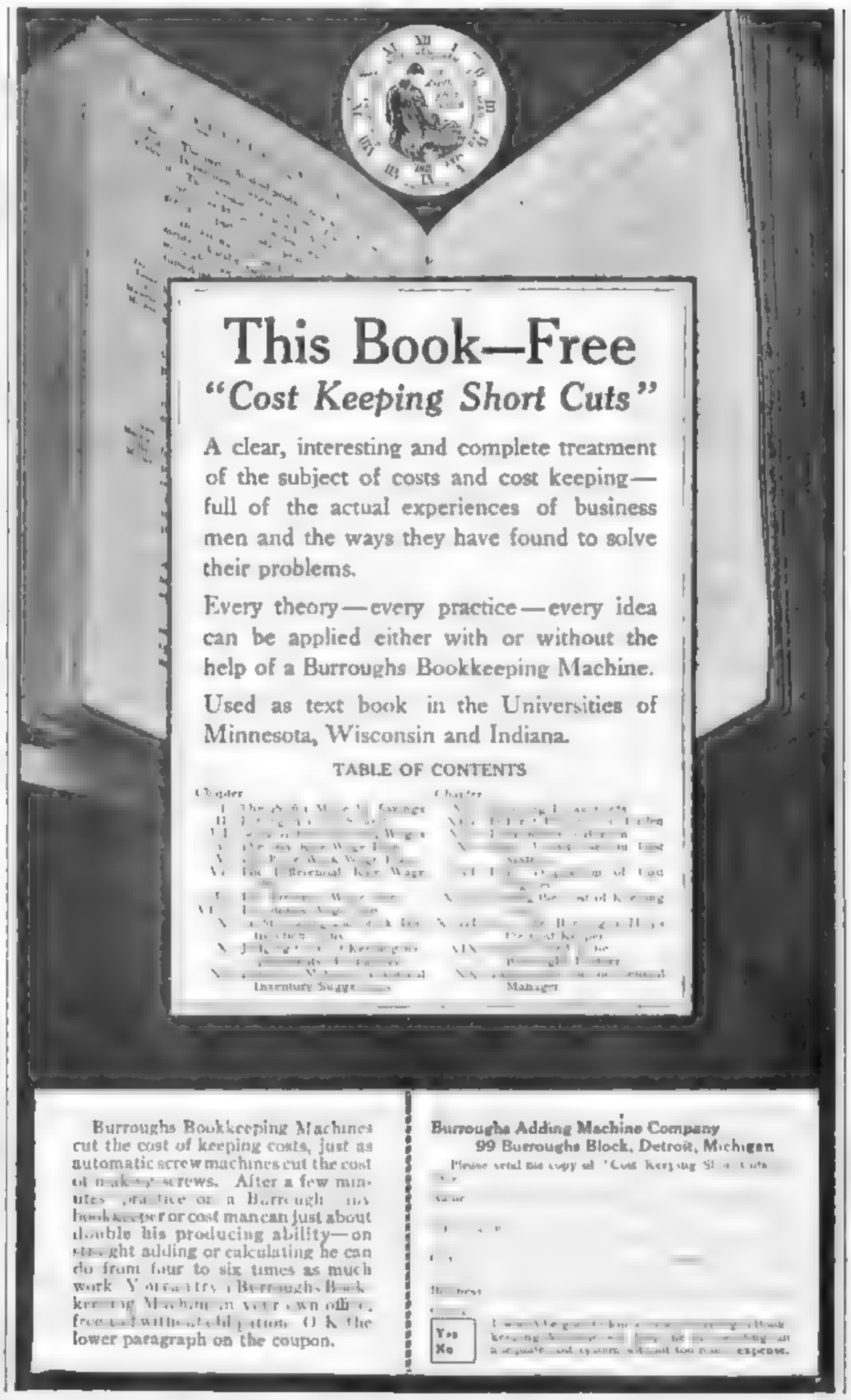
She raised herself upon one elbow, hollow-eyed but smiling.

"Oh, Charlie," she cried, "have you heard the news? Joy is to be married to David Brock. Isn't it lovely—like the end of a story in a book. I'm so happy over it. Joy came over to tell me about it, and we have been laughing and carrying on like two girls, you see!"

"Yes, I see," he answered dully. Then turning to me he said:

"I am glad, Joy. I have always liked David Brock."

He accompanied me to the door, apparently not noticing that I did not take leave of Alice.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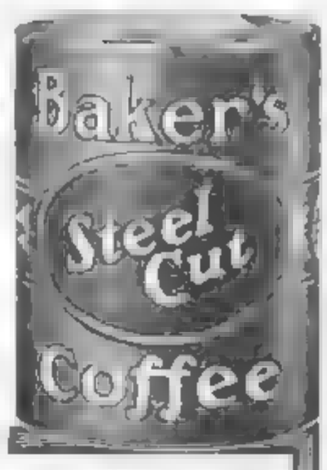

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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That night, after we had returned from the Buckhaulters', we went round the house into the garden and sat upon the bench between the crêpe-myrtle trees.

We laughed over the incidents of the evening. We had comforted those two old people with the assurance that they had really made the match. We recounted to them over the coffee in the drawing room how we had really met at my coming-out ball, and how David had drunk the toast and bowed to me in the mirror on the wall in the dining room. We offered them this proprietary interest in our happiness. We agreed that from the beginning there had never been a doubt in our minds of the love that began with this salutation.

They were amazed, delighted. They thought young people were slyer in these matters than they had been in their young days. We were obliged to wait with suppressed impatience while they told of their own courtship.

Now at last we were here again in the right place, in the garden beneath the moon, attended by lilies-in-waiting.

"Joy," said David, "you have not asked me where or how we shall live after we are married."

This was true even further than that. I had not even thought how we should live. The world with its vain pomp had passed utterly and forever from my mind. This is the truth—we are all better than we know, unless something reveals it to us.

At last I knew this good of myself. I had arrived properly in the eternal order of things.

"So we are together, David, it does not matter," I answered gravely.

"Listen, dear," he said kissing me: "When I sold the mine, of which I have told you, and came to Millidge to invest the money, I had still a little land, so poor, so remote from everywhere that it was of no value. It is a valley between sunrise and sunset hills. They are covered with a forest, filled in spring with the lavender mist of red buds and laurels and dogwood. A road winds up from the valley into the woods, a green tunnel beneath the overlapping branches of the trees. There is green shale showing through the soil, as if the earth would make nothing, not even the stones, that were not the verdant color of life in that place. There is a spring between great gray boulders and ferns growing beside it in the brown leaves. And above the spring there is a tiny house. I have named it the House on the Rock. There is where you and I shall live. We shall live there and work—I in the valley, you in the House on the Rock. We ——"

"And, David," I interrupted, "are there sheep in the valley, in a meadow in the valley with a stream running through it—sheep that lie in the dawn with their quiet eyes fixed upon the eastern horizon?"

"Why, yes, dear. How did you know that?" he answered.

"And is there a very tall green queen-of-the-meadow growing somewhere in the shallows of the stream?"

"Of course, though I do not remember seeing any there. It is a good place for them."

"Yes," I answered; "there is only one. She spoke to me."

"Spoke to you? What do you mean, Joy?"

"David," I whispered, "that night you came and watered the garden I dreamed that I rose from my bed and went a long way out beyond the town to buy a day. I passed through a valley between hills, over a meadow with sheep in it. I saw the ferns beside the spring. Oh, David, we are going to live in the place where I went to buy a green and dewy day for my garden!"

We regarded each other in solemn awe. A miracle received us. We supposed that, since we had been led so carefully to this hour and in this manner, it was a part of the divine plan that we should seal the whole transaction with another kiss. And we did.

(THE END)

Time and to Spare

WHEN Senator Kern was running for governor of Indiana he stopped one noon at a little hotel in Brown County for some food.

"Hurry up, now," Kern said to the proprietor. "I have only fifteen minutes before my train comes."

"No hurry, governor," the hotel keeper replied. "You can eat all there is in this hotel in five minutes."

"Just can't keep my hands out"

Neither could you if you knew how good they were. Nothing more tempting and delicious could be imagined than an open box of

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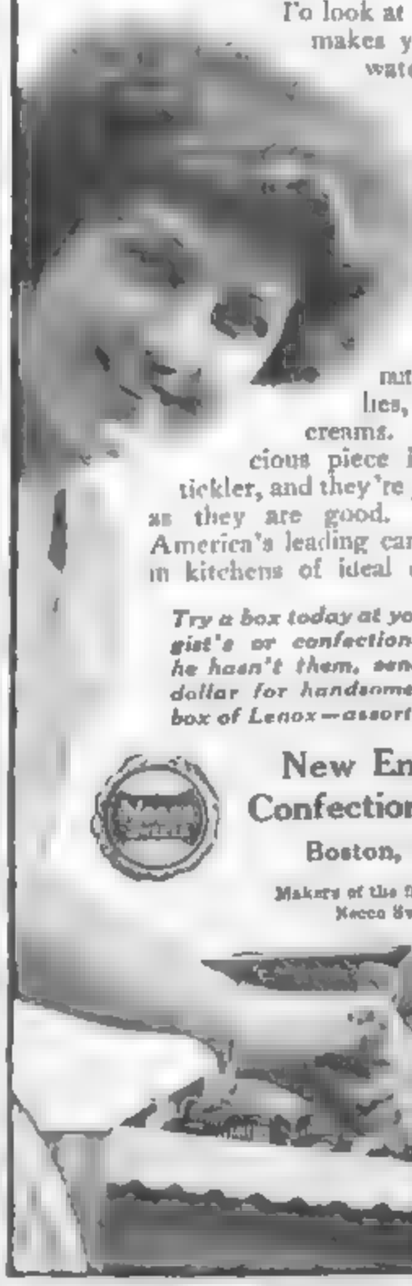

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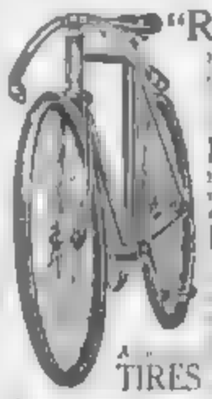

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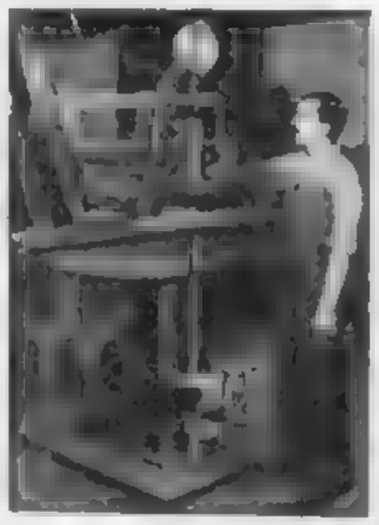

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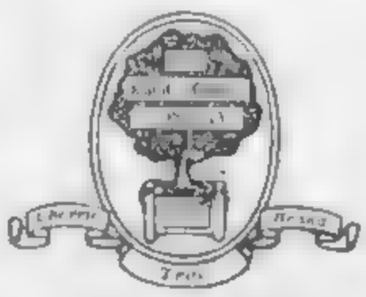

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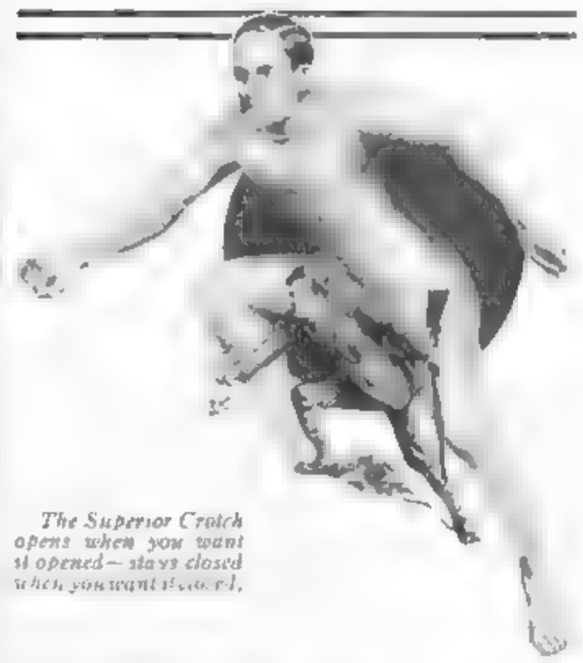

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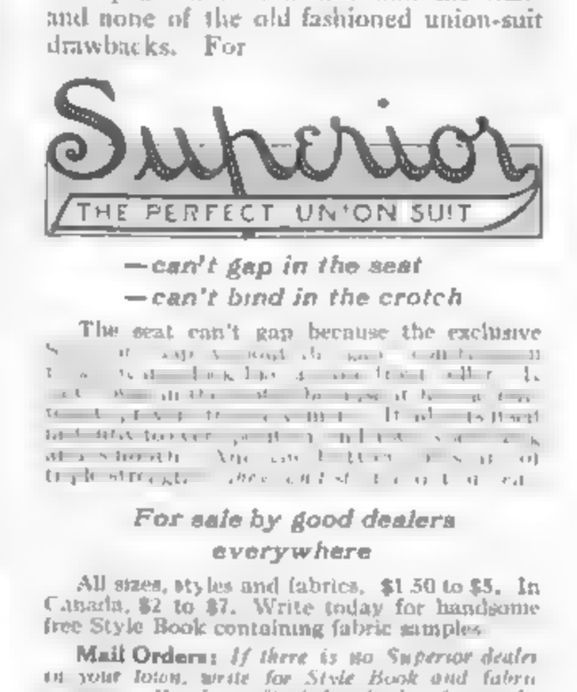

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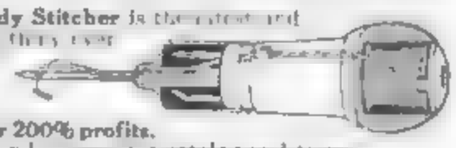

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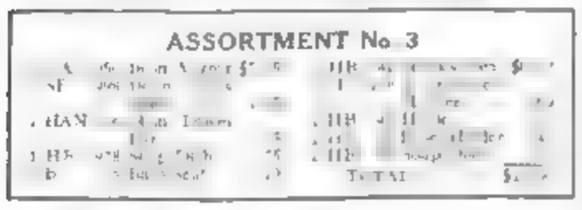

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AN IVORY HUNTER OF BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 18)

I think the reason the negro is never seen in organized baseball—especially in the big leagues—is obvious; but I can tell you one thing—I have seen some black men that I would like mighty well to whitewash. I have seen some of the greatest ballplayers I ever laid eyes on playing with those negro teams that are always called the This-or-That Giants; but I do not think I shall ever sign one.

I often disagree with my fellow scouts about ballplayers. Early this season I looked at a boy who was creating a sensation in a small Western league, and I might have bought him on the strength of the fact that he seemed to be a natural hitter and quite fast, if I had not noticed that he had a strangely awkward lefthanded throw.

I asked a barber a few questions about the player when I was getting shaved the next day—barbers always have a lot of gossip about the ballplayers in those little towns—and I learned the youngster had originally been a righthanded thrower, but had hurt his arm and was trying to transform himself into a lefthander. That was enough for me. As soon as I confirmed the report I took the next train out of town. The same day a scout from another club bought the boy for four thousand dollars.

Now it is possible the kid may develop into a good man—for his own sake I hope he does; but my professional judgment is that a ballplayer cannot switch his throwing arm in that fashion.

In company with a score of other scouts I took the trail of another youngster this season who was creating an even greater stir than the ambidextrous fellow. He was an outfielder in one of the larger minor leagues and his owners were holding the boy at a large sum—up round fifteen thousand dollars. These minor-league magnates are pretty slick about getting a youngster so well advertised that the scouts will commence bidding against each other.

The boy had a good record; but minor-league records mean nothing to me, because I consider the class of the company, and a player's bush showing is anything but an infallible line on what he will do in the big league. I made up my mind on that outfielder in one day. In my judgment he was too heavy-footed on the bases and he did not go back after a fly ball the way I like; in short, he would not do for me—not at five figures. When a ballplayer is rated better than ten thousand dollars he ought to be some player!

When Managers Go Shopping

I called on the president of the club owning the fellow, in spite of my opinion, and had a short talk with him.

"That bird is slow, isn't he?" I asked. "I see he has stolen only eight or nine bases so far this season."

"Well, I'll tell you how that is," said the owner confidentially. "You see, he hits so many two-baggers and triples that he doesn't have to steal."

"All right," I said just as confidentially; "but you ought to have him hit singles every now and then so the people can see him steal."

Then I went out and wired my manager that the boy was just good enough for the draft—that curious system by which the big leagues annually drain the minors of ballplayers, whether the minors like it or not. The little chaps must stop selling players by the middle of August; and then early in September the various big-league clubs notify the National Commission, which is the supreme court of baseball, that they are willing to pay what is called the draft price for certain men—usually of their scouts' selection—from certain minor league clubs. The draft price and the number of men the big leaguers are permitted to draft from any one club vary according to the class of the minor leagues.

If two big-league clubs put in a claim for the same man they have to draw lots for him. Frequently a number of clubs in the two big leagues will claim the same player; then there is a drawing to determine the league that shall get the man and after that a drawing to determine the club. Thirteen clubs in the American and National Leagues put in claims for Catcher Schang, then with Buffalo, of the International League, in 1912—and Connie Mack got him in the draw.

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PHILADELPHIA

In a case where several men are claimed from a minor-league club that is open to a draft of but one man, lots are also drawn to determine which man shall be subject to draft. After the big leagues get through drafting, then the larger minors are permitted to draft from the leagues that class below them.

This system is so much of a gamble that no manager waits for the drafting season to get a man he really wants. He purchases the player outright. One year my manager put in twelve draft claims and failed to get a single man.

Many a big-league star has come in by the draft route, of course, and a manager will often take a chance on drafting a man he would not think of paying a fancy price for. In the case of the outfielder I have mentioned it would have cost my club twenty-five hundred dollars if it had landed him in the draft; but it so happened that another scout bid him in for a very large sum.

A lot of the baseball prices you read about are largely bunk. Often a sale is made on the basis of so much down and so much more if a man makes good; while very frequently when a big-league club buys a minor star it throws in a lot of players that it cannot use, as part of the purchase price. The supposed value of the players included in a deal, lumped with the cash actually paid, is the price that generally appears in the newspapers.

The twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars the Pittsburgh Pirates are said to have paid St. Paul for Marty O'Toole is the biggest price ever given for a ballplayer, even on paper. I think it was a good buy. I'd have given more if I could have got my offer in quick enough.

The Gold-Brick Outfielder

I have mentioned one great regret of my life. I have another. Not long ago I traveled about a thousand miles in response to a telegram from an owner in a small league in the southwestern part of the country, who said he had a wonderful outfielder. I did not believe it, because I did not believe he would know a wonderful outfielder if he saw one—but I went down there just the same; and I sat in a dusty grandstand one blistering afternoon watching the man while the owner babbled in my ear about the player's many virtues.

I learned the owner had wired a number of scouts the same thing he had me; and it was that day I saw old Joe Sugden—once a well-known catcher in a big league, but now a scout—out on the field in uniform, warming up the pitchers of the opposing clubs to get a line on their ability—which shows you how far we have gone from the days of gumshoe scouting.

The young outfielder had a good day at bat and seemed fast, and I was not at all unfavorably impressed by him. Finally he got a chance on a fly ball—one 'way over his head—and he went back at the crack of the bat, running ahead of the ball in a way that sent the old thrill of discovery along my spine. He made one of those catches that brings a crowd up screaming. I remember that the owner was beating my hat down round my ears and bawling in wild exultation, when a stout, prosperous-looking man who sat near us, and who seemed to be a friend of the owner—but, of course, did not know me from Adam's off ox—leaned over and in a voice shaking with excitement roared at the owner:

"Goshamighty, Pete, wouldn't that Jenks be a grand ballplayer if it wasn't for that dead arm!"

Sadly I faded from the park; and as I left it seemed to me that I caught sight of the owner pulling a heavy righthand swing from the region of his pistol pocket and aiming it at his friend's nose. My regret is that I did not take advantage of the owner's abstraction and go back and give him a swift kick right where he found that punch.

Some fellow once referred to me as the Jason of our national game, questing the Golden Fleece of baseball talent—or words to that effect; and, since I have found out the Golden Fleece part had no reference to the fact that a youngster who stood my club eight thousand dollars or my recommendation was turning out to be what my manager calls a bust, I have rather liked the simile.

I like to think of myself as a sort of modern Jason much better than I like to think of myself as an ivory hunter; but I think of myself that way very privately. It would never do to let it get out, because I know that man Dryden would have something to say about it.

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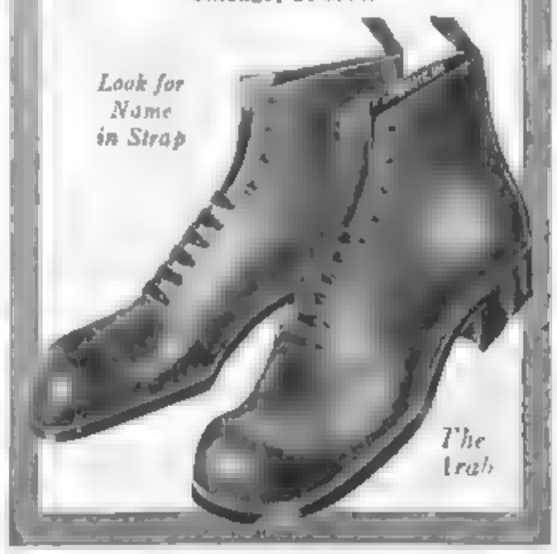

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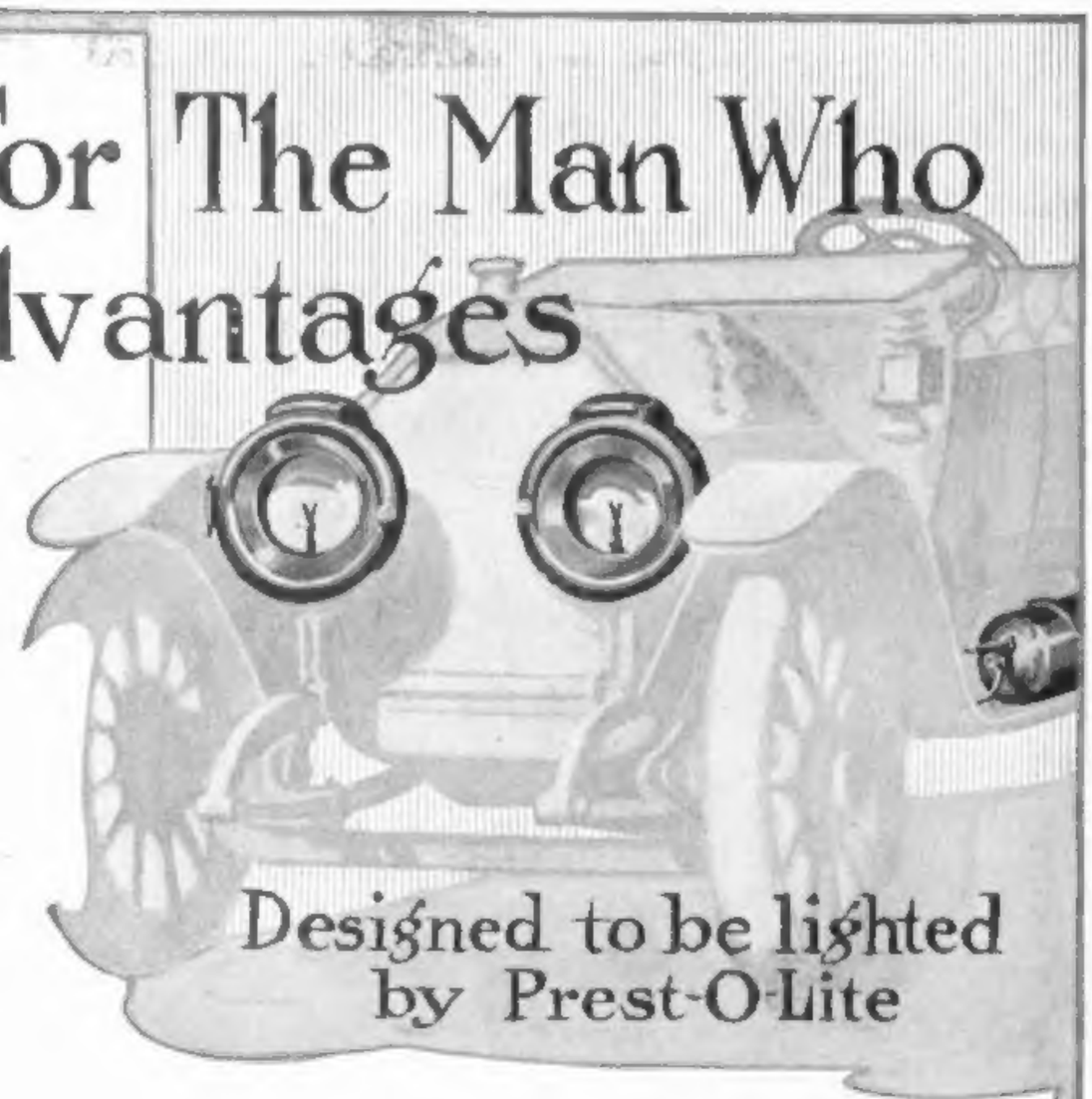

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Prest-O-Lite weighs little, and its operation consumes no engine power.

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A lighting system which weighs 150 pounds, 200 pounds, or even more, affects the design of the entire automobile. The car's balance must be re-arranged, and the car must be strengthened throughout. This calls for heavier frames, heavier springs, larger tires—in short, the weight of the lighting system itself is **only one item** in the increased weight of such a car.

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Have you ever talked with anyone whose lights went out suddenly while driving on a dark road?

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